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THE Atlantic

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

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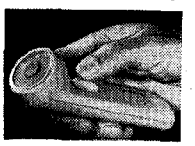

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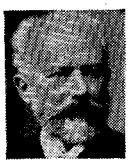

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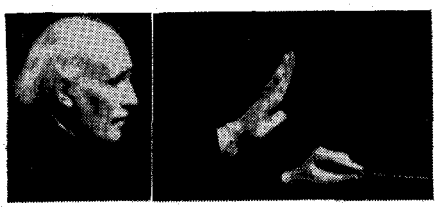

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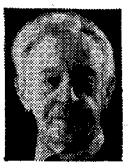

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The Atlantic Report on the World Today

WASHINGTON

NEARLY three years after the shock of Sputnik I, Americans have reason to think better of our own effort in space. Exploits such as the recovery of a capsule from Discoverer XIII and the successful launching of the Echo I balloon satellite demonstrate that the U.S. space program is moving ahead. The successful launchings of the Polaris submarine missile and the tests of the Atlas intercontinental ballistic missile are evidence of increasing competence.

The Republicans will make use of these and other achievements to knock down the Democratic claims that the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration has failed the nation in defense and space. From what is known in the Capital, the only conclusion to be drawn is that both political parties are looking only at the facts which seem to offer political benefits in the presidential campaign.

The space problem, like defense, has been a question not so much of what the military and the scientists call "hardware" as of how to use that hardware — weapons and space vehicles and equipment. Once firm decisions are made on a program, the scientists and the engineers generally turn out a first-rate product, often enough so that the United States has nothing to be ashamed of in this regard and a great deal to be proud of.

Basically, the real problems have been two: first, whether the space program should be divided into military and scientific compartments; and, second, what the roles and missions of the respective military services should be, and therefore what weapons they should have. In the first case, the Vanguard satellite fiasco was in large part the result of a strict division of effort in which the civilian-scientific space effort was given second place; whereas in the Soviet Union the total resources of the nation were placed behind the Sputnik effort. To this day there is too much of a civilian-military division, chiefly because of President Eisenhower's insistence.

Failures in judgment

In the military missile field, a vast amount of money and effort has been wasted because the Administration made no clear judgments on the future role of missiles in national security, including the necessary decisions on which services should be assigned which missiles.

The record in the missile field is illuminating, especially so in view of the political cross fire. One has only to remember what the Republican convention keynoter, Representative Walter Judd, had to say: "The Truman Administration in eight years had put seventeen times more into price supports for peanuts than for long-range missiles." And: "It took the Soviet Union twelve years to develop its long-range missiles. It took this Administration six years to get ours operational. Anything wrong with that?" The convention delegates, of course, roared "No."

The fact is that, just before Christmas in 1946, barely a year after the end of World War II, President Truman approved a drastic cut in the Pentagon's research and development funds. From what we now know, it was around this time that the Soviets began their missile effort, making good use of German scientists, whereas we were not to do the same for a long time.

The result of the budget stringencies of the Truman Administration — for which there was adequate reason in terms of public attitudes — was an Air Force priority, not on long-range missiles, but on air-to-surface missiles to permit stand-off bombing by aircraft. Indeed, the man who now heads the Strategic Air Command in

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the Air Force, General Thomas S. Power, predicted in June, 1947, that surface-to-surface missiles probably would not be operational for ten years, a startlingly correct estimate.

In 1950, after the first Soviet A-bomb, some of those high in the Pentagon thought that the Soviets had embarked on a crash missile program. But the reaction to the Soviet A-bomb was not an American missile program but a boost to our air defense program. It was not until after the explosion of the American H-bomb in November, 1952, that the scientists decided it would be possible to pack enough punch into a missile warhead to compensate for the inaccuracy of the weapon. This was the turning point.

What had gone before, however, was not so much a failure of American ingenuity as of American judgment. Nor was this confined to the Truman Administration. The American missile program really got under way in 1953, after the Von Neumann committee, working for the new Eisenhower Administration, became convinced that the Soviets had an effective, full-steam-ahead ballistic missile program in progress and that the United States had no alternative but to match it. Once a decision was made, things began to move. Within a few months three to four hundred scientists were at work, and before long some twenty to thirty thousand people were involved in the program, which turned out to be vastly successful.

Yet the Soviet missile claim, so dramatized by Sputnik I, overshadowed, both at home and abroad, the American effort. In part, this was because of the subsequent Vanguard failures, as well as because the Soviets were boosting into orbit far larger satellites. The later American rocketry successes have wiped out some of the shame, but the simple fact is that the Soviet combination of ingenuity and judgment has been better thus far than our own.

The question of priority

Some American insiders feel that the United States was badly led astray by estimates of the Soviet long-range bomber force. They feel that this was overestimated to the point that Washington put far too much money in both air defense and retaliatory bomber forces, more than was justified. It now appears, they say, that, whereas our government estimated that the Soviets were attempting to build a force capable of a massive surprise attack on the United States, they were in fact building only what they considered to be a force sufficient to deter an American surprise attack on the Soviet Union.

From all of this, it is evident enough that neither the Truman nor the Eisenhower Administration has been blameless. The Judd comparison of missile money and funds to support the price of peanuts is political demagoguery, but it may be effective as a counter to Democratic charges.

Furthermore, Vice President Nixon, in his first political excursion, the one to Hawaii, discovered that it is not a popular thing to downgrade this nation to its citizens. Americans may be disturbed and uneasy about the nature of the nation's defenses and its efforts in space, but they do not like to have it rubbed in. Nixon found a good audience response when he said that "some people have said" that the United States is "second best." Often there were loud shouts of "No."

Mr. K and the election

What Nixon can hope is that the balance, since Sputnik, has been sufficiently righted to rob the Democrats of at least part of the defense and space issue. Yet he cannot be sure that some new Soviet exploit — a man in space, or the revelation of the "fantastic" new weapon about which Nikita Khrushchev boasted some months ago — may not create a new sensation, sending down America's stock, at home and abroad. Certainly the Administration is not going to leave unrevealed any military or space achievement of our own between now and election day.

It will be difficult for Nixon to explain the successful use to which Khrushchev has put his defense and space accomplishments — his brandishing of missiles in the Cuban situation just off our shores, for example. The Democratic task here is to exploit the voters' alarm.

The unhappy fact is that neither party is a free agent, that a great deal may depend on what Khrushchev says and does before election day. Each candidate observes with mixed emotions what the Soviet leader has to say about him. So far, Nixon has been the recipient of the more nasty remarks, something that causes no pain in GOP political circles.

Space for peace — or war

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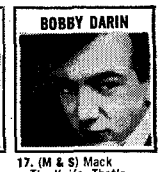

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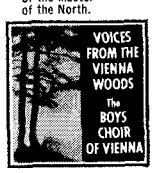

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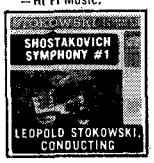

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Retirement years are supposed to be vintage years for enjoying all the things there was no time for earlier.

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the space field that promise real benefits to mankind." All the recent successes, he contended, were the results of a "well-planned and determined attack" on the exploration and utilization of space. What the President said was geared entirely to so-called peaceful uses of space, the "conquest of the frontiers of science and technology."

A great deal of the early delays and frustrations in the space field were the direct result of the President's belief that there is a clear line between space for peaceful, scientific purposes and the military use of space. Most informed Washington opinion does not agree. There is a wide belief that, despite all sorts of coordinating mechanisms, the two costly realms of the national effort are not sufficiently closely related in planning or in programing. It is difficult to make definitive judgments, because so much of what is being done in the defense field is shrouded in secrecy.

One instance, however, will show the relationship between the two aspects of the space program. The Discoverer capsule recovery was among the events listed by the President in his statement praising the nonmilitary aspects of the American effort. Yet, in fact, the real reason this event is important to the United States is strictly military: the development of two important satellite programs. One is the Midas early-warning satellite, designed to give notice of the firing of enemy intercontinental missiles where no alarm is now possible. The other is the Samos reconnaissance satellite, which is the only means now envisioned for replacing the picture-taking capabilities of the U-2 program.

Incidentally, both the Pentagon and the State Department have been bracing themselves for a Soviet attack on the reconnaissance satellite plan. The best information in Washington is that in only a few years this vehicle should produce highly important intelligence pictures of both the Soviet Union and Red China. So far there have been only occasional Communist references to the "spy in the sky," but there has been no challenge to the right of any nation to put a satellite in the sky over another nation.

The United States thinks that, since the Soviets put up the first satellite and since no nation has complained that its sovereignty has been violated, the Russians will have a hard time making a case against either Midas or Samos.

Mood of the Capital

Just how much either Nixon or Kennedy would alter the plans and programs of the Eisenhower Administration in space and defense is not at all clear. Both men have a number of brain-trusters at work in the campaign. Kennedy has asked Senator Stuart Symington, a former Air Force Secretary, to do a study on reorganization of the Pentagon, and Nixon is likely to make a parallel effort, for he also knows that the present setup is not satisfactory.

Both candidates have wisely taken the position that they should not propose any Cabinet appointments until after the election. Politically, it is taken as too arrogant a move to name Cabinet members in advance of election.

Certainly Kennedy would make use of Adlai Stevenson, perhaps as a successor to Henry Cabot Lodge at the United Nations, if not as Secretary of State. He likewise would make use of Chester Bowles, perhaps as an ambassador. Nixon's choice for Secretary of State might very well be Undersecretary of State C. Douglas Dillon. Dillon has wide respect within the department and is among the current Nixon advisers on foreign policy.

Either Nixon or Kennedy as President, by all the signs now evident, would be far more his own Secretary of State — perhaps even his own Secretary of Defense — than Eisenhower has been, even since Dulles' death. Either would be more in the F.D.R. tradition of running foreign defense policy from the White House. Neither would bow to the professionals in either Foggy Bottom or in the Pentagon to the extent that Eisenhower has done.

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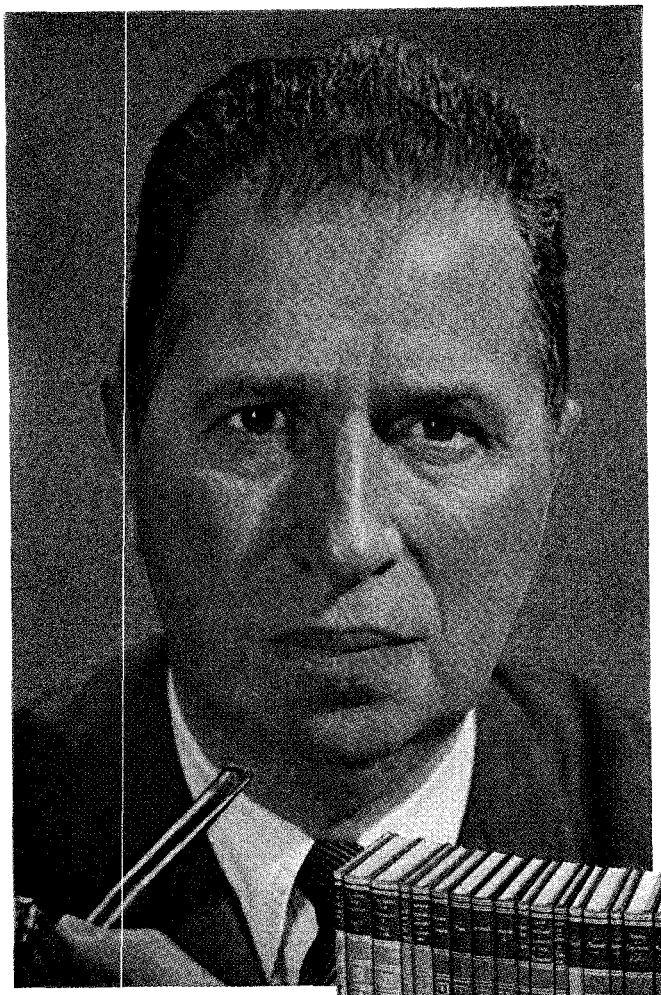

Is a well-rounded man sometimes a hollow man?

A message from **Dr. Mortimer J. Adler**
Director of the Institute for Philosophical Research
Editor of the SYNTOPICON

"A great deal of emphasis has been placed on the importance of the well-rounded man. It is a label which is generally regarded as desirable, but too often we mistake participation in a variety of activities as the sign of a well-rounded man. Too many of us overlook completely the real meaning of the words – the development of a whole person. We keep ourselves so busy with the external manifestations of well-rounded interests that we neglect to fill our minds to any significant depth.

"We end up a whiz on a golf course – but with no personal philosophy to sustain us in time of reversal or trouble. We are full of social conversation at a party – but devoid of thoughts to occupy our minds when we are left alone. We work hard in business – but with no well-defined principles to give us a sturdy, inflexible integrity. We busy ourselves dutifully in civic activities – but with no real understanding of a dedication to service. We are often hollow men.

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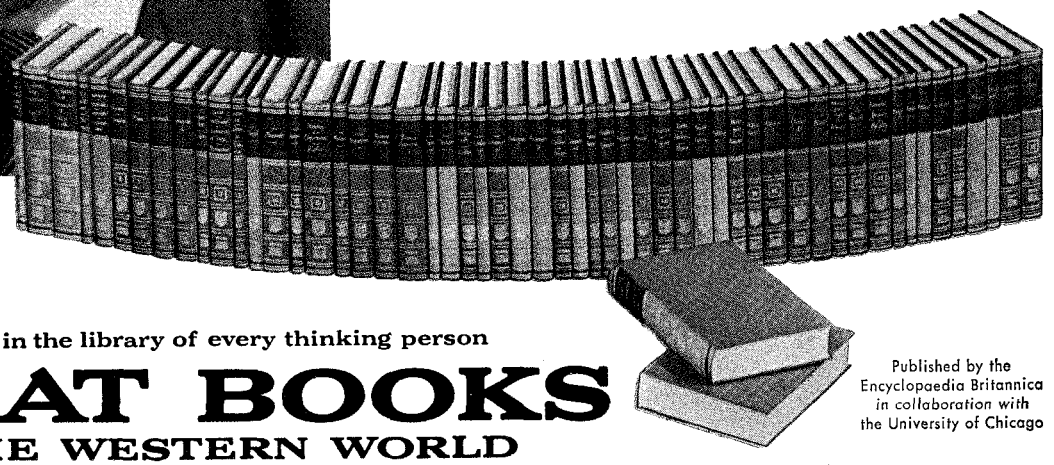

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The Atlantic Report JAPAN

The leading force behind the Japanese riots which led to the cancellation of President Eisenhower's trip to Japan was the Zengakuren, the national union of Japanese students, which is supported by student fees. Like many Japanese groups, it is divided into several factions. Two of the smallest of these, the Trotskyites and the Communists, are confusingly called "main current" and "anti-main current," while the bulk of the students are leftist and neutralist in sympathy, as Japanese students have consistently been for the last decade.

Since its successful demonstrations against the Diet, the Zengakuren has taken some tumbles. The strike at the Miike Colliery in Omuta seemed a logical new scene of operations for the students, who had just overthrown a Prime Minister and waved off a President. On July 22, 300 students charged 500 police at Omuta and lost. The miners, already maneuvering a truce to a strike which involved 16,000 picketers, 10,000 police, trench warfare, and sea battles, sent the students home, while the miners' wives added insult to injury by saying that the students looked like rich men's sons and would be the miners' enemies after graduation.

In spite of many pamphlets, the students have not been able to establish Michiko Kamba, a Tokyo University coed who was killed in the riots, as a Japanese Joan of Arc. Her father, who had previously written a bitter article, "I Lost My Daughter to the Zengakuren," returned to the student side, and two doctors, inexperienced in post-mortems (one of them an antigovernment, Socialist member of the Diet), were found to give a report that she had been first beaten and then strangled by the police. But the one million yen collected in one day at the scene of her death was appropriated by the Communists and never returned. Since then, the official report by an experienced and fair Tokyo court that she was crushed to death by the mobbing students themselves has been generally considered true.

The most important failure of the students was their inability to rally student rioters to protest against the Japanese Supreme Court decision in favor of local ordinances controlling disorderly conduct during demonstrations. The Supreme Court is a post-war innovation in Japanese legal procedure, insisted on by SCAP; in a sense this was its first major test. But the recent ruling to the effect that the right to free speech and assembly does not include the right to burn police cars has been widely accepted in Japan. Even the expected Socialist protest that the ruling was illegal seems to have been made only *pro forma*. In the future it will be possible for the Japanese police to take a strong stand against mob violence.

The Security Treaty

While the Zengakuren is predominantly leftist and neutralist, it is far from being Communist, except for its hard-core party liners. According to a recent Japanese study of the Zengakuren, the high point of Soviet influence was 1955 to 1956. Since that period, Soviet treatment of Hungary, and then of Boris Pasternak, has pretty much canceled admiration for Russia. Students indignantly deny that they received any money whatsoever for taking part in the demonstrations and point out that it was the conservative party which openly hired people to stand along the roads and wave a greeting when Eisenhower was scheduled to visit Japan. Students are also amazed at the reports of American correspondents that the students took part in the demonstrations against the Security Treaty without knowing what was in the treaty, for its terms were published repeatedly in student newspapers and in the regular Japanese dailies.

Japanese students insist vigorously that they are not anti-American, and the American visitor may walk hospitably along in a demonstrating group, while the snake dances weave in and out and the radio car blats out leftist marching tunes. The American tourists come to gape at the processions under the auspices of the Japan Tourist Bureau at a bargain price of 2000 yen, the same as that for the "Famous Courtesan Tour."

Japanese students argue that in their objection to the Japanese-American Security Treaty they

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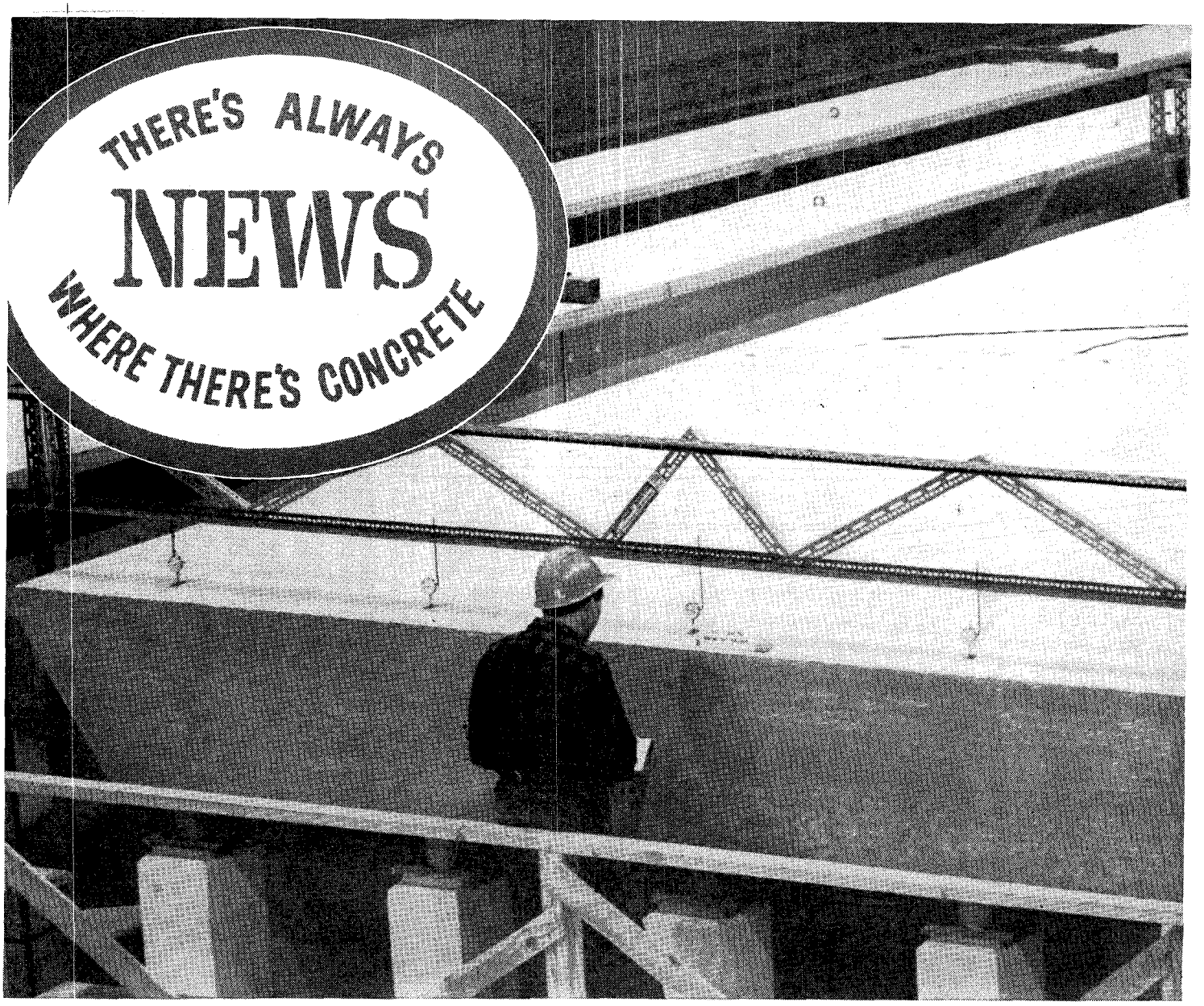

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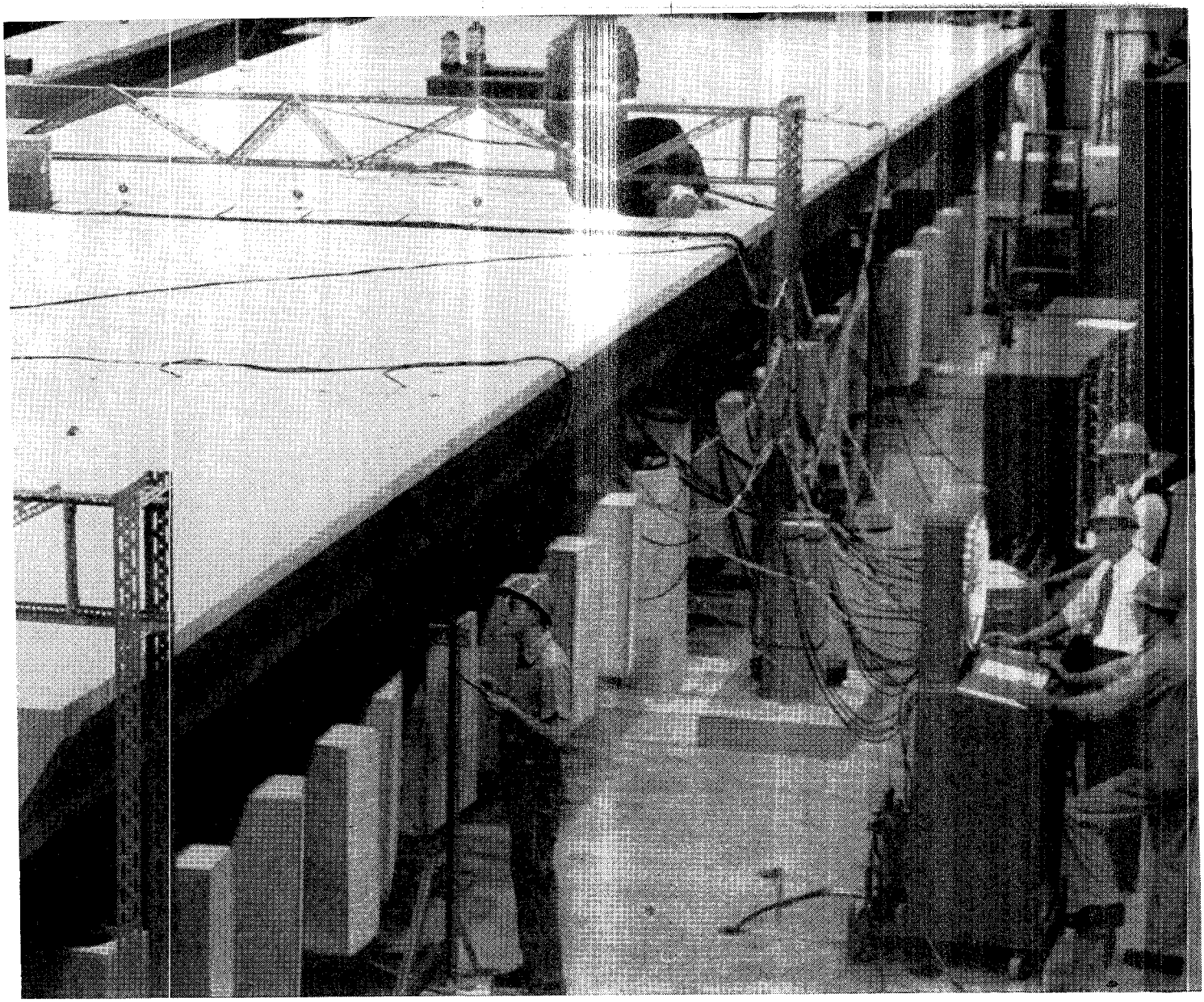

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were honoring the Japanese Constitution and many well-remembered statements of General Douglas MacArthur. Both the Constitution and the general are interpreted as guaranteeing that Japan shall never again become a military power. Students argue, too, that America has placed itself in a hypocritical position by asking the Japanese to ratify a security treaty which, in intent, if not in actual wording, violates the Constitution which America insisted the Japanese agree to at the end of World War II.

However much one may admire Japanese students for reawakening the consciences of Japan and America on these difficult points, considerable reservations about their behavior remain. During the rioting, a common cry was "Kill Kishi," but students say that they never meant to kill Kishi. Yet they refuse to regard the chanting of such murderous slogans as irresponsible action.

Again, though students, professors, and reporters repeatedly criticize in conversations police violence during the riots, pictorial summaries by leftist photographers and writers show, almost exclusively, student violence. Foreign observers sympathetic to the students report that nowhere else in the world would the police have shown so much tolerance.

Students argue that violence was necessary because of the "tyranny of the majority" — a favorite argument. The notion of tyranny of the majority is especially hard for the Westerner to comprehend, though it has some precedent in the widespread Japanese tradition of always trying to reach unanimous agreement before taking action. But, as Japanese intellectuals and leftists interpret this doctrine, tyranny of the majority justifies any Japanese minority in taking violent action to prevent any majority measure which the minority happens to oppose.

Restless youth

Japanese youth in general is restless, with a large "mambo tribe" of

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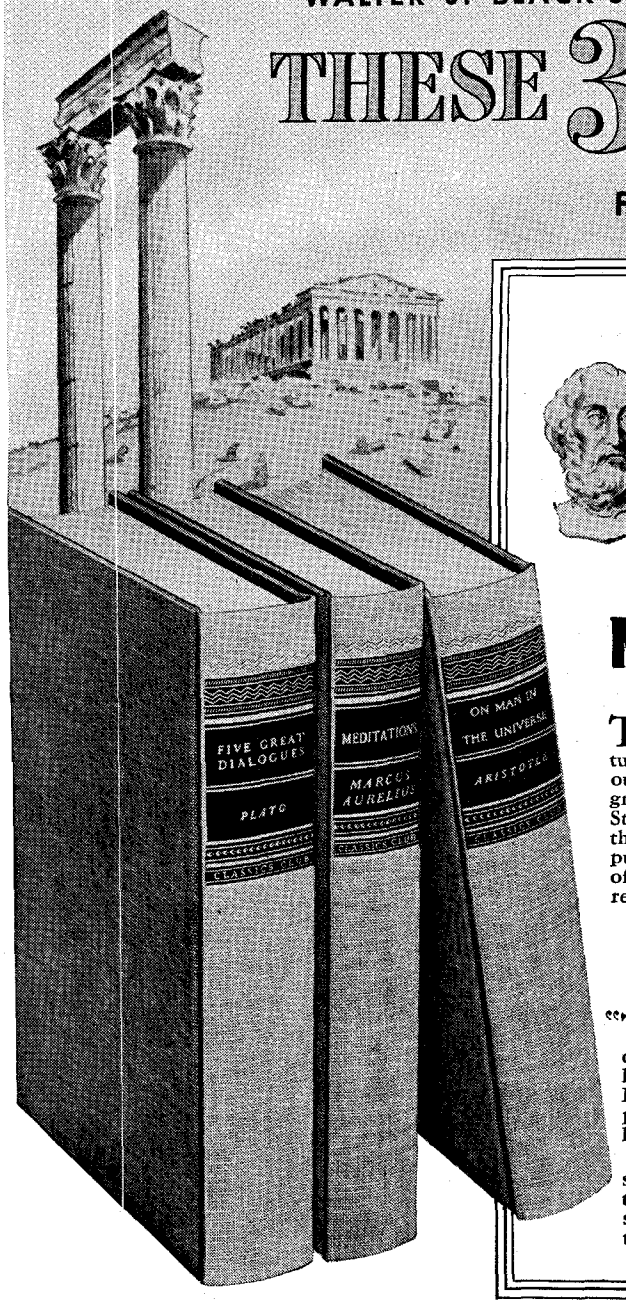

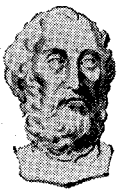

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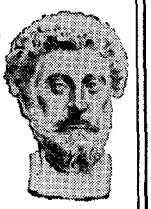

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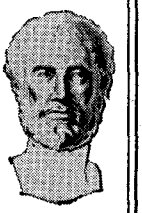

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guitar-carrying jazzsters and a new "thunder tribe" of drunken auto speedsters. The suicide rate for youth is the highest in the world.

Employment prospects for college students were excellent this year except for graduates in literature, where standards of admission and performance are poor. Next year, government student allowances, which apply to 214,000 students in high schools, colleges, and graduate schools, will be substantially increased. Prospects are good for an increase in teachers' salaries at government institutions; doubtless, private universities will follow their example.

The influence of teachers

But left-wing and neutralist sentiment among Japanese students and educators is by no means a merely economic matter. The high school teachers are dominated by a union, the Nikkyoso, sometimes called the Union for the Opposition, since it never supports the government. Its many demonstrations reveal that, in addition to requesting a $10 a month raise in salary, it is objecting to proposed efficiency ratings in which such items as "character traits" and "Does the teacher hold correct beliefs in education?" are to be marked A, B, C, D, or E. The Nikkyoso is also protesting against the partial revival of the pre-war "moral lessons" as once again inculcating a militaristic patriotism.

University teachers do not belong to any dominant union, though in general they are leftist and neutralist. University students call left-wing professors progressive and right-wing professors, especially if they demand classroom work, reactionary. Conversation with professors soon reveals a deep feeling of guilt over Japanese wartime behavior toward China, which explains better than economics the widespread desire of these intellectuals for closer relations with Red China.

Continued questioning of professors soon brings to the surface a

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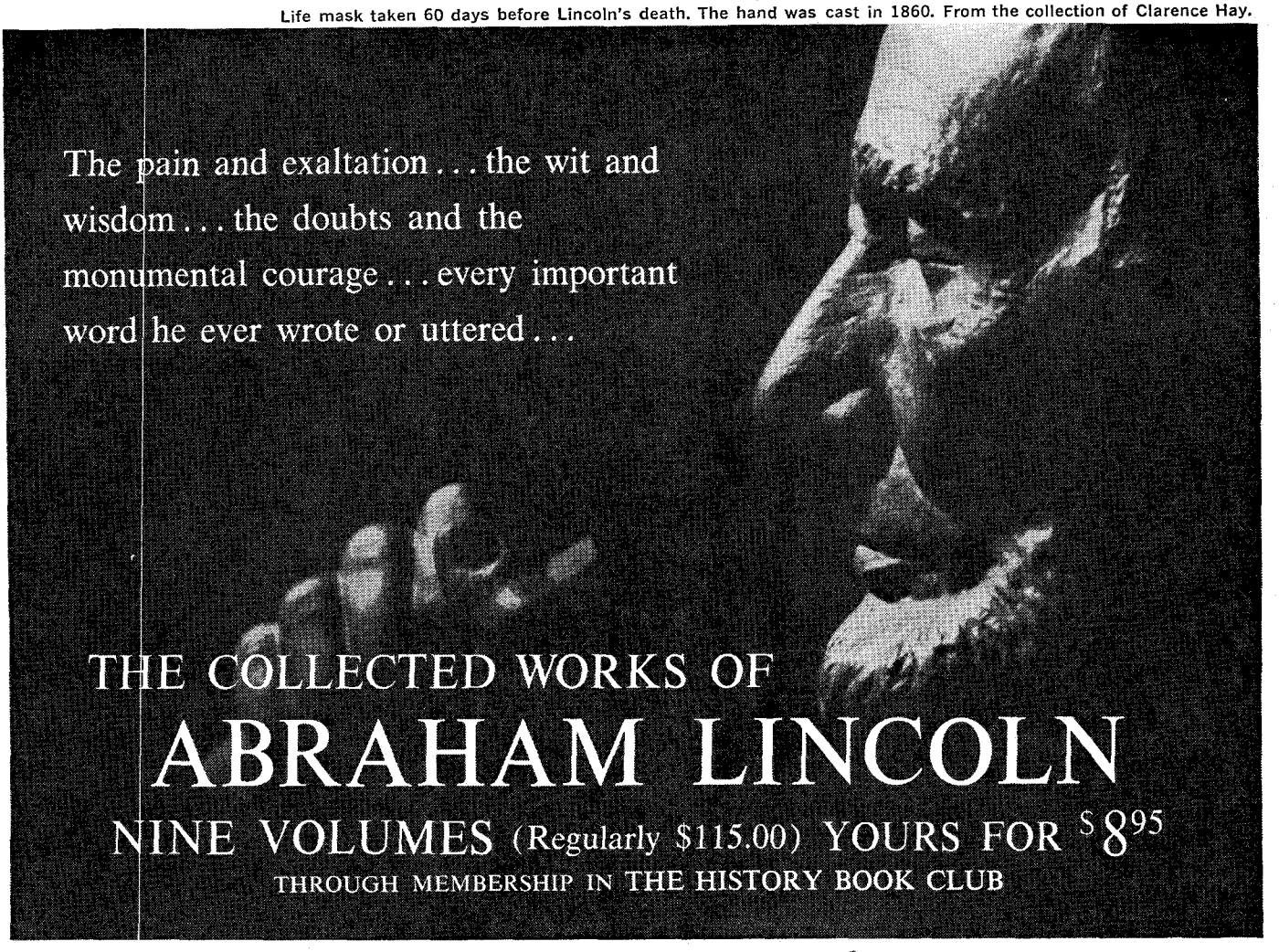
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay.



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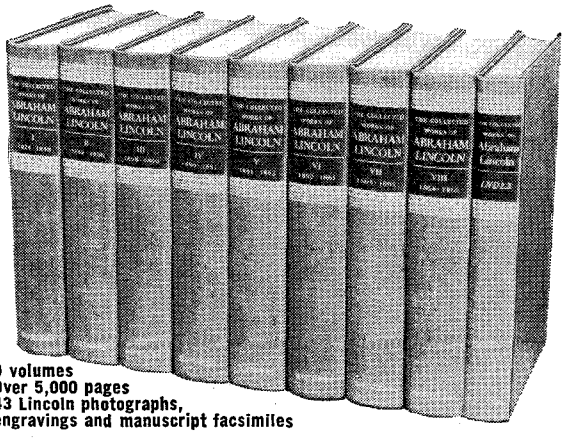

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standard interpretation of Japan as a country of modern feudalism, one in which violent revolts against the government are the only means for the intellectual minority to express itself, just as Japanese farmers used to revolt under the feudalism of the Tokugawa shogunate. The professors admit the danger to parliamentary institutions in Japan. But they encouraged their students to take part in the demonstrations.

The press goes along

Besides the universities, the *Asahi* newspaper, which has a circulation of two to three million and boasts of its impartiality, was one of the most irresponsible advocates of violence during the riots. Since that time it has changed its tune, alarmed at the growing tendency of the demonstrations to get out of hand. One of its top editors later tried to justify its advocacy of violence by saying, rather lamely, that in Japanese the word for violence can mean either "pushing" or "hitting," and what the *Asahi* meant was "pushing." This fine distinction did not get across at the time, and indeed, Chief Justice Tanaka of the Japanese Supreme Court has declared that Japanese intellectuals are fundamentally hostile to law.

Equally disturbing was the policy of the *Asahi*, and of the other Japanese newspapers which have English-language editions, of publishing widely different accounts of the same incident for their Japanese and their English-speaking readers. When criticized by Japanese readers for this practice, the Japanese newspapers ignored all complaints, though their editors admit privately that they distorted and softened reports in their English-language editions in order not to lose subscribers. One such newspaper was even faced with a revolt by its young reporters, who had been disgusted by the falsifications in its English-language news columns.

There is a close link between Japanese reporters, publishers, writers, and critics; they meet together frequently at social functions and in their literary clubs. The largest and most influential of the Japanese literary clubs has for some years had a provisional secretary, a Communist, who has refused to resign, even though the appointment was only a temporary one, and who is the public spokesman of the organization. Though this club has as its main principle a policy of complete neutrality and is in Japan a valiant defender of freedom of expression, the provisional secretary freely issues statements against "U.S. imperialism" while refusing to take any stand against Russia's treatment of Boris Pasternak or against Russian imprisonment of Hungarian writers.

Many writers in the organization are beginning to protest against anti-American statements, but the provisional secretary speaks on. American and European intellectuals, in recent months, have increasingly expressed their inability to understand the reasoning of Japanese intellectuals.

Unfortunately, during this crucial period, in which contacts with Japanese students and intellectuals became more important than ever before, the number of American cultural centers was decreased from fourteen to ten, all the centers dropped being in outlying districts of Japan, where they are most needed.

The American exchange program

The U.S. Educational Commission in Japan continues its effective program of exchanging Fulbright lecturers, scholars, and students. Since 1952, 2000 Japanese have studied in the United States and 360 Americans have come to Japan. This program is universally respected and praised in Japan.

The American-sponsored meetings at Nagano, which brought together for several weeks American writers such as Faulkner and the critic Blackmur, and many famous Japanese writers and scholars, have been allowed to lapse for two years, first by inadvertence, and then by fumbling. Now the program may be taken up again, but dropping Nagano for two years gave many Japanese the impression that, aside from the Fulbright program, the American cultural effort in Japan lacks any sure sense of purpose.

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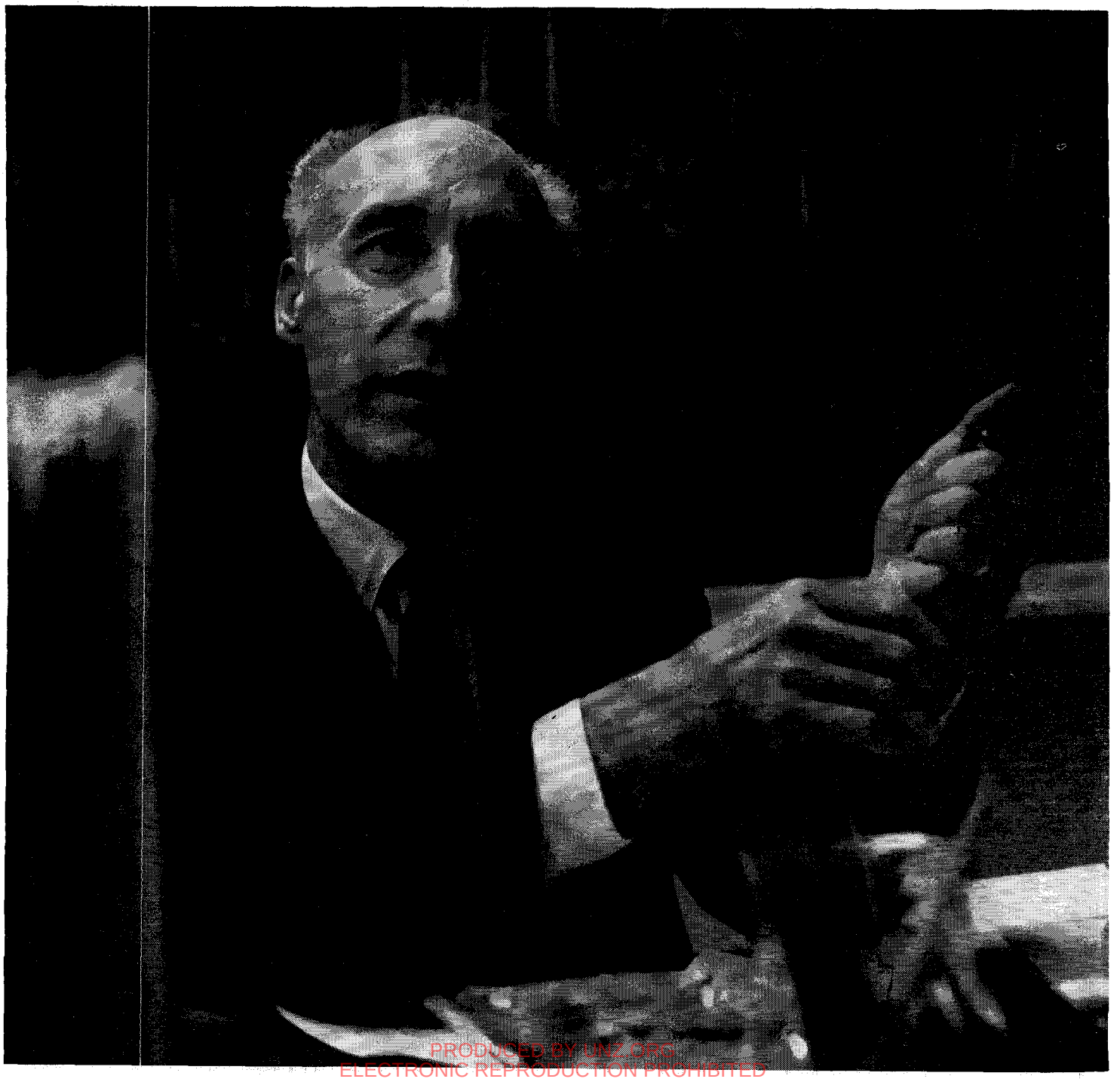

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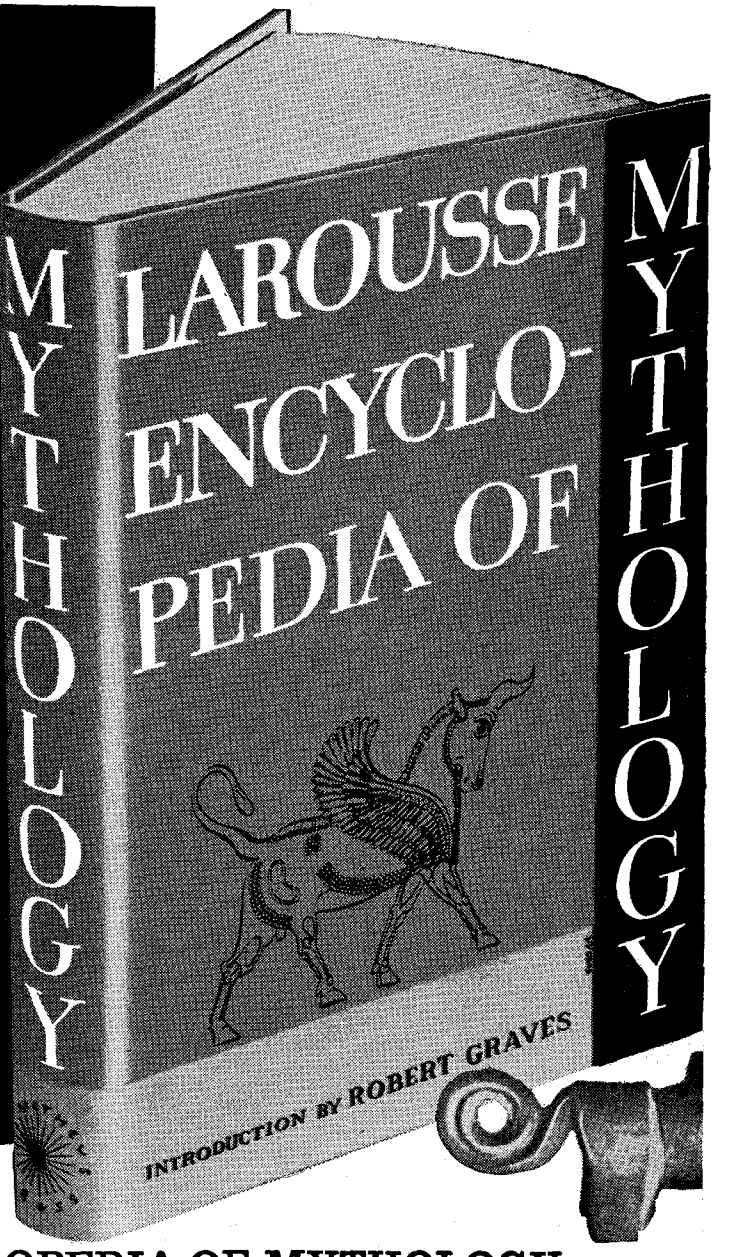

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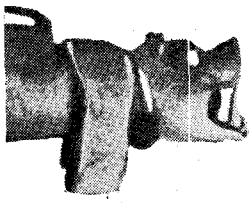

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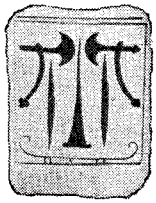

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The Atlantic Report WEST INDIES

THE Caribbean area has never been famous for its political stability, and recently, with Cuba taking a prominent initiative, it seems to be more eruptive than ever. Yet it still remains the hope of the British West Indies to provide a positive, truly democratic alternative to the traditional concept of Caribbean sovereignty, which has fluctuated between instability and tyranny. Despite all the difficulties of communications and the different historic origins and developments of the separate island units currently administered by Britain in the area, the plan has been to weld all these into a single federal whole.

Without some such framework, it has long been accepted — if not always admitted — by even the most ambitious and least realistic of West Indian politicians that so-called national independence has little or no meaning, because it could not contain a minimum economic and administrative viability. For the string of tiny islands comprising the Leeward Isles and the Windward Isles, and the grossly underpopulated mainland territories of British Honduras and British Guiana are individually incapable of attaining, let alone maintaining, sovereignty in any real sense of the word. Jamaica perhaps, Trinidad also, could provide the basic requirements of a Lilliputian state on the Central American pattern, but, even so, each would be more of a façade than a reality.

The obstacles to federation

Successive British governments since the last war, while ready to hand over local responsibility for self-government, have insisted on doing so to legislative and executive bodies of a size and capacity which bear some relationship to the basic needs of the area, and are willing to pool some, if not all, of the area's sparse resources, economic, political, and administrative. The experiment of federation between states so differently conceived and developed has obviously been a difficult one to launch.

First, there are vast geographical distances between the component parts. Second, past isolation of each island or island group unit has not yet been transformed into any sense of basic West Indian nationhood. Third, as independence draws nearer, the sweets of potential office grow dearer and more attractive, and so do the incentives to fill the positions of power in the new proposed federation.

Fourth, although West Indians generally have a proud reputation for interracial tolerance, one cannot ignore the consequences of history that have left a heavy majority of Negroes in most of the islands. The only exceptions to this racial predominance are British Guiana, where people of Asian East Indian origin possess a narrow numerical majority, and Trinidad, where, although not numerically predominant, the Asians are strong enough to sway an election.

Thus, it is not altogether coincidence that in British Guiana the ruling political forces, largely of Asian origin, are openly hostile to the whole idea of federation. To keep this matter in its proper perspective, however, it must be remembered that the government of British Guiana has pronounced Marxist leanings. This is particularly so of Dr. Jagan, Guiana's chief minister, and his avowedly Communist, Chicago born and bred wife. In contrast, the governments and the opposition parties of the various British West Indian islands, although they almost all use the title "Labor" in their names (largely owing to their trade union origin), are mostly conservative in their approach to domestic and social issues.

Under these circumstances, while a short time ago the only questions on people's lips were how soon and in what form federation would be established, the question must now be whether it is going to succeed at all.

Oddly enough, it is not conflicting political issues that are holding back the project. All the political parties, whether they support or oppose the various island governments and the federal government, are generally in agreement on major political and economic policies. What divides them, often very bitterly, is a kaleidoscope of

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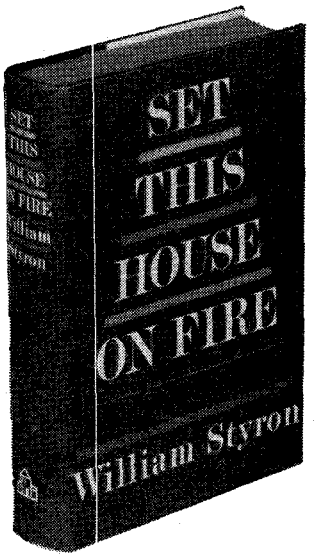

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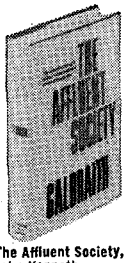

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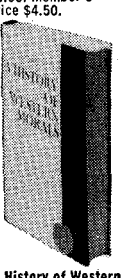

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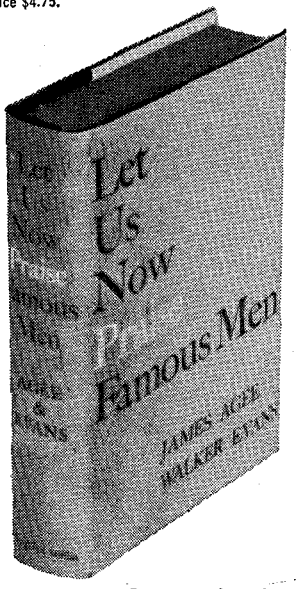

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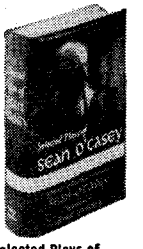

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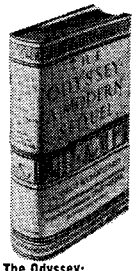

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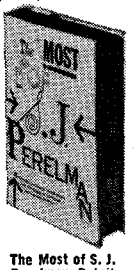

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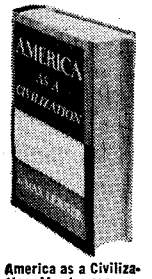

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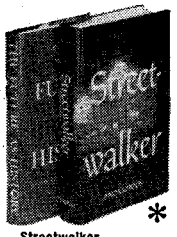

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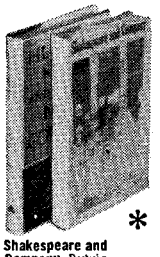

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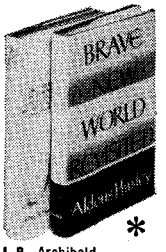
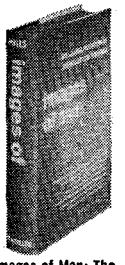


* **J. B.,** Archibald MacLeish; *and* **Brave New World Revisited,** Aldous Huxley. Combined retail price $6.50. Member's price $4.50.

A History of Sexual Customs, Dr. Richard Lewinsohn. Retail $5.95. Member's price $4.50.



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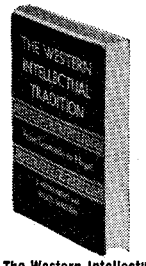

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feuding personalities, either alone or bound in ever-changing, uneasy alliances of expediency.

Probably this is inevitable for some time to come. For, as in many other ex-colonial territories on the road to independence, the political parties that have arisen perforce have no ideological or particular social background. All are nationalistic, and nearly all of them have climbed the ladder to political power by way of trade unionism.

Trinidad

Down in Port of Spain, romantically named capital of Trinidad, southernmost island tip of the proposed federation, able Dr. Eric Williams holds, undisputed, the local reins of power. Port of Spain is also the capital of the federation, and so there are two governments and parliaments situated in one city. The federal one is led by Sir Grantley Adams, a shrewd but aging statesman, and although nominally supported by Dr. Williams, he is in fact constantly under fire from him for what Dr. Williams considers unnecessary moderation.

Dr. Williams and his party, comparatively new stars on the political horizon, have as their principal platform the rapid territorial independence of Trinidad inside — or, if it must be, outside — the West Indian Federation, and the drastic curtailment, if not the removal, of the American military base at Chaguaramas. This is one of the bases, like those in Bermuda and the Bahamas, which were leased to the United States by Hitler-besieged Britain during the darkest days of the last war in exchange for fifty American destroyers.

Understandably enough, Dr. Williams asserts that he sees no reason why, because Britain had to make a shotgun arrangement of this sort, Trinidad, now verging on independence, should continue, virtually indefinitely, to pay the unrequited price of handing over to a foreign power some of its best land and port

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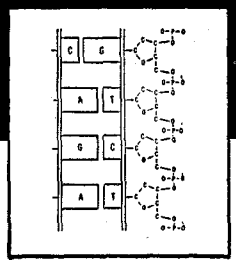
The secret of cancer— and life on Mars



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Perhaps no other area of contemporary research excites scientists more than the one represented by the small symbol pictured above. It shows part of a molecule of deoxyribonucleic acid—DNA—the substance believed to carry the heredity "blueprint" of every living cell, animal and vegetable.

Because DNA alterations are now believed to cause cancer, biologists and chemists are hopeful that further DNA research will lead to conquest of the disease. Evidences of substances like DNA in meteors and other outer-space objects have bolstered astronomers' and physicists' belief in the probability of life on Mars and other planets. And many geologists and other specialists believe that DNA may provide at last the answer to the age-old mystery of the origin of life.

The DNA story is only one example of the interrelationships and interdependences which are the essence of modern science. Scores of other examples are presented by the distinguished biochemist and best-selling author, Isaac Asimov, in his major new two-volume work, THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE.

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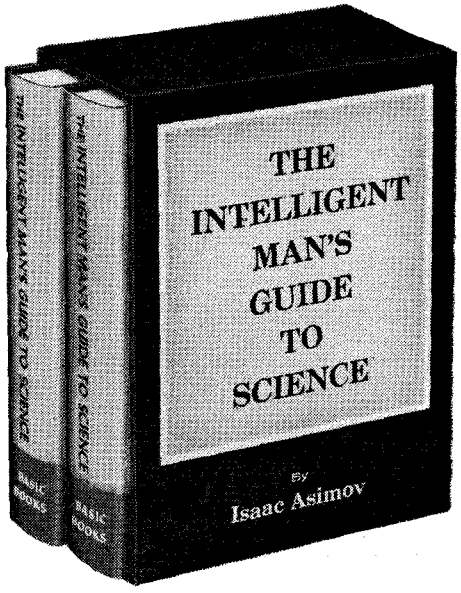

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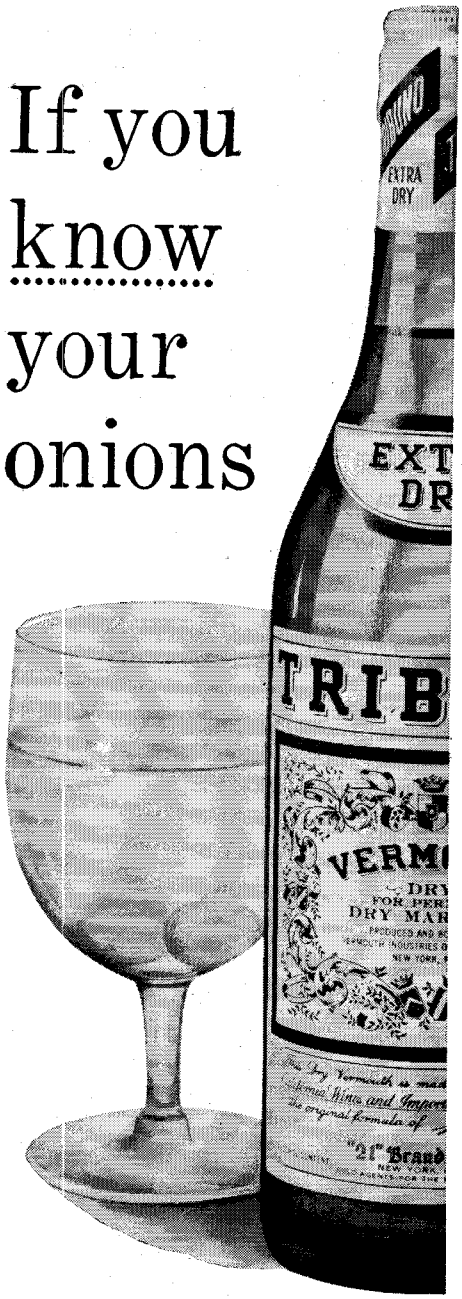

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facilities. Nationalism in Trinidad takes no account of the indirect economic benefits that the presence of the Americans ensures. Sir Grantley Adams — although Chaguaramas is the popular choice as the site of the federal capital to be — adopts a more temperate line, and hence another source of friction arises between these two premiers.

Dr. Williams, too, has his worries. Almost alone among the West Indian islands of the new federation, Trinidad possesses abundant resources of not yet fully tapped wealth. In addition to its far-famed bottomless asphalt lake, there seems to be plentiful oil, and, potentially, various other geological riches in marketable quantities.

As a result, Trinidad has attracted a surplus of labor from its overpopulated poorer neighbors of the West Indian isles to the north. This has led to quite a boom in Trinidad, but unfortunately the most obvious outlet for its exports is Jamaica, the leading partner of the proposed federation. Jamaica, too, has its own difficulties and its own ideas for resolving them. These do not include an influx of cheap competitive goods from its neighbors.

Instead, Jamaica, itself bursting with an ever-increasing population, looks first to its own highly protected secondary industries to provide it with a wide range of goods before countenancing imports from the outside world. It is primarily for this reason that Trinidad is always pressing for a type of federation with a strong central government and an early complete customs union, while Jamaica favors a looser, slower association which will not prejudice the hard-won economic gains of its own people as the price of federation.

Jamaica

Jamaica has as its leader one of the few truly big men of the West Indies, Dr. Norman Manley, shrewd, ascetic cousin of the former premier, his relentless rival, colorful Sir Alexander Bustamente. Dr. Manley is an unusual statesman who is capable of translating West Indian federation from a dream into a reality. But he dares not yet forsake the position he holds in Jamaica for the theoretically greater but practically less important role that awaits him as the Prime Minister of the weak federal government in Trinidad. The substance of territorial power in Kingston, Jamaica's capital, looks more attractive to him than the shadow of a federal leadership whose functions are, up to now, limited to administering a university and allocating Britain's grants-in-aid to the various West Indian territories.

This is one of the tragedies — each island leader is so anxious not to lose or even put in jeopardy his parochial rule that he declines federal responsibility. Since there is in any case a paucity of trained, responsible political leaders, in an area which has for so long been under foreign administrative rule, it can now be seen as a mistake that the first probationary West Indian Constitution did not allow an individual, duly chosen and elected, to be both a territorial and a federal representative.

Jamaica is one of the few parts of the world where racial prejudice has disappeared to such an extent that colored people sometimes elect white members of Parliament if they think them better than their Negro opponents. This sense of racial maturity was startlingly revealed at the last election, when one European candidate would, from his record, have stood little chance of success at the polls if his colored opponent had not so misjudged his colored electorate as to appeal to them to vote for him as opposed to "a white man." The result was a victorious majority for the white candidate.

It is paradox, indeed, that in moderate, non-race-conscious Jamaica a crazy movement based on race hatred should suddenly become a serious social irritant. The Rastafari represents a brotherhood, probably no more than five thousand strong, possessed of a fanatical religious belief that only the white man stands in the way of their proclaimed longing to return to their African homeland, which their ancestors left as slaves several hundreds of years ago. With a splendid disregard for historic accuracy, they ignore the active role

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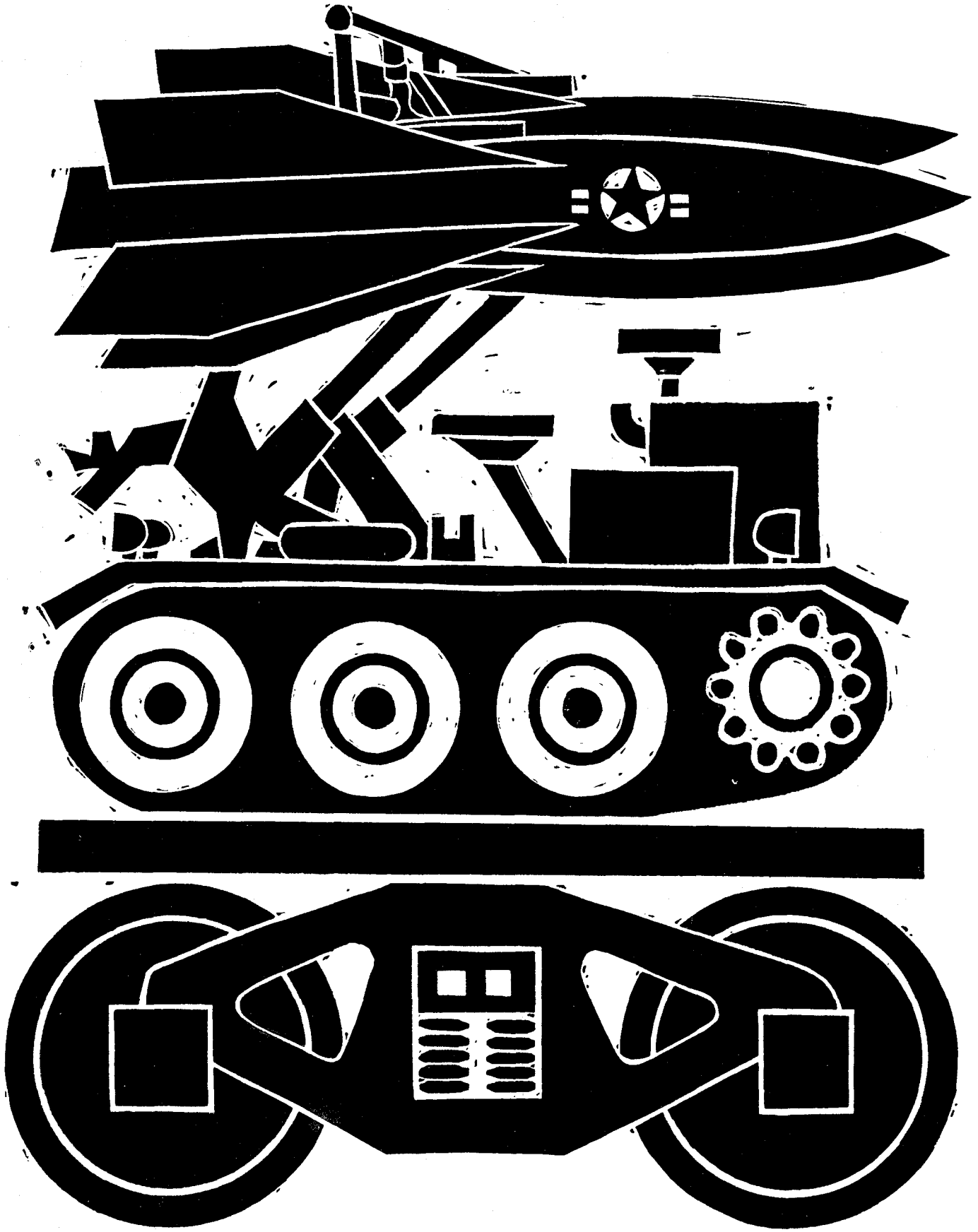

in any future national emergency, the principal burden of transportation will fall upon the railroads (in World War II, 90% of all military freight moved by rail).

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Ethiopians used to play in the slave traffic and look to the Emperor, Haile Selassie, as their god and his kingdom as their promised land.

More recently, at least some of them have become disillusioned with the cold reception their approaches to their human deity received and have transferred their worship to President Tubman of Liberia, who, however, seems no more anxious to welcome them home than his royal African counterpart on the other side of the continent.

Meanwhile, these thwarted Rastafarians, aided by a few Negro cranks from the United States, are doing their best to cause unrest and insecurity in Jamaica by threats of discriminatory racial violence. Fortunately for Jamaica, and for Dr. Manley in particular, the overwhelming majority of the island's 1,250,000 population regards these eccentrics with angry contempt.

Barbados

While Jamaica and Trinidad have been vigorously seeking to build up their own economies and carrying on a war of words, the smaller island units, too, including especially Barbados, have been attempting in a variety of ways to diversify their means of livelihood. If, as seems to be the case, there is never going to be a big enough market for sugar, or for the citrus fruits and other products that the lush fields of the West Indian plantations grow so plentifully, then something else has to be found to support the fast-growing populations. The answer seems to lie in tourists, chiefly from the United States and Canada. Land, especially beach land, which until recently cost only a few shillings an acre, can now be reckoned in hundreds or even thousands of pounds for a small house plot.

Even if a greater sense of West Indian political unity than is now apparent were to emerge, if the battle of the personalities were to die down, and if increasing air travel facilities were to bring the scattered islands closer together, one fundamental problem, the real underlying cause of much of the average West Indian politician's sense of frustration, would still remain. How will these tiny islands feed their increasing populations? In many other underdeveloped areas of the world a raised standard of living has brought a higher birth rate; and effective health measures, a lower mortality rate. In the West Indies the consequences are accentuated, because there are not many natural resources available that can be developed, even if enough capital from the outside world were forthcoming.

Emigration seems a ready answer, but where? Thousands have gone to Britain, so many thousands that voices are growing louder in England demanding, contrary to its traditional policy, some drastic curtailment of this "return exodus" from across the Atlantic. The United States and Canada, for their part, have rigorous quotas on West Indian immigration.

It has been suggested that surplus peoples from the islands could overflow into Britain's two mainland South American colonies, British Guiana and British Honduras. Admittedly these are grossly underpopulated — half a million people in the former, a country the size of the United Kingdom, and only fifty thousand in Honduras. But both places are poor, with little possible economic development in the foreseeable future. Even the limited number of inhabitants already there are fed and kept at work only through annual welfare grants from Britain. Furthermore, Guiana's East Indian majority has no intention of letting its present favorable racial balance be altered by a large inflow of more people of Negroid origin.

Faced with a conundrum that seems to have no answer, West Indians, although as anxious as people anywhere else to attain their freedom and run their own affairs, still demand as a right that Britain and Canada, and America too, must continue thereafter to underwrite them financially. This may seem illogical, but the only alternative is an almost certain collapse of even the scant degree of unity that has already been achieved among these "islands in the sun."

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The Atlantic Report KOREA

THE phenomenon of young people rebelling against the administration of adults is exceptional in a land like Korea, where Confucian ethics, a rigid family system, and respect for elders still predominate. But it is not without precedent. Paradoxically, it was the student Syngman Rhee, campaigning in the late 1800s against the excesses and corruption of the old Yi Dynasty, who provided a model for later student opposition.

Students also played a major role in the Samil Day passive resistance movement against Japanese oppression in 1919. On that day, thirty-three patriots met in the Blue Moon restaurant in Seoul, signed a declaration of independence, and then walked outside to be met — and some of them killed — by the bayonets and clubs of Japanese police. The independence movement was joined by Koreans around the world, including a patriot in exile in the United States named Syngman Rhee. In 1929, a student-led uprising against the Japanese was centered in Kwangju, in the southern Cholla Namdo province. In 1946, students of Sinuiju on the Yalu River protested against their Communist oppressors through demonstrations that eventually became violent.

On April 19 of this year, the students, spurred by a series of police and administration excesses, spoke out again for the populace. On this occasion, time, history, and the policies of his own government combined to make Dr. Rhee the object of, rather than a participant in, the uprising.

Rigged elections

Violence first occurred following protests of irregularities in the March 15 election in Masan, a southern port city. Dr. Rhee was running unopposed for the presidency after the sudden death in the United States of his Democratic opponent, Chough Pyung Ok. Dr. Rhee's running mate, Speaker of the National Assembly Lee Ki Poong, faced certain defeat in his second campaign against Democratic candidate and incumbent Vice President Dr. John M. Chang. Dr. Chang had defeated Mr. Lee by some 200,000 votes in the 1956 election.

Recent testimony at the Seoul district court has confirmed what citizens of Masan and later the whole nation had suspected: because the defeat of Lee was considered a certainty in fair elections, Liberal Party leaders set out to ensure victory in elections that were superbly rigged.

Ballot casting in groups of three and five men, intimidation of voters, and kidnaping of opposition-party election observers were among the techniques American-educated Home Minister Choi In Kyu ordered his National Police to employ in guaranteeing victory. "Use machine guns if necessary," Mr. Choi admitted telling his police chiefs.

Election fraud was only the beginning. Once the string was tugged, the whole corrupt administration tumbled, exposing wholesale cases of tax evasion, illegal loan grants, misuse of foreign exchange and aid funds, conspiracy with hoodlums, and evidence of plotted assassinations. Most of the accusations were directed at Lee Ki Poong and the secretaries, advisers, and friends whom Mr. Lee installed around aging Dr. Rhee. The major crime of Dr. Rhee, although admittedly he was no stranger to tough politics, was that he was overstaying his time. He had lost all control of the situation, and his infirmities were easily exploited by less dedicated men around him.

In a dramatic oriental gesture of atonement, Mr. Lee was killed by his eldest son in a family suicide pact that also took the lives of his wife, the well-known Methodist educator Marie Park, and both of their sons. After violent rioting that took at least 170 lives and lasted into the month of May, Rhee resigned, and an interim government led by onetime Prime Minister Huh Chung took over to shape a second republic.

The interim government

Sitting, as he reportedly does, hour after hour staring out across Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii, in the exile he has taken up for the second time in his 85 years, Syngman Rhee's thoughts must be mixed. Since his flight May 29 in a chartered

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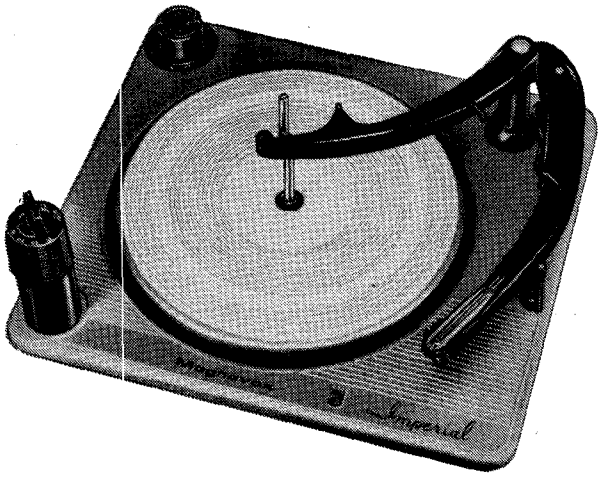

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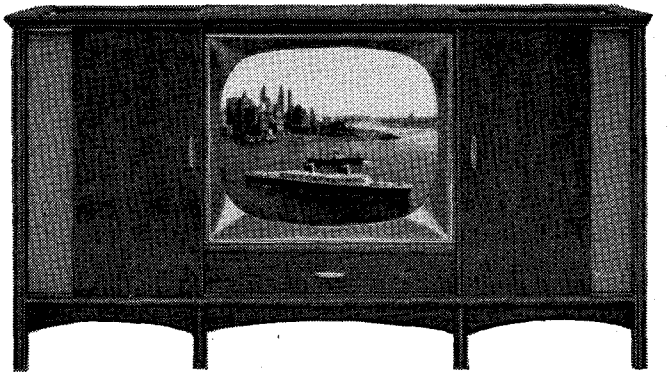

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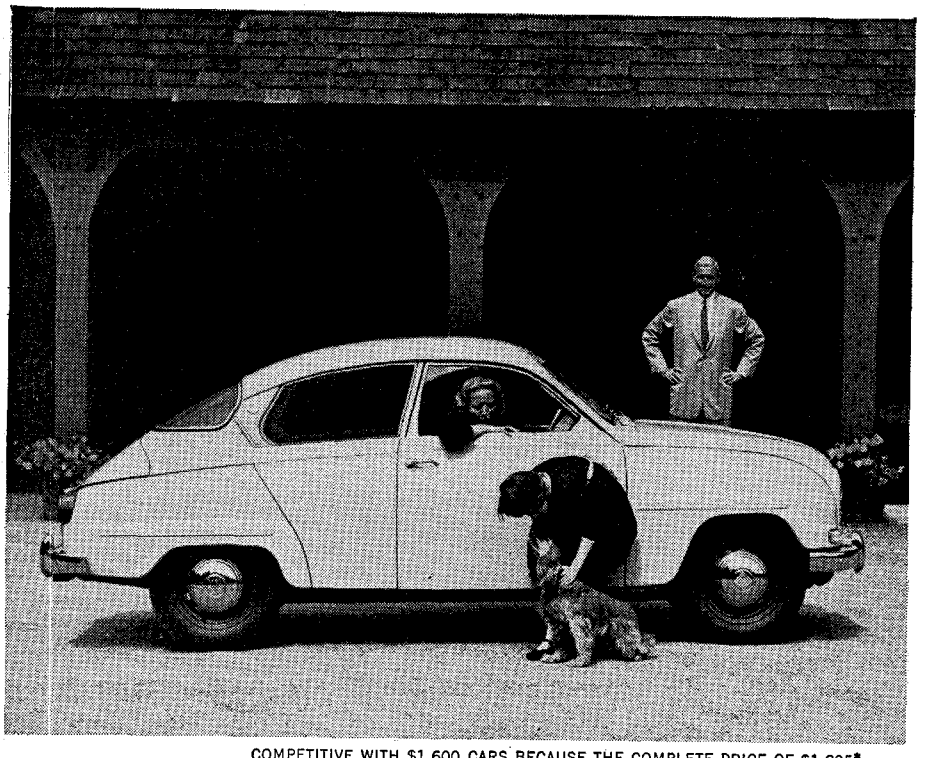

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Nationalist Chinese civil air transport plane, the 22 million people in the overcrowded Republic of Korea have made some long strides toward the kind of democratic government Dr. Rhee was always talking about but was somehow unwilling or unable to provide.

The constitution was amended, restoring the cabinet-controlled system abolished by Rhee five years ago. The interim government arrested election criminals and big businessmen who had helped to finance the fraudulent elections. Trials held throughout the summer uncovered a shocking amount of corruption. Dr. Rhee's own bodyguard was revealed as having close connections with hoodlum groups. The government information officer, Dr. Chun Sung Chun, who received his theology degree at Yale University, admitted illegally closing the opposition, Catholic-supported *Kyunghyang Shinmun* newspaper and misusing government funds in the election. Song In Sang, former Finance Minister, who often drew praise from U.S. Embassy officials for his ability, confessed to misuse of government and aid funds. The parade of officials who were involved in the graft and corruption of the Rhee Administration was seemingly endless.

New elections were held July 29 for members of the National Assembly (the 233-seat lower House of Representatives and the 58-seat upper House of Councilors). The elections were observed by teams from the United Nations Commission for the Unification and Rehabilitation of Korea, and it was generally agreed that they were the fairest in Korea's history.

Korea's anti-Communism

The Democratic Party, which had opposed Dr. Rhee's Liberals for twelve years, gained majorities in both houses. Left embarrassingly in the wake of the Democratic sweep were the Popular Socialist Party, the Socialist Party, and other progressive groups who campaigned on platforms that included advocacy of

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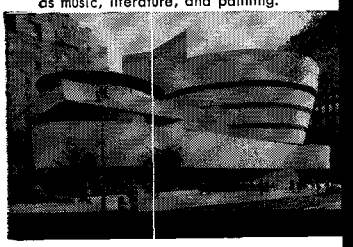

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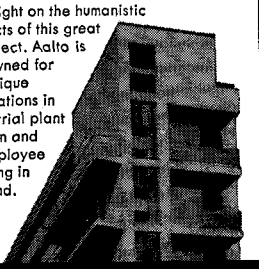

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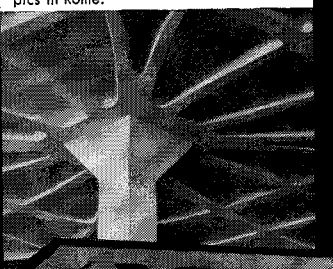

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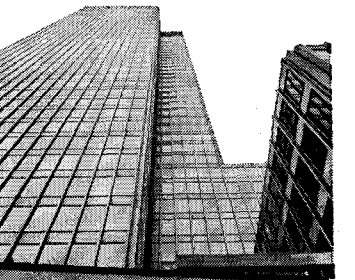

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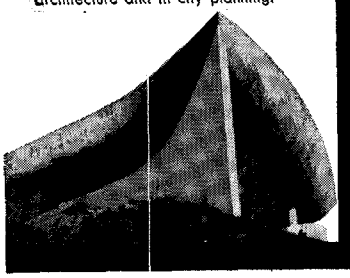

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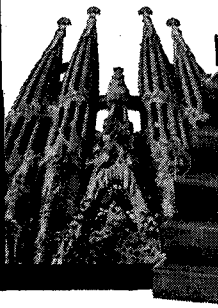

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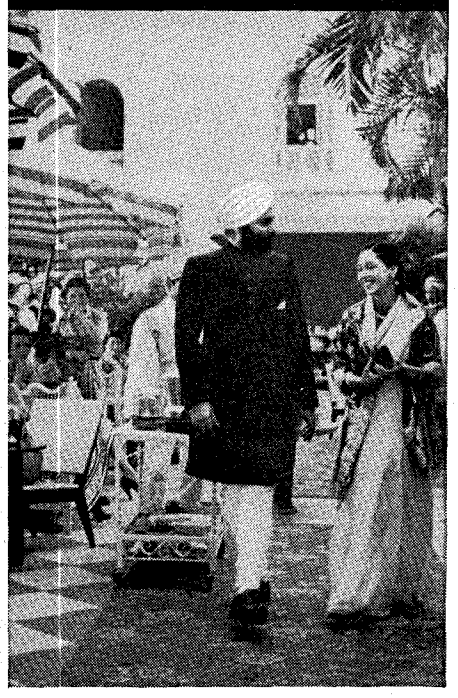

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trade and exchanges with Communist North Korea. Their spokesmen had made optimistic pre-election predictions but later admitted they had misgauged the sentiments of the people, who still grimly remember the Communist aggression of 1950.

The average Korean will admit that his anti-Communism was conditioned more by the wartime excesses of the Communists themselves than by American aid or theories transmitted by USIA evangelists of democracy. The general feeling is that by now, had the Communists refrained from aggression and allowed the general air of suspicion of American intentions prevalent in the period from 1949 to 1950 to develop, Korea might be further to the left or even completely in the Communist camp.

This anti-Communism was also a large factor in preventing footholds of Communist agitation following the April revolution. "The Communist agents in our midst were caught off guard by the suddenness of the uprisings," one Korean official said.

A long-standing feud between the old and new factions of the Democratic Party was smoothed over long enough on August 12 to allow a joint session of the legislature to elect the 68-year-old, Edinburgh-educated Yun Posun as President for a five-year term by a comfortable majority. It was expected that the former old-guard leader Yun would name the new faction leader and Manhattan College graduate Dr. John M. Chang as his Premier. Instead he named the old-guard Democratic leader, the bald, cigar-smoking economics expert, Kim Do Yun as his choice for Premier. The nomination was voted down by the House of Representatives as Kim lacked three votes for a simple majority confirmation.

President Yun then submitted the name of Dr. Chang, and the vote on August 19 gave him a two-vote margin above the number required for a majority in the 233-member lower house. Chang, who in 1956 was shot in the hand by an assassin's bullet when he was a powerless Vice President under Rhee, formed a new government with a coalition cabinet of Democratic old and new faction members and Independents. But his shaky majority makes his future path at best a tightrope.

Rejuvenating the economy

The most formidable task confronting the new government is rejuvenation of the sagging economy. Almost everyone has predicted an economic crisis for this winter. The most serious problem is the widespread decrease in industrial production. This is blamed on a critical power shortage and also on the difficulty of obtaining funds when they are needed for financing and purchase of raw materials. Tight credit policies have been effected to check creeping inflation, but industrialists say this is hampering their activities.

Vast loan issues forced by the ousted Liberal Party regime in connection with the rigged March 15 elections constitute another danger. A total of about $14 million in various loans was released during the first three months of this year. The money is now forming a huge store of latent purchasing power which threatens price stability. This cash accumulation is likely to spark fresh commodity speculation and contribute to inflation. Unemployment, estimated variously at between 500,000 and 2,000,000, is another worry.

The Democrats, like their Liberal predecessors, are requesting continued U.S. aid assistance at about $200 million per year to keep the economy stable. While promising better utilization of aid funds, the Democrats so far have failed to come up with any sound programs. Their most imaginative proposal to reduce government expenditures is to cut the 600,000-man Korean Army, one of the largest in the world. This, however, would simultaneously increase unemployment.

Partial relief of Korea's economic plight lies in improved relations with Japan. Some advance has been made toward *rapprochement*, but great

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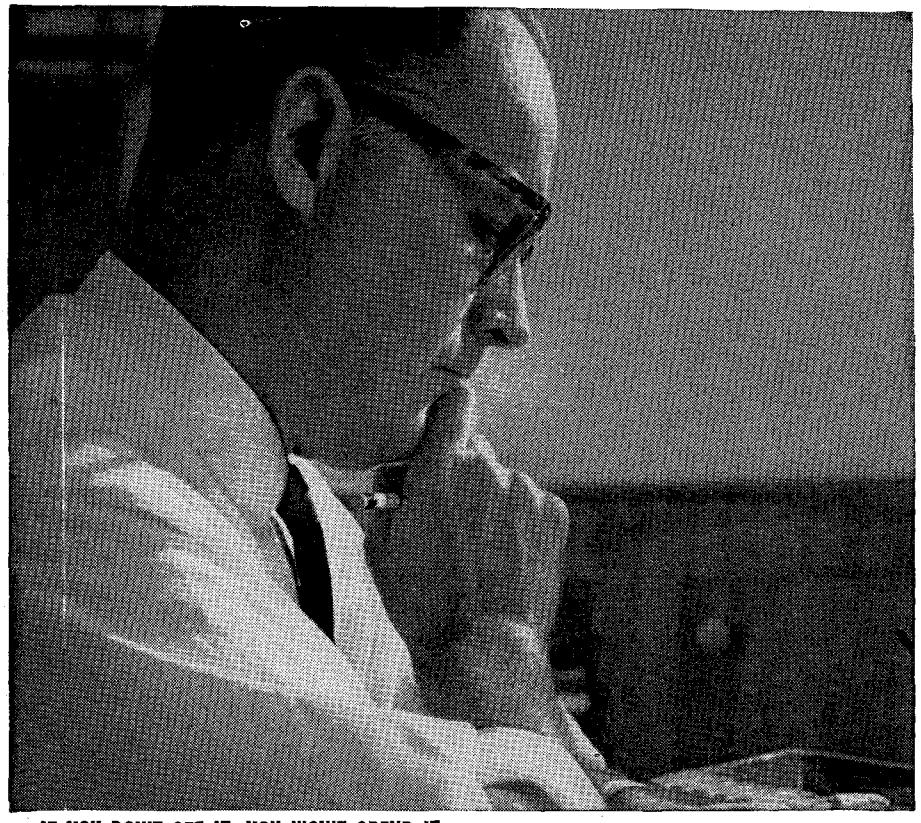

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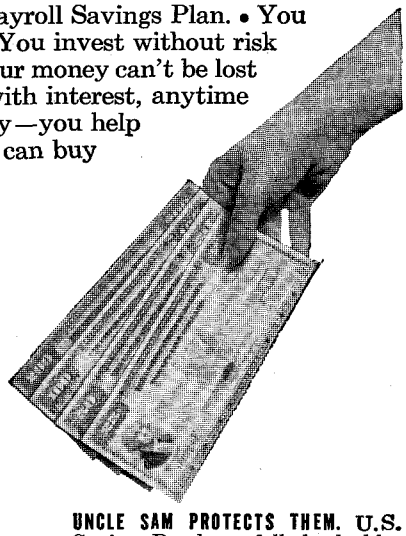

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emotional barriers still exist, following the forty years of Japanese occupation earlier in this century.

Since the April uprising, the United States Operations Mission in Korea (International Cooperation Administration) has carefully reassessed its own position and activities during the past few years and, under director Dr. Raymond T. Moyer, is at least making an effort to correct past mistakes. Recent American insistence on adjustment of the hwan-dollar exchange rate, hiking of power rates, manipulation of money supply, and payment of certain taxes not previously demanded into the counterpart fund have somewhat strained the relationship between the United States and the Republic of Korea. The American side, however, is generally more optimistic over Korea's economic future than are most Korean officials.

The attitude toward Americans

The personal relations of Americans with Koreans are gradually improving, but the unconscious condescension of Americans in their daily contacts with Koreans has a grating effect. Recent emphasis on Korean language instruction among American servicemen and civilians has helped to dispel the image of the rich, arrogant American.

The Korean War and subsequent events have for the time being precluded in Korea the socialist and anti-American phase that the Japanese are experiencing. In the years just ahead, at least mild expressions of resentment of Americans and leftward drift must be expected, understood, and contended with.

Khrushchev has accepted an invitation to visit North Korea early in October, and his pronouncements from there could shift the Cold War spotlight to Asia once again. The Khrushchev visit significantly comes just prior to the U.S. presidential election, and in Korea, an area which was a prime issue in the 1952 presidential campaign.

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What have you heard about METRECAL* the new concept of weight control?

Since Metrecal was introduced several months ago in powder form, and with its more recent introduction in liquid form, many people have learned of its effectiveness by word-of-mouth. This factual report provides accurate information on Metrecal—what it is, what it is not.

In September of 1959, Mead Johnson & Company introduced a new product to the medical profession under the brand name Metrecal. It was developed to provide physicians with a new technique for use in judicious weight reduction of overweight patients.

We wish to stress the importance of the physician in problems of weight loss and control. This is particularly the case for individuals who are tremendously overweight, patients with disease of the kidneys, and patients with various forms of heart and blood vessel disease.

In view of the broad public and medical interest in weight control, many persons have learned of Metrecal by word-of-mouth; hence, this factual statement.

What is Metrecal?

Metrecal, when properly used, is an effective agent for weight loss and control.

Metrecal is a complete food available in two forms: a powder which is mixed with water; and a liquid, ready to use. Metrecal is designed to provide a low calorie diet which contains all basic nutrients required by a person on a reducing program. Metrecal contains no drugs.

Metrecal can be used as the total diet for the period required to achieve the weight loss which is best for the individual. Thereafter, it can be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied normally.

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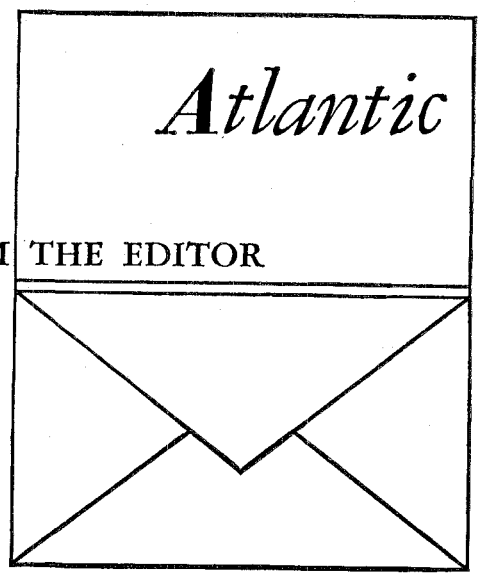

To live and die in Dixie

SIR:

Thank you for "To Live and Die in Dixie" by Gerald W. Johnson in the July issue of the *Atlantic*. As a Southerner just out of college and facing the prospect of living through the pain of the South's inevitable readjustment to the realities of the race problem, I was greatly encouraged by the author's comments.

Mr. Johnson's insight and perspective are the best that I have encountered in the myriad of material available on the subject. Also, he has superbly articulated the hopes of many in my position. If articles such as this one are printed often enough, those of us who really love the South will be able to find the inspiration necessary to throw off the forces that prevent it from taking once again a place of moral leadership in the nation.

ROBERT M. CONTOIS, JR.
New Orleans, La.

SIR:

Congratulations on Gerald W. Johnson's superb "To Live and Die in Dixie." As a Southerner who does in fact find it "easier to think" in these New England environs, but impossible to feel strongly anywhere outside the South, I was thrilled to see a Southerner analyze his culture with both feeling and unmuddled thought.

MARGARET WILLIAMSON
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

Mr. Gerald Johnson's weary ideas can, despite all that bookish rhetoric, do the South little harm; but John Keats, who neither lived nor died in Dixie, has been done a grave injustice. In the famous passage, "'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' — that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know," the antecedent to "ye" is the Grecian urn, not the reader. Keats was not prescribing a philosophy.

Perhaps, though, Mr. Johnson's misreading of Keats is the most significant point made in his essay. We of the South have a tendency to remove our past from context and to read it by tradition. As a consequence, reality is for us too frequently distorted into a "titanic lie."

JACK D. DURANT
Clinton, S. C.

It is true enough, as Mr. Durant says, that Keats was not a deliberate liar; but neither was Thomas Nelson Page. And Mr. Durant is right again in assuming that the misinterpretation of both has made me very tired.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

SIR:

It is my hope that many Southerners will take to heart "To Live and Die in Dixie," by Gerald W. Johnson. While I must disagree with the appraisal of Faulkner's works, I think that Mr. Johnson has put the heart of our problems before us: our "cultural lag"; the legendary quality of our belief in our past beauty, which should remain, but not in a legendary sense; the lack of wisdom to see that the grandfather clause was a political necessity when instituted and should long since have been discarded; and then, the hopeful note that we are "now enduring the discipline that makes a nation great."

MRS. ELOISE D. PICKARD
Memphis, Tenn.

The last white family

SIR:

It is heartening to read a personal attempt at solving the moral problems involved in segregation, as in Marvin Caplan's "The Last White Family on the Block" (July *Atlantic*). If only more people would have the courage to say, and mean, "Do I believe we are all born free and equal? Suddenly I am pushed beyond easy platitudes into that difficult and stony place where we are forced to take a stand for our professed convictions or abandon them." Part of the answer to this problem is the kind of thinking Mr. Caplan has so aptly put on paper.

BETSY MCKELVEY
Yellow Springs, Ohio

What happens to manuscripts?

SIR:

With interest and pleasure, but not without amazement, I have read the sprightly article "What Happens to Authors' Manuscripts?", written by my honored and learned friend John Carter and published in the July *Atlantic*.

Imagine, if you can, my surprise in encountering this passage: "*Of Human Bondage* was given by its author to the Library of Congress, which also owns the poetical notebooks of A. E. Housman, sold by his brother to a New York dealer and in due course bought and presented by Mrs. Elizabeth Whittall." Now, for the very reason that Mr. Carter is without a peer as an authority on the provenance of the Housman notebooks, he must have known that they were actually the gift of Gertrude Clarks Whittall, who has so munificently and variously enriched

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this library's literary and music resources over a period of many years.

Also, this statement appears in the article: "Dreiser gave *Sister Carrie* to Mencken, who offered it first to the Library of Congress, which declined it, and then to the New York Public Library, where Harry M. Lydenberg had more sense." Strangely, however, there is no evidence discoverable among the records of the Library of Congress that any such offer was ever made, let alone rejected. On the contrary, I find that the late Herbert Putnam, then Librarian of Congress, wrote to Mr. Mencken on February 2, 1935:

"Your note of the 31st, which reached me yesterday too late for an acknowledgment then, interested me keenly.

"Most certainly Mr. Dreiser's papers and manuscripts would be valued here, and the deposit of them with us highly welcome. Nor would there be any objection to the proviso that they should not be accessible to the public without his permission during his lifetime.

"We hope therefore that you will, as you indicate, be disposed to pass such an assurance to Mr. Dreiser."

At the same time, the Librarian wrote to Mr. Dreiser:

"In a note received this morning Mr. Mencken indicates that you might consider a deposit in the Library of Congress of the various manuscripts and papers which you have accumulated in your distinguished career as an author. I wish to assure you, as I have assured him, that we should greatly welcome such an accession to our collection and should relish the custodianship of it."

Alas, this produced only a brief note from a secretary: "Mr. Dreiser asks me to say to you that he appreciates your kind letter . . . and has asked me to hold it for further consideration."

The library must openly confess, in this instance, to disappointment, but the charge of a lack of eager and appreciative receptivity seems to this one of its long-time servants to be, however carelessly, mistakenly, or innocently made, untrue, unfair, and unfortunate. And yet no one will be so foolish or ungenerous as to impeach Mr. Carter's belief in the credibility of *his* witnesses.

DAVID C. MEARNS
Chief, Manuscript Division
Library of Congress

I am much obliged to my honored and learned friend for correcting two egregious mistakes. To misname Mrs. Whittall was not only careless and graceless but also ungrateful in one who has benefited so much from her Housman benefaction. As to Dreiser, Mencken, and Dr. Putnam, I cannot improve on Mr. Mearns's selection of epithets to describe my *gaffe*. I should like to underline "innocently." But credulity is no substitute for veracity.

JOHN CARTER

A case of plagiarism

SIR:

The section devoted to "The Young Poets" in the August issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains a poem entitled "Love Note" by Joseph Siebel. Except for the adjective "hot" preceding the word "summer" and the modifier "the" preceding the word "steamy," this poem is a verbatim copy of a poem by Steve Allen.

"Love Note" by Steve Allen can be found in his book *Wry on the Rocks*, copyrighted in 1956 by Holt and Company of New York. This book can also be found in the Library of Congress, catalogue card number 5611161.

It is hard to imagine a coincidence of this kind, but even harder to conceive of Steve Allen using a nom de plume.

JOANNE COLLEY, *Division of Legislation and Federal Relations*
National Education Association

We thank Miss Colley for calling our attention to what is flagrantly and regrettably a case of plagiarism, the first to have occurred in the ATLANTIC columns in a long time. Mr. Siebel's poem in the September issue, "We Meet Again," is also plagiarized. It was written by Tom Prideaux and published in 1925 by Doubleday Page in CREATIVE YOUTH, edited by Hughes Mearns.

—THE EDITORS

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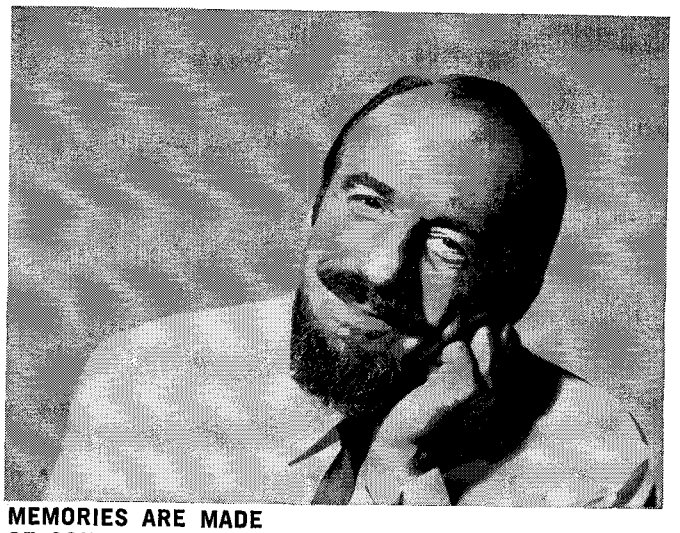

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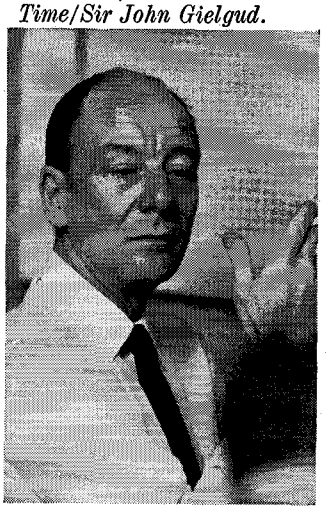

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THE ATLANTIC

WHY JAPAN SURRENDERED

BY ADMIRAL SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON *was professor of American history at Harvard, the winner of a Pulitzer Prize, the author of* THE MARITIME HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS *and of the finest life yet written of Columbus when in 1941 he volunteered to write the history of the American Navy in World War II. He saw active duty on eleven different ships, wears seven battle stars on his service ribbon, and was retired with the rank of rear admiral. From the fourteenth and final volume in his great series, we are privileged to draw this magnificent chapter.*

THE Japanese people were never told that their country was losing the war; even our capture of such key points as Saipan, Manila, and Okinawa was explained as a strategic retirement. Hence, anyone high in the government or armed forces who recognized the symptoms of defeat found himself in a cruel dilemma. Love of country impelled him to seek a way out of the war, but admission of defeat exposed him to disgrace or assassination. Even the Emperor, who had always wished to preserve the peace, found himself caught in the same trap. When General MacArthur after the war asked Hirohito why he did not earlier take a stand against it, he made a symbolic gesture of his throat's being cut.

Early in 1945, following the Allied invasion of Luzon, the Emperor began to play an active part in the peace movement. His intervention had to be done cautiously and discreetly, so as not to disturb the established tradition and machinery of government. In late January and early February he conferred individually with seven of the *jushin*, the "important subjects" — former Premiers and presidents of the Privy Council. He found their feeling to be like his, that an early peace was necessary. Prince Konoye, the former Premier, stated bluntly that Japan faced certain defeat and urged his cousin the Emperor to take positive action to end the war.

Fear of the powerful military clique was so pervasive that nothing could be done until early April, when the invasion of Okinawa, and Russia's denunciation of the Soviet-Japanese neutrality pact, precipitated a new crisis. When General Koiso resigned the premiership on 5 April 1945, the *jushin* provided his relief. These men now had the confidence of the Lord Keeper, Marquis Kido, closest adviser and personal friend of the Emperor, who gave his approval to a political deal. The new Premier, who took office on 7 April, was the octogenarian Baron Kantaro Suzuki, who as a junior naval officer, forty years earlier, had participated in the battle of Tsushima Straits. He was now a retired admiral and president of the Privy Council, and it was ironic that, on the very day he took office, the battleship *Yamato* was sunk. Shigenori Togo, also an advocate of peace, was appointed Foreign Minister.

The Army chiefs insisted, as their price for allowing Suzuki to form a cabinet, that he prosecute the war to a victorious finish. Consequently, the new Premier had to pretend to be doing just that. He knew that he was expected by the Emperor to bring the war to an end; but, as he held office at the Army's sufferance, he had to continue making die-hard public pronouncements.

Although it takes but one antagonist to start a war, at least two are required to conclude peace; so it is natural to inquire what, if anything, the United States and the other Allies were doing

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about it. The answer is, almost nothing, except to press the war more and more vigorously. It is possible that if President Roosevelt had lived six weeks longer, he would have taken the advice of Joseph C. Grew to give public assurance that if Japan surrendered "unconditionally," she could keep her Emperor. The Department of State had envisaged just that, even at the beginning of the war. Following this line, government agencies in propaganda for home consumption had consistently ignored Hirohito and directed popular rage and hatred against Tojo and his military clique. This attitude was due in part to knowledge by the insiders that Hirohito had never wanted war; partly to experience of World War I, in which the Kaiser was played up as principal culprit, and his removal led to a weak government which was overthrown by Hitler. The Imperial Palace had been conspicuously spared in the successive bombings of Tokyo; and owing to the Secretary of War's insistence, the Army Air Force had not bombed the two principal religious and artistic centers in Japan, Nikko and Kyoto.

Mr. Grew, an old schoolmate and personal friend of President Roosevelt's, had been American ambassador to Japan for several years before Pearl Harbor. Knowing Japanese personalities and politics as did no other American, he detected through the double talk of the Suzuki government a genuine desire to end the war. He knew that the one essential gesture to help the peace party in Japan was to promise as a condition of peace that the Emperor would not be deposed. From 20 December 1944, Mr. Grew was undersecretary of state. He found that many top people in the department did not share his views. A popular demand, "Hirohito must go," was being whipped up by a section of the American press and by certain columnists and radio commentators. Admiral Leahy observed that some of the civilians who had access to the President wanted Hirohito to be tried as a war criminal, and the nationalist press in China demanded that he be hanged. The Soviet government, of course, aimed to break up the imperial system, so that Communism could profit from the ensuing anarchy.

After hearing reports of the destructive bombing raids on Tokyo of 23 and 25 May 1945, Mr. Grew called on the President and begged him to make an explicit statement, in an address that he was planning to deliver on the thirty-first, that Hirohito could retain his throne if Japan surrendered. Harry Truman, who had been in the presidential office only six weeks, was sympathetic but felt unqualified to make so vital a policy pronouncement without military advice. At his request Mr. Grew consulted General Marshall and Secretaries Forrestal and Stimson. They, too, were sympathetic, but advised against making any such assurance at that time, because the Okinawa campaign had almost bogged down and the Japanese government would interpret any such statement as evidence of war weariness on our part. So this opportunity to proffer a friendly hand to Japanese advocates of peace was missed. It is very unlikely that it would have been accepted, since the Japanese military and naval chiefs were against concluding peace even after two atomic bombs had been dropped and explicit assurances about the Emperor had been given.

On 1 June the President's interim committee, composed of high officials and top atomic scientists, recommended that the new bomb be used against Japan, as soon as possible, without warning, and against a target that would reveal its "devastating strength." A well-considered alternative — to drop one bomb on a relatively uninhabited part of Japan, after due warning, in order to demonstrate the uselessness of further struggle — was rejected. It was feared that Japan would move in Allied prisoners of war as guinea pigs; and nobody could predict whether or not the bomb would work. If, after a warning, it proved a dud, the United States would be placed in a ridiculous position. And anyone who has followed our account of the senseless destruction and suffering inflicted by the kamikazes around Okinawa will appreciate the fact that compassion for Japan formed no factor in this decision.

Again, on 18 June, when Okinawa was almost secured, Mr. Grew urged the President to issue a proclamation on the subject of the Emperor. Again, the service chiefs asked for more time, and the President decided to refer the whole matter to Potsdam, where his conference with Churchill, Stalin, and the combined chiefs of staff was scheduled to open on 16 July.

On that very day the experimental atomic bomb was exploded in New Mexico. Churchill was told about it at Potsdam. "This is the Second Coming, in wrath," said he.

In Japan, in the meantime, responsible statesmen were groping and fiddling and getting exactly nowhere. After the news of Germany's surrender came through on 9 May, the more realistic Army chiefs realized that if Russia entered the war against them, a successful defense of the home islands would be impossible. The Suzuki cabinet agreed that every effort should be made to keep Stalin neutral and to seek his good offices to negotiate a favorable peace. Some halfhearted, unofficial feelers were put out to the Soviet am-

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bassador in Tokyo, but nothing came of them. On 8 June the Supreme Council for the Direction of the War (S.C.D.W.), consisting mainly of the Premier, the War, Navy, and Foreign Ministers, and the Army and Navy Chiefs of Staff, approved a basic war policy that committed Japan to fight to the bitter end. Then, ten days later, they voted to propose peace through neutral powers, especially the Soviet Union.

Marquis Kido, who got wind of their first decision, prepared a plan, which the Emperor approved, to circumvent the S.C.D.W. He opened a series of personal and private negotiations with responsible government members. These dragged along for several days without result. The Emperor then summoned the S.C.D.W. to the palace (22 June) and supported Foreign Minister Togo in his determination to send a special envoy to Moscow, hoping to work out some means of ending the war through diplomatic negotiation.

By that time the Japanese government knew that Okinawa was lost; that the B-29s were capable of wiping out one Japanese city after another; that, in a word, the war was lost. But nothing was done to prepare the people for the inevitable. On the contrary, Premier Suzuki issued a statement that the loss of Okinawa "improved Japan's strategic position" and dealt America a "severe spiritual blow." "Peace agitators" were threatened in official broadcasts; efforts were made to increase war production; a program of building solid houses with underground shelters was announced to protect the people from air bombing, and one of stockpiling food to render them self-sufficient.

In the meantime, the Japanese ambassador in Moscow was being brushed off by Stalin, and the Soviet ambassador in Tokyo also refused to negotiate. The Emperor, concerned by the delay, summoned Suzuki and proposed that a special envoy be sent to Moscow with a personal message from himself to Stalin. Togo jumped at the idea, and Prince Konoye consented to be the envoy. Permission had to be asked of the Soviet foreign office, and not until 18 July did the Soviet government send an evasive and discouraging reply. For Stalin had already decided to declare war on Japan.

Then, out of a clear sky, on a summer day of sweltering heat, came the Potsdam Declaration of 26 July by President Truman, Prime Minister Churchill, and Chiang Kai-shek, stating the conditions under which Japan would be called upon to surrender "unconditionally." The principal terms of the Potsdam Declaration were:

1. The authority and influence of the Japanese militarists "must be eliminated for all time."

2. Until a "new order of peace, security and justice" is established in Japan, Allied forces will occupy Japanese key points "to secure the achievement" of this basic objective.

3. Terms of the Cairo Declaration[1] will be carried out, and Japanese sovereignty will be limited to Hokkaido, Honshu, Kyushu, Shikoku, and adjacent smaller islands.

4. Japanese military forces, "after being completely disarmed, shall be permitted to return to their homes with the opportunity to lead peaceful and productive lives."

5. "We do not intend that the Japanese shall be enslaved as a race or destroyed as a nation, but stern justice shall be meted out to all war criminals. . . . Freedom of speech, of religion, and of thought, as well as respect for the fundamental human rights, shall be established."

6. Japan may retain such industries as will sustain her economy, but may not rearm; and she may look forward to "participation in world trade relations."

7. Occupation forces "shall be withdrawn from Japan as soon as these objectives have been accomplished and there has been established a peacefully inclined and responsible government."

8. The Japanese government is called upon "to proclaim now the unconditional surrender of all Japanese armed forces." The alternative is "prompt and utter destruction."

A broadcast of this declaration, received in Tokyo on 27 July, caused a flurry of discussion in high governmental circles as to how it should be handled. Foreign Minister Togo wished to play a waiting game and avoid any official statement. For (a typically Japanese condition), if any official declaration were made, it would have to be a flat rejection, to please the military men in the cabinet. Unfortunately, Premier Suzuki upset the applecart when, at a press conference on 28 July, he indicated that the cabinet considered the Potsdam Declaration to be a mere rehash of the earlier and unacceptable Cairo Declaration, and as such unworthy of official notice. And, he added, the increase of aircraft production gave renewed hope of a Japanese victory.

No explicit assurance about the Emperor had issued from Potsdam; but (so Shigemitsu, Foreign Minister in the Koiso government, assured me in 1950) the reference in paragraph seven to withdrawing occupation forces after a "peacefully inclined and responsible government" had been set

[1] *The Cairo Declaration stated that Japan would be deprived of all conquests gained by aggression since the opening of Japan by Commodore Perry in 1853. Manchuria, Formosa, and the Pescadores would accordingly be restored to China; Korea would recover her independence; and the southern half of Sakhalin would be returned to Russia.*

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up indicated to the Japanese that they would be permitted to determine their own future.

If the Suzuki government could have made up its mind promptly to accept the Potsdam Declaration as a basis for peace, there would have been no explosion of an atomic bomb over Japan. Suzuki's bumbling statement to the press triggered it off.

Secretary of State Byrnes found the Premier's statement "disheartening." Both he and President Truman hoped that, before the Potsdam Conference broke up, the Japanese government would change its mind. The President had already decided to use the bomb if Japan did not accept the declaration and on 24 July had issued the necessary order to the Army Air Force to "deliver its first special bomb as soon as weather will permit visual bombing after about 3 August." But this could have been revoked, just as the Japanese strike on Pearl Harbor could have been recalled before 6 December 1941. Not until after the conference had broken up with no further word from Tokyo, when President Truman was at sea on board U.S.S. *Augusta*, did he give the final order to drop the bombs on two Japanese cities.

That was on 2 August, west longitude date. All parts and materials for assembling the bombs had arrived at Tinian before the first of the month. Weather on 3 and 4 August (east longitude dates) was unfavorable; but on the fourth, with a good forecast for the next two days, General LeMay decided to load the first bomb on 5 August and to drop it on the sixth.

The B-29 nicknamed "Enola Gay," commanded by Colonel Paul W. Tibbets, U.S.A., was chosen to carry the first atomic bomb. Captain William S. Parsons, a Navy ordnance specialist who had had charge of the ordnance aspects of the bomb and of its safety features, came along to assemble it and make the final adjustments en route.

At 0245 August 6 "Enola Gay" took off from North Field, Tinian, followed by two observation planes. Over Iwo Jima it began a slow climb to 30,000 feet. At 0730 Captain Parsons and his assistant made final adjustments on the bomb. Weather reconnaissance planes reported all clear over Hiroshima. The B-29 was over the city at 0911, when controls were passed to the bombardier, Major Thomas W. Ferebee, U.S.A., who at 0915 "toggled the bomb out" at an altitude of 31,600 feet and speed of 328 m.p.h. No enemy planes attacked "Enola Gay." She landed on Tinian at 1458.

Results were catastrophic. The bomb exploded right over a parade ground where the Japanese Second Army was doing calisthenics. The soldiers were wiped out almost to a man. Everything in the city within an area of over four square miles was razed or fused. An estimated 71,379 people, including the military, were killed; 19,691 were seriously injured; and about 171,000 rendered homeless. This seems, however, to have been an overestimate. A Japanese official notice of 31 July 1959 stated that the total number of deaths attributed to the bombing of Hiroshima, including all that had occurred in the nearly 14 years since it happened, was 60,175.

President Truman got the word at noon on 6 August (west longitude date) on board cruiser *Augusta* while crossing the Atlantic. He told the officers and men about it, saying, "This is the greatest thing in history."

Before sunrise 9 August the Russian declaration of war on Japan was known in Tokyo. At 1000 Marquis Kido conveyed to Premier Suzuki the Emperor's belief that it was urgent to accept the Potsdam Declaration immediately. The S.C.D.W., promptly summoned to the Imperial Palace, was already in session when the second atomic bomb exploded over Nagasaki, at 1101. All agreed to insist that the prerogatives of the imperial family be preserved, but beyond that there was no agreement. War Minister General Anami, Army Chief of Staff General Umezu, and Admiral Toyoda, the Navy Chief of Staff, insisted on three conditions: 1) the Japanese would disarm their own troops overseas, 2) war criminals would be prosecuted by Japanese courts, and 3) only a limited military occupation of Japan would be permitted. Togo pointed out that the Allies were certain to refuse such conditions, that all hope of Japanese victory had vanished, and that Japan must no longer delay seeking peace. But as Anami, Umezu, and Toyoda held out, nothing could be decided.

Nor could agreement be reached by the cabinet, at a meeting which opened at 1430, even after sitting for over seven hours and hearing more bad news from Hiroshima and Nagasaki. When that meeting broke up at 2230 August 9, Suzuki and Togo called on the Emperor and told him that, as neither cabinet nor S.C.D.W. could reach a decision, he must summon the council to meet with him. Hirohito agreed. The S.C.D.W. met with the Emperor in an underground air-raid shelter at the palace, at 2350 August 9.

This was what Togo, Shigemitsu, and Kido had been working toward for months. At the Imperial Conference, Suzuki took the floor and presented his arguments for immediate acceptance of the Potsdam Declaration. Togo and Navy Minister Yonai supported him. Generals Anami and

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Umezu and Admiral Toyoda argued for a resolute prosecution of the war, unless the Allies accepted the three above-mentioned conditions. There was a long discussion of possibilities, ably led by Baron Hiranuma. Suzuki requested an "imperial decision" to break the deadlock, an unprecedented step. The Emperor rose, said that ending the war was the only way to relieve Japan from unbearable distress, and left the room. Suzuki then declared: "His Majesty's decision should be made the decision of this conference as well," and the S.C.D.W. adjourned at 0230 August 10.

Since an Imperial Conference had no formal power to decide anything, a cabinet meeting was called at about 0300 August 10. There, the imperial decision was unanimously approved.

At 0700 August 10, a message was sent to the governments of the United States, Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and China, stating that Japan was ready to accept the terms of the Potsdam Declaration with the understanding that the prerogatives of the Emperor as a sovereign ruler were not prejudiced.

During that day the cabinet debated whether to announce this to the public. It was decided to make no announcement until after the publication of an imperial rescript accepting the Potsdam terms, because of the fear of a militarist coup d'état. That possibility was real indeed. On the morning of 10 August, War Minister Anami summoned all officers in Tokyo of the rank of lieutenant colonel and above, told them what had happened, and appealed to them to keep the Army quiet. Increasing restiveness at the war ministry during the day caused him to issue a warning against any overt effort to obstruct the government's decision. And Admiral Yonai issued a comparable warning to the Japanese Navy.

But the wireless waves and cables between Tokyo and Washington were working, via Switzerland. The message of 0700 August 10 accepting the Potsdam Declaration was received at about the same hour next day, 10 August, west longitude date. At Washington this created a flurry only less agitated than the one at Tokyo. Was it or was it not an acceptance of the Potsdam terms? At a conference in the White House between President Truman, Secretaries Byrnes, Stimson, and Forrestal, Admiral Leahy, and a few others, the question was threshed out. "Terrible political repercussions" were anticipated if a promise to keep the Emperor on his throne should backfire by encouraging the Japanese government to continue the war. The President decided, nevertheless, to take the risk, and Secretary Byrnes drafted a note in reply to the Japanese offer, which, after obtaining telegraphed approval from London, Moscow, and Chungking, he sent to Tokyo via Switzerland on 11 August (west longitude date) and immediately broadcast. The foreign office at Tokyo intercepted it at about noon the same day.

The Byrnes note of 11 August comprised five pertinent provisions:

1. "From the moment of surrender the authority of the Emperor and Japanese government . . . shall be subject to the Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers who will take such steps as he deems proper to effectuate the surrender terms."
2. The Emperor will authorize his government and Imperial General Headquarters to sign the surrender and shall command all his armed forces to lay down their arms.
3. Immediately upon the surrender the Japanese government shall transport prisoners of war and interned civilians to places of safety where they can be embarked in Allied transports.
4. The ultimate form of the government of Japan shall be established by the free will of the Japanese people.
5. Allied occupation forces will remain in Japan "until the purposes set forth in the Potsdam Declaration are achieved."

The Byrnes note created new tensions and a fresh crisis in high circles at Tokyo. It left no doubt in anyone's mind that the Japanese would be permitted to retain the Emperor, and most of the cabinet were for accepting; but Anami, Umezu, and Toyoda were adamant, holding out for self-disarmament and a limited occupation or none. A fanatical coup d'état, with the purpose of continuing the war, was narrowly averted. Soon after receipt of the Allied reply, a group of young Army officers in the War Ministry approached Anami with a direct suggestion that the Army intervene to stop all peace moves. He succeeded in putting them off, but this powder-keg atmosphere persisted while the cabinet for two days longer remained deadlocked. Togo received support on 13 August in the form of a cablegram from the Japanese minister in Stockholm, reporting that the United States had resisted strong pressure from the Soviet Union and China to remove the Emperor.

On the eleventh, when the Byrnes note was dispatched, President Truman ordered all "strategic" air operations (the B-29s) by the Army Air Force to be suspended; but on the fourteenth, apparently with a view to helping the Japanese make up their minds, the bombers were ordered to resume. That order in turn was canceled after more than a thousand B-29s were in the air, but most of them were recalled before doing any further damage.

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During the night of 13 to 14 August, seven B-29s dropped on Tokyo more than five million leaflets, containing the text of the Japanese note accepting the Potsdam Declaration and a Japanese translation of Secretary Byrnes's reply. This was the first intimation the people had of what was going on. At 0830 August 14, Marquis Kido brought one of these leaflets to the Emperor and urgently advised him to take prompt action, predicting that the leaflets would have a profound effect. Unless the Emperor declared immediately for peace, he might lose control of armed forces in the field. Shortly after, Premier Suzuki arrived at the palace. He and Marquis Kido, who had vainly endeavored to convert General Anami to reason, urged the Emperor to convoke an Imperial Conference (the S.C.D.W. in the "presence") on his own initiative. This was unprecedented. By Japanese constitutional procedure, an Imperial Conference could be convoked only after the Premier and chiefs of staff had agreed on the agenda. The Emperor, before taking so drastic a step, requested several senior Army and Navy officers to take measures to secure the obedience of all armed forces to his orders to cease fire. He then summoned the S.C.D.W. to the palace.

The meeting opened at 1100 August 14 in the air-raid shelter. Suzuki reported that most of those present favored an immediate acceptance of the Byrnes note but suggested that the Emperor hear the objectors before making his decision. In a highly emotional atmosphere, Anami, Umezu, and Toyoda repeated their earlier arguments for continuing to fight. The Emperor then spoke the thoughts that he had long firmly held. Continuing the war, he said, will merely result in additional destruction. The whole nation will be reduced to ashes. The Allied reply is a virtually complete acknowledgment of the position of his note of 0700 August 10 and evidence "of the peaceful and friendly intentions of the enemy." It is the imperial desire that his ministers of state accept it. They will at once prepare an imperial rescript broadcasting this decision directly to the people.

The deed was done. At 1449 August 14 Radio Tokyo flashed the Emperor's decision around the world. The cabinet was already making a final draft of the rescript, which had been in preparation since 10 August. At 2100 it was completed and taken to the Emperor, who signed it at 2250 August 14. Ten minutes later it was officially proclaimed that Japan would accept the Allied terms, and a note to that effect was sent to the Allied governments through a neutral country. This important news reached President Truman at 1550 August 14, west longitude date. He announced it from the White House at 1900 the same day and declared a two-day holiday of jubilation.

Despite every care to prevent incidents, the situation in Tokyo almost got out of hand. Hotheads in the war ministry and on the general staff were still planning a military coup. During the night of 14 to 15 August (east longitude date) they called on Lieutenant General Takeshi Mori, commanding the Imperial Guards Division, to demand that he order his men to disobey the surrender order. Mori refused and was then assassinated. With the connivance of two officers of his staff, orders were prepared, over his forged seal, to isolate the palace and the Emperor and impound the tape recording of the surrender message that was to be broadcast at noon next day. When General Tanaka of the Eastern District Area Army heard of this plot, he proceeded to the palace, took personal command of the Imperial Guards, countermanded the forged orders, and by 0800 August 15 had suppressed the nascent insurrection.

In the course of the day attempts were made to assassinate Premier Suzuki, Marquis Kido, and Baron Hiranuma. General Anami, who knew what was going on but either dared not or cared not to do anything about it, felt that the only honorable way out was to commit hara-kiri and did so. His example was followed by four of the principal conspirators and by General Tanaka, whose prompt action had defeated their plans, and (most appropriately) by Vice Admiral Takijiro Onishi, father of the Kamikaze Corps.

Throughout the morning of 15 August, Japanese radios announced that a most important broadcast would be made at noon. When listeners were told that the next voice would be that of the Emperor, which they had never before been permitted to hear, they anticipated something tremendous and generally assumed that it would be a plea for resistance to the bitter end. On the contrary, Hirohito reviewed the course of the war, announced that he had accepted the terms of the Allies, appealed to the people to rebuild the country, and ended: "We charge you, Our loyal subjects, to carry out faithfully Our will." The word "surrender" was carefully omitted from the text, but almost every listener realized that his ruler was announcing the end of the war on Allied terms. The people were stupefied by this revelation, and still appeared stunned when the first occupation troops arrived two weeks later.

The Japanese note of 2300 August 14 (east longitude date) was promptly acknowledged by Secretary Byrnes, together with an order that the Japanese cease hostilities at once, as our forces had already been ordered to do. This was re-

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ceived in Tokyo early 16 August (east longitude date), and the Emperor's definite order to cease fire went out at 1600 that day. The United States Navy had stopped all offensive operations 34 hours earlier, at 0615 August 15. The Emperor's order to his armed forces to surrender was not issued until after the signing of the surrender document on the *Missouri* on 2 September.

It was the Emperor who cut governmental red tape and made the great decision. This required courage. The Army chiefs and Admiral Toyoda were not greatly moved by the atomic explosions. They argued that the two bombs were probably all that the United States had, and if more were made, we would not dare use them when invading Japan; that there was a fair chance of defeating the invasion by massed kamikaze attacks; and that, in any event, national honor demanded a last battle on Japanese soil. All the fighting hitherto had been little more than peripheral skirmishes; the way to victory was to "lure" the Americans ashore and "annihilate" them, as had been done by the original kamikaze "divine wind" to the hordes of Kublai Khan in 1281 A.D. Such had been the propaganda line given to the Japanese people to explain the series of defeats; they had no idea that Japan was really beaten. Nothing less than an assertion of the imperial will could have overcome these arguments and objections.

An intelligent and patriotic French banker, M. Jacques Bardac, who was interned at Peiping through the entire war and cut off from all news and propaganda except Japanese, told me that it was so well done as to convince him up to the very last that Japan was winning. The older Japanese on Oahu, who could not understand English, believed even after the end of the war that Japan had won, and scores of them assembled one day on Aiea Heights to see the victorious Imperial Fleet enter Pearl Harbor.

On the Allied side, it has been argued that the maritime blockade, virtually complete by mid-August, would have strangled Japanese economy and that the B-29s and naval gunfire ships would have destroyed its principal cities and forced a surrender before long, without the aid of the atomic bombs or of invasion. Fleet Admirals King and Leahy lent their distinguished advocacy to this view. Whether or not they were correct, not even time can tell. But of some things, one can be sure. The stepped-up B-29 bombings and naval bombardments, had they been continued after 15 August, would have cost the Japanese loss and suffering far, far greater than those inflicted by the two atomic bombs. And the probable effects of the projected invasions of Kyushu and Honshu in the fall and winter of 1945 to 1946 and of a desperate place-to-place defense of Japan stagger the imagination. It is simply not true that Japan had no military capability left in mid-August. Although 2550 kamikaze planes had been expended, there were 5350 of them still left, together with as many more ready for orthodox use and some 7000 under repair or in storage; and 5000 young men were training for the Kamikaze Corps. The plan was to disperse all aircraft on small grass strips in Kyushu, Shikoku, and western Honshu and in underground hangars and caves and to conserve them for kamikaze crashes on the Allied amphibious forces invading the home islands. Considering the number of planes, pilots, and potential targets, all within a short distance of principal airfields, it requires little imagination to depict the horrible losses that would have been inflicted on the invading forces, even before they got ashore. After the landing, there would have been protracted battles on Japanese soil which would have cost each side very many more lives and created a bitterness which even time could hardly have healed. Japan had plenty of ammunition left; the U. S. Army after the war found thousands of tons holed up in Hokkaido alone. And, as Russia would have been a full partner in this final campaign, there is a fair chance that Japan would have been divided like Germany and Korea, if not delivered completely to the mercy of the Communists.

We must also point out that, even after two atomic bombs had been dropped, the Potsdam Declaration clarified, the guards' insurrection defeated, and the Emperor's will made known, it was touch and go whether the Japanese actually would surrender. Hirohito had to send members of the imperial family to the principal Army commands to ensure compliance. His younger brother, Prince Takamatsu, was just in time to make the Atsugi airfield available for the first occupation forces on 26 August and to keep the kamikaze boys grounded. They were boasting that they would crash the *Missouri* when she entered Tokyo Bay. If these elements had had their way, the war would have been resumed, with the Allies feeling that the Japanese were hopelessly treacherous and with a savagery on both sides that is painful to contemplate.

When these facts and events of the Japanese surrender are known and weighed, it will become evident that the atomic bomb was the keystone of a very fragile arch.

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THE CANNIBAL THEATER

BY PETER SHAFFER

An English playwright, PETER SHAFFER *attended Saint Paul's School, and after a stint in the English coal mines as a "Bevin boy" in the war, went on to Trinity College, Cambridge. His most recent play,* FIVE FINGER EXERCISE, *directed by Sir John Gielgud, ran in London for almost two years and has recently been playing to full houses on Broadway. It won the Drama Critics' Award last spring for the best foreign play.*

I SHALL always remember my first encounter with actors, probably because it so disappointed and depressed me. It occurred in a B.B.C. studio at the rehearsal of my first play, a piece for radio. That day was certainly the most exciting of my life up till then: the acceptance of the play (after many rejections of plays and ideas for plays); the invitation to attend rehearsal; a Sunday journey to London into the peeling, cracked, almost defeated shabbiness (1947 shabbiness) of Marylebone. I remember a long corridor, red lights on and off, and then the vast studio itself and the control room into which I was ushered in a flurry of half-rising figures, whispered greetings, and uncompleted handshakes. The actors were grouped around the microphone, out in the middle of the floor. I listened, and suddenly a huge wave of joy bashed over my head: the sound, the first irrecapturable sound of my words being spoken by professionals! My words! For five minutes they made no sense; the surf of pleasure pounded inside me. Then, when this hurricane of self-approbation was over, I began to listen critically. They weren't very good lines, but at least I had selected them from all possible combinations, and that thought gave me an encouraging sense of my own existence. More, it gave me a curious sense of proprietorship in the actors, a vain, childlike, rather thrilling emotion. It was soon to be dispelled.

At the lunch interval I was introduced to this cast I mentally owned. Nervously I went with them to a pub nearby, all exposure and anxious amiability. They asked me what I'd like to drink; I said beer. That was our whole conversation. Thereafter nobody said anything to me at all. For the rest of the hour the actors talked shop among themselves, workaday shop with all the unromantic trivia of the true professional. Finally they returned to work, briskly performed my play, and walked off together, forgetting even to say good night. Suddenly it was all over. I found myself in the subway, feeling injured and disappointed. It was my first taste of that deep sense of rejection which nonacting playwrights feel around actors. They went their way, I went mine; they together, I alone.

This is always how it is, at least on the surface. Actors, no matter how solipsistically mad they are, live in a fraternity, an indissoluble Order. They take vows to join it, largely unspoken; they feel safe with other members of it, even though they often resent them: behind their most irresponsible displays is the awareness of a Calling. Though here, of course, as elsewhere, few are chosen.

My first reaction was one of annoyance, concealing envy. It must be so good to belong, to be sustained by the professional warmth, the intimacy, the pattern of dressing-room life, and the inalienable duty to play, whatever happens. I

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have never lost this envy, although when I tell an actor so he rarely believes it. For his part, the actor is made nervous by authors; as often as he can he retreats behind a screen of simple-mindedness ("I'm just the actor") which is only partly sincere. If you say to an actor, "How do you remember all those lines?" he will spit in your eye; but that same actor will say to an author, or wonderingly imply, turning on him the half-mocking, half-impressed blue eye of theatrical innocence, "However do you think of it all? I wish I were clever like that!" Now, behind all this banter, and behind even the deep yearnings to belong, or to be "clever like that," is a deep, grave antagonism which cannot be eradicated. Between actors and playwrights exists, at best, a violent, desperate, irrefragable relation which makes reconciliation in a conventional sense impossible between them, and even undesirable. It is perhaps the most profoundly loving, because the most urgently needful, of all relations — that between hungry beings and their prey.

Over the years my simple view of actors, as a jolly company of people to be wistfully envied, changed and deepened as I came to see their exclusiveness and their ultimate indifference to writers as something infinitely more profound than mere trade unionism. What I had first observed as a fraternity was also in fact a primitive tribe, with which I was intimately and terribly connected — over which, indeed, for a short spell, and with the inevitable penalty, I had to rule.

The rehearsal of a serious play is an elaborate and quietly awful ceremony of fertilization; a ritual, despite its frequent appearance of disorganization and its very real air of friendliness, of sacrifice and rebirth. At the beginning, the playwright is accepted as God-King; he is felt to contain some truth without which the players cannot live. He is treated with deference, consulted, danced before. He speaks, or his interpreter speaks for him, and is eagerly obeyed.

For a spell the tribe, still weak and undernourished, moves at his nod; he sits enthroned in the secrets they require, assured, assuring, needed. Then, gradually the actors gain strength — his strength: they learn his words, his secrets; they cut off his hair. They take away everything he has, at first tentatively, and then boldly, with increasing assurance. They catch his quick sentences and acquire his speed; they subdue his big speeches and take away his gravity; they tear out his jokes and leave him humorless or imperceptive. They must invade him entirely and search for their nourishment in his darkness; they need his potency, and do not rest — cannot rest — until they have it. *For the actor dies between roles, and comes to work seeking his spring.* It is not an accident that we speak of the theatrical "season." Under that trivial word you may see primal planting, the earth wetted with lifeblood, the shoots emerging, thickening, talling, harvested, and eaten: a corn of text, and words becoming flesh.

It is an awesome thing for a playwright to watch good modern actors who have played his parts for a year on the stage become suddenly obliged, say for a new production somewhere else, to take up the actual scripts again and do a reading of the play. They stumble and slur, they look resentfully at the lines, they are surprised and at times quite thrown by minute alterations between the original typescript and what they have been saying for months. They are made uneasy by the printed page, by the return of flesh to word. (Re-productions of plays with the same cast in another city can never be easy; they represent a reversal of the order of nature. How does one resurrect the dismembered body of an author, or turn back the process of ingestion, except by vomiting?) Actors will tell you, and tell you rightly, that they can do nothing until they have thrown away the text — until, that is, *they have thrown away you*, until there does not survive a single punctuation mark to remind them of your vanished power, or a word remaining undissolved in their blood streams.

And when this happens, you feel your death. You are the least needed person in the theater; you are totally superfluous. The actors go on stage and forget you; they even forget they had to memorize your words. They must do this. The parts, all parts of the parts, the very private parts, are theirs now. You may have brought John into the world, but like a mother who learns about her children from everyone else, you must accept the fact that John has become Mr. A., the actor, and that with a dazzling arrogance which you cannot but acknowledge, he can truly say: "I (John) don't feel it like that," "I would never do that," and even, when your rewrites are disputed, "I would never say that." When the actor comes to say this last, the sacrifice is really complete; there is nothing left of the author at all.

Of course, the playwright doesn't merely accept this role; he needs and demands it. He also seeks rebirth, and the only way for him to achieve it is to be liberated from his old play, to have the obsessional demon who first beat it from the cover of his unrest haled out of his body in the fullness of performance. The actor is the playwright's exorcist.

But the actor, too, needs freeing. He also lives in isolation and needs to be released, through the harness of a text, from intensity of feeling unyoked

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to purpose. Thus each of these incomplete beings is living in the other and released by the other, as in an inevitable love affair. Unease must remain, for the writer, quite simply, writes; and this hard process of setting down is never really acknowledged by the actor, who to be true to himself must believe that the words are born in his living throat without any intermediary process. Paper, for the actor, is a commodity which does not exist; for the author, it is the focus of his reverence. Still, each is united to the other with a true force, without which none of this ritual, this loosing of carnivores, would be tolerable.

I have noted that actors are a fraternity and take vows. In England, certainly, they are regarded with extreme suspicion. Something deep in the conforming heart is disturbed by the thought of the actor's nonattachment to homes and steady visits to offices. And something is also puzzled and offended by a certain indifference in him to social reality, political iniquity, world danger — a seeming frivolity he shares with priests. Our attitude toward actors is always uneasy; though we are hardly aware of it, and actors themselves do not understand it, we treat them with the same half-scornful, half-flattering wariness which we would show to priests of some incomprehensible but rather awesome cult. Which is certainly the right way to regard them.

What is their article of faith? It is simple and immense. Every man contains in himself the history of man. No man is an island; he isn't even a continent: he is, viewed rightly, the world. Therefore, no pattern of behavior should be incomprehensible to us, and no feeling in another inaccessible to us. We fail in our sympathy over and over again, because of our preconceptions and our unexercised imaginations, and because our hearts shrink in the effort to present to the world an image of ourselves.

The actor is not concerned with this at all; in his dual nature he can succeed where we fail, and in a real sense succeed (as in all art) *for us*. He has therefore an almost divine function in society, for to survive as a true speaker for us he must find in himself what most of us deny is there — the experience of the race. He must refuse in himself the pressured right we claim to prejudice; he must take on all lonelinesses and fears, relish confidence where he himself has none, enjoy many kinds of jokes, though he himself has but one sense of humor. Ideally, no hunger is too acute, no perversion too obscure for him to live it out imaginatively, and to do this he must set aside, as a barrier, all personal condemnation. The moral purpose of actors, which is the exorcism not only of playwrights but of society, can be accomplished only by slaying the mortal enemy of truth, preconception.

And in the same degree the playwright does likewise. This is where we meet, on moral ground. We both sense what charge is laid upon us, what dark journeys have to be made in the way of business, descents into Nibelheim to gratify Wotan. The encyclopedic imagination which is necessary to the actor is needed as urgently by the playwright; he must list from within himself an inventory of authentic emotions enough to furnish all the mansions of the blessed and unblessed. Many actors fail — I don't mean technical failure — because of their inability to meet these demands in full or because they don't even realize unconsciously that the demands are being made, which means that they are bad actors. The strictures of good actors on bad actors are harsher than in any other profession, for this reason: to a dedicated player, a bad piece of acting is a betrayal, and a bad actor is a whisky priest. And most playwrights fail for the same reason. Both are moral agents.

One last thought: the playwright has an added duty, specifically to the actor. He has an obligation to write good parts. Without them, despite what theatrical fans say, the actor can do very little. What good is it to own the Tarnhelm, if all you are asked to do is turn yourself into a frog? There is no excuse under heaven for creating people whose sole reason for living is to hear a pistol shot, to say the carriage is without, to announce Lady Bore's arrival, to hold a spear or a Martini. These parts are betrayals. I would be truly ashamed if an actor told me a part of mine wasn't, in the real sense, big enough — even though, as often as not, the actor will prove to be foolish enough to have counted the lines and not the heartbeats of the part.

So, on this frail bridge of obligation, the baker can meet the starving boy: he offers him home-made bread; the boy snatches it and waves him impatiently away. The baker goes, dismissed, knowing that in a little while the boy will be hungry again and will wander the streets hollow-eyed, seeking his shop, praying there will be something in it worth eating.

And that is the prayer of the playwright too: to be full again.

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JESSE HILL FORD

SAFE AT LAST

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JESSE HILL FORD is an ATLANTIC discovery who graduated from Vanderbilt University and studied writing under Andrew Lytle at the University of Florida. Three of his short stories have appeared in our pages, and in 1959 he was awarded an Atlantic Grant to assist him with his novel, which has now been completed. His first play, THE CONVERSION OF BUSTER DRUMWRIGHT, *was produced by CBS Television Workshop last winter.*

As PEOPLE said, Mr. Clarence Perks looked like a man who would skin a flea for its hide and tallow. It was his nose, too long and too thin and too snoopy; it was his eyes, restless and gleaming hard as flint. Below his eyes two red spots marked his cheekbones, and the rest of his face was pale and tinged yellow, like a toad's belly. When he spoke, his voice was no better, for it whined like an old hound under the porch on a winter's night.

As a result, his only way of making friends was to listen to people, and all the winter, after he came to Somerton from East Tennessee, he listened to the West Tennesseans talk. Mostly they told him what a regular ringtail tooter Billy Turnbull had been, how everybody loved Billy, what a fast car Billy had, and what a sweet wife Billy had left without any insurance to support her, so that she had bought a couple of hair dryers on credit and curtained off half the front room at Billy's house for a beauty parlor business.

And Mr. Clarence listened and said almost nothing because he was at a disadvantage in Somerton, having taken Billy Turnbull's place as manager of the People's Dandy Store, a dry-goods establishment on Main Street across from Alf's Service Station. Alf's, Mr. Clarence soon learned, sold almost anything liquid you could name except gasoline and oil, and it had been Alf's where Billy was last seen alive. Although Billy had had on him a sweet face, the truth was that Billy had been a pretty terrible drinker about once a month, and when he drank, Billy's thoughts always wandered to his car, which was blue and had a souped-up engine, until finally Billy would get in his car and shake the cobs out of it in the general direction of Memphis. The last time Billy had lit a rag for Memphis, he had died trying to cross the Forked Deer River about six feet to the left of the highway bridge, thereby leaving the Somerton People's Dandy without a living manager. Here was where Mr. Clarence Perks came in, a stranger from East Tennessee, and under a cloud because he was replacing a very popular fellow.

When they asked Mr. Perks why in the world *he* was sent to Somerton, the old man would turn white around the mouth and try to reel off the explanation as fast as he could, for merely thinking of *why* gave him a deep sensation of regret. The People's Dandy was a chain of stores operating in fifty Tennessee counties, and they had bought Mr. Perks out lock, stock, and barrel up in Cherokee Gap, near the state line, where he had owned a small store. Then, like a fool, Mr. Perks had gone to work for the People's Dandy folks, managing what had once been his own store. The next thing he knew they had transferred him to Somerton. The reason they transferred *him*, they said, was because he didn't have any living family. His wife was dead. So one day,

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sure enough, his orders came, and Mr. Perks got on the bus in the sunset of his life, for he was sixty and hadn't felt well in years, and he came to live far, far away from everything he loved.

But anyway, he said, he had survived. He had a room two blocks back off Main Street in the Somerton Tourist Home. What he didn't tell was that every night when he couldn't sleep for thinking about home, about Cherokee Gap, he would raise his window and put the light out and lie on his bed listening to them break half-pint bottles out behind Alf's Service Station.

He would listen to the bottles breaking, and finally the sounds of shattering glass would get his mind off all his wrong decisions and he would think how they were over at Alf's mourning for Billy Turnbull. Half-an-acre-of-broken-glass, Mr. Perks would think, hearing a bottle break. For Mr. Perks himself was not a drinking man. And presently, counting the bottles as they broke, Mr. Perks would be lulled to sleep, if he didn't think about his wife, Lura. But if he happened to think about his wife, he would lie wide-awake and begin to blame Lura for dying, for Lura's death was what he figured had caused all his troubles. If Lura had lived, he would not have sold his store in Cherokee Gap. Lura wouldn't have let him do it. If Lura had lived, Mr. Clarence Perks would never have been transferred into the midst of strangers just at a time in his life when the idea of going beyond the sunset should have been a comfort.

Beyond the Sunset. It had been a favorite song of his, for he had secretly planned for twenty-five years to die before his wife, Lura, did, and thus to have some time to himself in heaven before she got there. Well, that was all ruined. She was there now, waiting for him, and so he didn't write in to the radio stations on his birthday any more to request them to play *Beyond the Sunset* for Clarence Perks. No. He had only one remaining pleasure in life, and when he finally got around to thinking about *it* he could get some little bit of satisfaction. His mind would feed on it, and then, while the sound of bottles breaking behind Alf's drifted in his window upstairs at the Somerton Tourist Home, Mr. Perks would drop off to sleep. And not infrequently, he would dream about his one remaining pleasure, shooting pool.

So THE winter passed, and Mr. Perks was still listening, trying hard to make friends with the People's Dandy customers, and they began to dingdong at him in March, saying everybody in cotton country had to have credit for spring hats and shoes and work clothes, and how in the hell did he expect to stay in business being so tight on credit? And Billy Turnbull, now, *he* had let everybody have credit because *he* knew come the fall and cotton season that the accounts would be settled up. And all the while Mr. Perks just stood there with a letter in his hind pants pocket from the People's Dandy Chain, from the headquarters office in Nashville. And the letter said that, other than certain names on the letter in black, credit would be limited to twenty-five dollars per customer family, and that names on the list in red — the worst of it being that so many of the red names were Billy Turnbull's own flesh and kin — that the red names were to have no credit at all.

So, whenever he got a chance, Mr. Perks nearly wore the letter out that spring by unfolding it in the stock room at the back of the store, checking to see who could buy what, if anything, and in what amounts.

And when summer, which fell in like the roof was on fire in June, instead of creeping up gradually sweet the way it did up east in Cherokee Gap, when summer came they commenced to complain how the store wasn't even air conditioned and said they never knew the People's Dandy to be so hot back whenever Billy was manager, back when it was a *real* store where somebody could buy something without he had to sign his name six times. For, as they said, it hurt a man or a woman having to go through standing there while some point-nosed hill rabbit like Mr. Clarence Perks called up the bank and shouted so loud in the telephone he could be heard clean across the street and into the dime store if you happened to be over there.

"Well," Mr. Perks would sometimes say, slyly, "the dime store's strictly cash, so why would anybody in Sligo County be over there anyhow?" Mr. Perks couldn't help saying *something* back now and then, for he was dead tired of trying to sleep under an electric fan, a thing never needed where he had come from, and the hot weather lit a little blaze of anger in him that he could not hide all the time.

And finally, in September, the cotton bolls started turning brown. That was when Mr. Perks discovered they didn't have enough cotton sacks in stock, long funny things he had never seen, things the cotton pickers were supposed to drag behind them as they went through the fields. So Mr. Perks put through a rush order and ended up with several gross too many in stock, many more than could be sold. For that mistake he got a birthday letter from People's Dandy, addressed in red ink. All it said was: "Happy birthday with regard to seven gross cotton sacks too many in which People's Dandy money tied up."

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Of course, his clerks found out about the birthday letter by taking it out of the wastebasket before throwing the trash out back of the store, and they told the birthday story on Mr. Perks all over town. For several days afterward store customers would come in and try to explain to Mr. Perks how to merchandise his store. And he just sat by the hour and listened and never uttered a word, for at noon every day he got some relief.

As long as he could remember, nearly, since he first went to work in a dry-goods store in Cherokee Gap at eleven years of age, Mr. Clarence had played pool on his lunch hour. So now, every day at noon, he took his two boloney and mustard light-bread sandwiches to the Somerton Pool Hall, down a side street and up over the bus station, and there Mr. Perks gobbled his sandwiches down. When his sandwiches were gone he would buy a Powerhouse candy bar and a Pepsi, and finally, swigging on the Pepsi and eating the candy, he would shoot a game or two of pool.

He had always played against himself — all his life. And nobody in Cherokee Gap had cared, for the pool hall was nearly always empty at noon anyway. And probably nobody in Somerton would have ever noticed if the pool hall manager on this particular day had not been fresh out of detective magazines to read. What the Somerton pool hall manager saw over Mr. Perks's shoulder was that the new manager of the People's Dandy was a pool-playing shark. He was more than that, he was a maestro. Old Mr. Perks was so good that the sight caught the pool hall manager completely off guard and he swallowed his spit backwards and nearly strangled before he could quit coughing. As he said later, Mr. Clarence Perks just didn't look like a pool shooter, he didn't act like a pool shooter, he didn't smell like one — but he was. So when Mr. Perks had cleared all the balls off the table and racked himself up a new game, the pool hall manager, who made it quite a practice never to say a word if he could possibly get around saying it, spoke up.

"You shoot pretty fair," he said.

His coughing and gagging hadn't startled Mr. Perks a bit, but his speaking voice did. Mr. Perks long since had assumed that the pool hall manager was a deaf-mute, for he had never heard him say a word or seen him even come from behind his counter, not for ten months, six days a week, fifty minutes each day. Not even "Hello."

So Mr. Perks felt his heart begin to pound and he took a swig of Pepsi to calm himself. Then he said, "Well, many thanks," and put his drink down and broke the triangle formation of balls and swiftly cleared the table again. Just to be friendly he made some of his hardest shots with the cue stick behind his back. And then he sank a few shooting left-handed, thinking the pool hall manager might say something else, but he didn't. The manager just stood there. So when the last shot was sunk Mr. Perks ate the last bit of Powerhouse and downed the final swig of Pepsi and went back to the People's Dandy. Hardly anyone noticed him as he went swiftly up to Main Street, and at one o'clock sharp he was in the back of the store again, checking his black list before phoning the bank. But that was the last day hardly anybody noticed Mr. Perks on his lunch hour.

It was the last day because the next day the pool hall manager went downstairs to the bus station and bought four secondhand mystery magazines from the ticket agent for a dime. The bus drivers saved the magazines for the ticket agent, collecting what passengers left behind when a bus was emptied. So at noon, when the ticket agent saw Mr. Clarence Perks pass, and when he heard footsteps on the stairs leading up to the pool hall, something in his brain connected up the noise going past his ear with what his eyes had just seen. In other words, as he later said, he put two and two together to get four, that the noise on the stairs and the sight of Mr. Clarence Perks going by with his sack of two boloney sandwiches were connected.

The ticket agent put his hand in his pocket then and fingered the dime which the pool hall manager had paid for the four magazines, and fingering the dime he remembered what the pool hall manager had said about Mr. Perks. So in five minutes, when he couldn't get it off his mind, for not being able to believe it, the ticket agent was upstairs eating a stale pack of Cheez-It snacks and drinking a grape soda which he bought with the dime. He stood beside the pool hall manager and they both watched Mr. Perks.

For his part, Mr. Perks tried to start up a conversation. He tried twice. The first time he said it was a nice day, and the second time he said it was a shame the way candy bars got littler every year. For example, he went on, say the clothing business tried something like that, making all the shirts littler. But neither the pool hall manager nor the ticket agent wanted to talk, so Mr. Perks concentrated on his game and ignored them. And the day following he had ten people watching him. And the next day following that, which was Friday, there were a dozen, including a sort of slick-faced young man in electric-blue peg trousers, who identified himself as a champion pool shooter from Colliertown, over in the next county. He wanted to shoot Mr. Perks a game,

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he said, for ten dollars. He looked relieved when Mr. Perks said flatly, "No thanks." Everybody there knew Mr. Perks could have beat the out-of-town man hands down, and by reputation the Colliertown hot shot was the best pool player in West Tennessee, or had been, until Mr. Clarence Perks was transferred to Somerton.

Mr. Perks thought very little more about it. He had always played against himself, not against others. And as far as he was concerned, that was that. Besides, cotton season was going now in dead earnest, and they were really busy at the People's Dandy.

When he locked up the store that evening to go home, tractor-drawn cotton trailers were piling into Main Street like an endless circus parade, and little rollers of cotton lint about the size of Mr. Perks's thumbs were blowing along the sidewalk, picking up dust and trash as they went. The little thumbs of cotton tickled Mr. Perks some way, making him almost smile, seeing them. They made him think of a barbershop in Somerton where they were cutting off all the long gray whiskers of all the old men in the whole world. Whiskers, thought Mr. Perks as he walked to the tourist home. Cabbage, he thought, as he went inside the home and climbed the stairs to the hallway bathroom and washed up for supper.

And it was sure enough cabbage he had smelled as he came in the door. At supper Mrs. Dillworth, the landlady, talked her customary steady stream and let the others at her table — the three railroad men, the two salesmen, the tractor mechanic, the new high school agriculture teacher, and Mr. Perks — eat in peace. Mr. Perks was inwardly observing, as was his habit, that the fat-faced salesman ate twice as many biscuits as the others at the table. And then he wondered why the mere fact that the high school ag teacher took cream in his coffee but no sugar set him apart from the rest of them somehow, identified him, in fact, as an educated man. But-it-does, Mr. Perks thought, helping himself to more cabbage as the bowl came by, and as he replaced the serving spoon, the sound of it rapping against the bowl reminded him that the room had gone silent. Looking at Mrs. Dillworth, he realized dimly that she had spoken to him.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Perks to the landlady.

"— that you play pool?" she said. "Do you go to the pool hall after lunch each day, Mr. Perks?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Perks, "I do." He had it in mind to explain that he had been doing just that for years, playing pool against himself on his lunch hour, and to add that it was his one remaining pleasure, but something about the set of Mrs. Dillworth's mouth drained that notion out of him, and he corrected himself, lamely saying, "Well, I — I don't often go if it's raining."

"They sell beer there," said Mrs. Dillworth. "It's a gathering place for drunkards, trash."

"But I don't drink," Mr. Perks said. He looked about him, at the other men.

"Beer and billiards go together like ham and eggs," Mrs. Dillworth said firmly. "I don't like the name of the Somerton Tourist Home being mixed up with the pool hall, Mr. Perks."

"Anybody who goes to a pool hall is asking for trouble," the tractor mechanic said. He was a very religious man, and his voice quavered as he spoke. Three years before he had tracked down his young wife and her lover and had killed them both with a ball-peen hammer, in self-defense. Mr. Perks had always been a little frightened of the mechanic, and sometimes, meeting him coming out of the bathroom in the morning, Mr. Perks had noticed the mechanic's white muscular arms. The man was a violent enemy of everything sinful and was capable of nearly *anything*, so they said, when he lost his temper. "Asking for trouble," the mechanic repeated. "First it's a sip of beer. Next you start smoking. Then you spit on the floor. One bad habit leads to another one until, until you — you —" The next sin was so terrible that the tractor mechanic did not even talk about it. He turned very pale instead and was silent a moment before he said, "I don't know if I'd want to live under the same roof with anybody that went in a place like that pool hall."

"Well, wait a second," Mr. Perks said. "Now you take this fact, now, I'm sixty-five years old." He made himself five years older than he really was. But-I-have-to-protect-myself, he thought. Certainly the mechanic wouldn't try to throttle a weak little old man and send him beyond the sunset. But the mechanic was still glaring at Mr. Perks.

"It's *never* too late for sin," the tractor mechanic said in a threatening tone. "Never too early and *never* too late, Mr. Clarence. If it happens to be one thing I know out of experience, it's just that."

"Aw, I don't see nothing so wrong in it," said the fat-faced salesman tolerantly, buttering a biscuit. "If Mr. Perks wants to run upstairs over the bus station on his lunch hour at noon and shoot hisself a little pool. Especially so long as he don't bother nobody. Maybe has him a candy bar and a Pepsi. Now I wouldn't *know*, of course, what Mr. Clarence does, for, as you all know, it is my policy to keep my nose out of other folks' business and never to listen at no idle gossip."

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"No sugar, thanks," said the ag teacher automatically as he reached out and got the cream pitcher.

Sizing up things, Mr. Perks saw that, except for Mrs. Dillworth and the tractor mechanic, none of the others cared. And the fat salesman was the star boarder, since he took the three-dollar room which looked out over the parking lot of the Methodist Church. So the matter was more or less settled. But as they left the table, embarrassed and silent for the sake of Mr. Perks, the tractor mechanic growled one last time. "You'll end up getting in trouble, Mr. Perks. You'll see," he said.

MR. PERKS opened the store Saturday morning, not sure whether he would go to the pool hall or not. He thought of his wife, Lura, and he thought of Cherokee Gap. He thought of *Beyond the Sunset*. No-escape, he thought.

At lunchtime he grabbed his paper sack and walked on down to the pool hall. He finished eating and took down the cue stick he always used, an old model, one end of which appeared a little charred, as though someone years before had poked a fire with it. Turning to the table, he saw the ticket agent coming through the screen door, followed by two farmers in overalls. Mr. Perks chalked his cue stick and had just prepared to break the wedge of balls at the other end of the pool table when a weather-gnarled hand appeared in his line of sight. The hand held a brown bottle of beer, and when it drew back it left the beer bottle directly in front of the cue ball. The entire action reminded Mr. Perks of a television advertisement, so he looked up at the farmer and grinned. But when he saw the farmer's face he felt the pink dawn of something warn him, deep in his belly. The other man had a sour, milky odor, and his face was curiously reptilian, with a blunt, curved mouth.

"Play you for that there beer," the farmer said. "And then my brother, he wants to play you." He turned and took down a cue stick from the rack and turned back to Mr. Perks, as though the match were arranged.

"I don't play for beer," Mr. Perks said.

"Ain't you the champeen?" the farmer asked.

"I never play —"

"Ain't you the new People's Dandy man?"

Mr. Perks nodded. "But I don't play for beer," he said. "I just don't."

The farmer's brother stepped in from behind Mr. Perks then. "We come up here to play you," the brother said. He turned to the ticket agent. "He's the one they been talking about, ain't he? Looky there at what a nose."

"Oh, he's the one," said the ticket agent. "He's the champ."

"I come on my lunch hour. I don't drink beer nor gamble," Mr. Perks said. He spoke calmly, trying not to show his anger.

"That's right, boys. No call to take offense," said the ticket agent. "Just because Mr. Perks is particular about who he plays with ain't no cause for you to go and bust an old man's face in with them beer bottles."

Mr. Perks felt himself go pale.

The farmer turned angrily to the ticket agent. "You mean to say I ain't got the right to ast anybody I want to about shooting a pool game with me? Is that what you're a-trying to push off on me?"

"I ain't in this argument, mister," the ticket agent said. "It's between you and him, between Mr. Clarence Perks here and yourself."

The farmer turned back to him, and Mr. Perks saw again that his mouth was curved upward toward the center, like a snake's. "You think I ain't got the money to play you, ain't that it, Mr. Dandy?"

"Mr. Perks gets awful mad if you don't call him by his right name," the ticket agent said.

"Think I ain't got it," the farmer went on, moving his right hand slowly up the front of his overalls to a center zipper pocket over his chest. Mr. Perks expected to see a pistol, but instead money came out of the pocket, a great wad of it.

"Boys, he's going to bet his cotton money against Mr. Perks," the ticket agent said.

Mr. Perks looked around at the crowd, surprised at how quickly it had gathered. Then he looked at the farmer. "I'll shoot you for a dollar," he said briskly. "You want to break them?"

The farmer nodded and the game started. Mr. Perks won the dollar, and then five dollars, and then the bets were doubled each time, because the crowd insisted that it was only fair for Mr. Perks to give the farmer a chance to win his cotton money back. Just when the bet got up over two hundred dollars, Mr. Perks began to warm up. He beat the farmer shooting all his shots with the cue stick behind his back. Then he beat him shooting left-handed. And finally the farmer laid down the entire roll, seven hundred dollars. Mr. Perks shot the last game left-handed with one foot off the floor and his left eye closed, and the farmer got five shots and missed three of those. Then Mr. Perks clasped his hands together and cracked his knuckles. My-dander's-up, Mr. Perks thought. "Now, where's your brother?" he asked.

"I done thought this over, and I don't guess I'll play," the brother said. "I never could stand the sight of a cheater, nohow."

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"Are you saying I cheat?" Mr. Perks said sternly. My-dander's-up, he thought again. It-really-is-up. He had felt the same way only once that he could remember, once near Cherokee Gap when the car he was riding in with its owner lost its brakes on a mountain road and finally plowed into a hay wagon, killing a mule and the man driving the wagon and breaking Mr. Perks's collarbone. It was a queer giddy feeling, and for the second time in his life he was feeling it. He noticed his unfinished Powerhouse and calmly took a bite of it. Then he swigged a little Pepsi. Finally he looked at the man he had beaten fairly. Seven-hundred-dollars-and-forty-six-cents, he thought. And then he felt the warning. The farmer's hand came out of his overalls pocket slowly, this time with a little hook-bill knife, which the farmer opened. Seeing the dark little yellow-tarnished blade gave Mr. Perks a sensation he sometimes had when he went outdoors and saw the sunset after working hard indoors all day. It was exhilarating, like stepping outside into the cool fresh air and looking west, at the last pink glow of the sky, like knowing suddenly how you've spent your whole life. Your-whole-form-life, thought Mr. Clarence Perks, looking at the knife blade.

"He's gonna cut the old man," said the ticket agent, marveling. "He's gonna spill Mr. Perks's guts — he's going to — looky!"

The farmer came on slowly and Mr. Perks backed away. It was like a dance, but the music was mostly silent except for the scrape of Mr. Perks's shoes and the sudden scuffle of the farmer's shoes as he lunged forward. Mr. Perks reversed the old pool cue and brought it down briskly on the farmer's head. When the cue didn't break he swung it sideways and caught the man just above the left ear. First the farmer's knife fell, and then the farmer himself went down. He appeared to sit down at first, but then, with the blood running freely over his ear where the scalp was split, he fell backwards, hard. He lay there very pale and still, the first man Mr. Clarence Perks had ever felled. Oh-Lord-my-dander's-*sure*-up, thought Mr. Perks. It's-up-for-a-fact!

While the pool hall manager phoned the police, the ticket agent squatted down beside the bleeding man and spoke up. "It was the purest case of self-defensing I ever seen," he declared. "I wish you'd looky how this guy's a-bleeding."

The cue stick, which Mr. Perks still held, was broken like a corn stalk. And-it-was-my-favorite-one-too, he thought sadly. It's-ruined.

"Clovis is kilt," said the bleeding man's brother. "Clovis? Are you dead, Clovis?"

"Huh?" Clovis replied in a weary voice.

"I ast if you was dead."

"Naw, but hell, I'm hurt. My head's done broke." The wounded farmer sat up then, and with a final effort he stood, leaning against his brother and groggily pressing a faded bandanna handkerchief into the gash on his head. "You're a mean little bastard, ain't you?" he said to Mr. Perks.

"Mean?" said Mr. Perks, as though the notion never had occurred to him. He took the wad of bills out of his pocket and laid them primly on the pool table. "I never wanted your money in the first place," said Mr. Perks. "You keep it." Then he spun on his heel and went back to the store, late getting back to work from lunch for the first time in his life that he could remember.

By closing time the clerks were giving him queer looks which told him they knew. But he ignored them as best he could, and when he finally locked the People's Dandy and rattled the door for good measure before starting home for supper, he found he was not feeling bad, not feeling good. Just-feeling-about-the-same-as-always, he thought. He still missed Cherokee Gap, and yet for some reason he did not miss it quite as much, it seemed, not as much as he had missed it before. Getting-used-to-this-place-maybe, he thought, rounding the corner. The cotton gin was going full blast, and Mr. Perks saw the giant tube that sucked the cotton out of the trailers and up into the ginning machines. The tube, called the "suck," was being guided into a fresh load of cotton by the man whose job it was to handle the unloading. Mr. Perks was still conscious of the gin's operation while he washed up for dinner in the lukewarm tap water. He thought of the farmer's head, remembering how the doctor had phoned him just before closing time to say the wound had required eighteen stitches. Drying his face, Mr. Perks went back to his room. He sat down in the wicker rocking chair to think. He began to rock, slowly at first, and then faster, in time with the swelling and subsiding of the sounds from the cotton gin. He felt a curious elation. And when the dinner bell rang, he went downstairs briskly and sat at the dining table. He was followed by the salesmen, the ag teacher, the three railroad men, and finally the tractor mechanic. Mrs. Dillworth came in last, from the kitchen, and sat down. "Hello," said Mr. Perks. But she answered him very coldly, with a tight-lipped nod. As the biscuits came around, the fat salesman took two.

"I don't hardly know of a person in Somerton that don't sorely miss Billy Turnbull," the tractor mechanic began pointedly, addressing himself to Mrs. Dillworth with a righteous stare. "Billy

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managed that store and minded his business. And Billy never thought of hurting nobody. But some in this world are always trying to hurt others. It's the trouble with some. But now, Billy, he wouldn't of hurt a fly." The tractor mechanic turned his gaze on Mr. Perks. Ball-peen-hammer, thought Mr. Perks.

"He was a sweet, sweet boy," Mrs. Dillworth mourned. "Such a way to die, and such a sweet little wife to leave behind."

The star salesman, who sold hardware, cleared his throat. "And she's already took up with another man, so they say," he said. "Not that I'm the one to spread a mean story. I wouldn't know whether it's true or not that this guy is seen very regular, while in the act of crawling out of her bedroom window late at night, at, say, two A.M. in the morning. I don't spread mean stories. Some say he's on the police force."

The tractor mechanic gave a crestfallen grunt and began to eat wolfishly. Mr. Perks helped himself to the fried chicken as it came by and took two spoons of gravy for his mashed potatoes, feeling an uneasy satisfaction at seeing the tractor mechanic crestfallen at last. The man appeared to have lost all interest in life now, outside of eating.

"Naw," one of the railroad men put in. He was the tallest and leanest of the three, and he smoked a pipe. "It ain't anybody on the police force. You got it wrong, for it's this new guy, some drifter from Arkansas working down at the fire hall. I forget the peckerwood's name."

"That's the one," said Mrs. Dillworth. "They say he's got this tattoo over his right elbow and he drinks paregoric. He used to be a sailor and once married this German woman, but later got him a divorce." She shook her head disapprovingly. "And he's not the *only* one, I hear."

"No sugar," said the ag teacher, taking advantage of the pause during which Mrs. Dillworth drew her breath. Mr. Perks stole another glance at the tractor mechanic. To his surprise, the other man was no longer pouting. He sat looking raptly at Mrs. Dillworth instead, his mouth half open, as though drinking in, in advance, the horror of what the landlady would say next. Safe, thought Mr. Perks. I'm-safe-at-last.

ROBERT BERKOWITZ

STATISTICS

It is not death one fears, but dying alone
Amid strangers; the brakes, the blow
In the busy street, and then a faintly observant bundle
In the emergency ward, moving a little,
Then not at all, under the bored, annoyed eyes
Of the clerk and nurse, while police
Pick over the checkbook, the coins and crumbs
In the pockets of life. Mothers admonish daughters
Always to wear clean underwear, and avoid embarrassment
If struck by automobiles or other climactic occasions.
Death in battle has honor in the conversation of survivors;
The wounded tumble into the comforting blanket of shock;
Terror teaches that death is wonderful, and is strange.
But it waits for us all, like a black crab,
The sludge in the blood, the sputter and fail of circuits,
As sector after sector goes out, and responses from reality
Come in slowly or not at all.
So stupid with missed signals we turn to the uncomprehending
Faces of children, seeking a mother attendant;
The ceremonies of oxygen and grief
Providing, more than help for lack of breath,
Assurance that this is an important death.

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VIRGIL W. PETERSON

THE CHICAGO POLICE SCANDALS

Crime and police corruption became headline news in Chicago last January when eight officers of the law were arrested for burglary. As operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission since 1942, VIRGIL W. PETERSON *has been in a unique position to observe and study the scandals that have beset the police department of Illinois's largest city through the years.*

A PLANE carrying American tourists landed in England in October, 1959. Alighting from the plane were Mr. and Mrs. Tony Accardo. World-renowned as the leader of Chicago's infamous Capone gang, Accardo immediately attracted the attention of Scotland Yard. But of even greater interest to the alert London police were the Accardos' traveling companions, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony DeGrazio. Through prompt communication with American officials, Scotland Yard learned that Anthony DeGrazio was then a lieutenant of the Chicago Police Department.

The Accardo-DeGrazio party spent a month touring England, France, Switzerland, Portugal, Italy, and Spain. The spectacle of a high-ranking officer of the Chicago Police Department touring the Continent as a bosom pal of one of America's most notorious gang leaders received wide publicity. Newsmen of several foreign countries pursued the party, seeking interviews and photographs. The Chicago Police Department became the subject of ridicule and the butt of jokes throughout the world. Chicagoans were incensed, and the entire city was disgraced.

Upon returning to Chicago, DeGrazio was suspended, charges were filed against him, and the Civil Service Commission trial was held early in January, 1960. The public learned that the gangster and the police lieutenant had been lifelong friends. When DeGrazio was married the first time, in 1927, Accardo was an usher at the wedding. Already Accardo had won his spurs as a hoodlum, and DeGrazio's record in the police department included a firing by the Civil Service Commission on August 22, 1924, on charges of neglect of duty and accepting a bribe, and the usual reinstatement as a patrolman the following January. On May 6, 1933, DeGrazio was promoted to sergeant, and the following year, when Accardo was married, DeGrazio accompanied the gang leader and his wife on their honeymoon. By that time Accardo had been arrested with Al Capone's brother Ralph and "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn, had jumped bond on a gun-carrying charge, had been named publicly as a suspect in the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, and was carried on the public enemy list. In recent years the illegal activities of Accardo have been fully explored by senatorial committees and highly publicized by the daily press, in magazine articles, and over the radio and television. The name of Tony Accardo was associated by everyone with the Capone gang, and the Capone gang had become a symbol for ruthlessness, murder, and evil.

The bizarre DeGrazio-Accardo incident had followed closely on the heels of two other major scandals in Chicago. In April, 1959, it was brought to light that bond forfeitures in the municipal court totaling about $250,000 had been

Cartoon by Cliff Birklund from Chicago's AMERICAN.

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improperly vacated with certain bondsmen receiving most of the favors. The public furor over the bail bond scandal had barely subsided when there was uncovered a cesspool of corruption in the traffic courts. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in traffic fines had disappeared through the process of recording cases as dismissed, although the motorists had paid their fines. And as the year 1959 came to a close, the Chicago *Tribune* was featuring a series of articles which revealed that the city payrolls carried the names of numerous well-known underworld figures whose services to the city were hardly commensurate with their listed salaries.

The public was in an angry mood as it awaited the civil service decision in the case involving Lieutenant Anthony DeGrazio. But about two weeks before the trial board's order of discharge was handed down on January 27, 1960, Chicago was stunned by what Mayor Richard J. Daley described as "the most shocking and disgraceful incident in the history of the Chicago Police Department."

On January 15, 1960, Chicago newspaper headlines reported the arrest of eight policemen and the recovery of thousands of dollars worth of burglary loot in the homes of seven of them. Responsible for the arrests was an insignificant twenty-three-year-old common thief, Richard Morrison, whose accomplices in scores of burglaries were members of the police department. Living on the proceeds of stealing for the greater part of a decade, Morrison had a long arrest record for burglary in Chicago and had received jail sentences for this offense in Los Angeles in 1955 and in Las Vegas in 1957.

Following his arrest in Chicago in July, 1959, he made confessions in which he implicated himself in about fifty burglaries. At that time he intimated to the head of the burglary detail that his accomplices were officers of the Chicago Police Department. He refused to identify them, however, and apparently little credence was placed in his story by the chief of detectives or the commissioner of police, to whom an oral report of his charges was made. Although facts were readily available which indicated Morrison's charges might be true, no investigation by the police department was made of possible officer involvement in a burglary ring.

When Morrison was brought into criminal court, he wanted to make a deal — a deal which would give him a short prison term in exchange for a plea of guilty. The state refused to bargain, however, and demanded a minimum prison sentence of twenty years. At this point Morrison asked for a conference with the state's attorney and the public defender. He had decided to unfold the complete story of the lucrative burglary ring which had operated for almost two years on Chicago's North Side.

Following a secret investigation of Morrison's charges, which lasted several weeks, a predawn conference of officials was held at the Union League Club in Chicago on January 15, 1960. Armed with search warrants, state's attorney's investigators and a few selected police officers headed for the homes of eight policemen named by Morrison as active members of his burglary ring and placed them under arrest. Burglary loot was positively identified in the homes of seven of them and loaded into four police wagons for transportation to the Criminal Court Building as evidence. Two rooms were required to store the stolen articles, which included television sets, draperies, radios, furniture, tires, automobile batteries, antifreeze, shotguns, outboard motors, cigarette lighters, and numerous other items.

Announcements of the arrest of eight police burglars and the seizure of thousands of dollars worth of stolen merchandise stunned the entire city. And as excerpts from Morrison's confession were made public, the citizens' tempers reached a white heat.

Morrison related that "from day to day I met cops in a restaurant at one A.M. and we set up jobs every night. . . . I kept meeting more coppers that were burglars. . . . Sometimes we drove through the district and cased places up and down alleys for the next day or night." The police officers "were greedy. . . . They went after anything from automobiles parked in the streets to gum-ball machines. . . . I was allowed to keep any cash I stole. The policemen gave me orders for stuff they wanted or their wives wanted. At World Series time, they all ordered portable TV sets. When the weather began getting cold, they wanted antifreeze."

As the thieving policemen left the Summerdale station each night, they were fully prepared to take advantage of any opportunity that might arise. Some of them carried burglary tools in the squad cars they were driving. Frequently, when citizens reported burglary offenses to the police department, the very officers who were responsible for the crimes conducted the official investigation. When one business place was being looted, some thoughtless person had left his automobile parked near the loading platform, which hampered the burglars in removing the stolen merchandise. The policemen used their squad car to push the offending vehicle out of the way.

During the burglary of a music store by Morrison, the offense was reported to the police

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department, which sent officers to the scene of the crime. Another officer, who heard the radio dispatch, drove his automobile at the breakneck speed of eighty miles an hour to the music store to warn Morrison of impending danger. On another occasion, while two officers were looting a store and sorting the articles they intended to cart away, Morrison drove a squad car around by himself, listening to the police radio for a possible alarm on the burglary then in progress. The officers also offered to lend Morrison a police uniform to wear on burglary jobs, but he declined. "Too much trouble changing clothing," he explained.

Morrison became more and more important to the officer members of the burglary ring. They resented any extracurricular activities on his part which might interfere with the ring's burglary operations. In December, 1958, when a bogus-money expert gave Morrison a bundle of one-hundred-dollar bills to dispose of, the policemen were angry because "I wasn't giving them any of my time." The police officers "didn't want to take hundreds" because bills in such a large denomination were too risky to pass. The officers "wanted to take twenties," but Morrison's friend could not meet the officers' specifications. At least one officer was not so careful, however. In the spring of 1959, U.S. Secret Service agents arrested Morrison for passing counterfeit money. It was learned that one of his close associates was a Chicago policeman who was known to have passed one of the counterfeit bills. Since the officer had been a member of the department but a short time, he was still in a probationary status, and was summarily discharged without a civil service trial.

Officers who were members of the burglary ring usually committed their crimes while on duty and dressed in police uniform. One, however, desired to avoid sharing his burglary loot with his co-officers. He asked Morrison to aid him in burglarizing a tavern. Fifteen cases of liquor and a large set of carpentry tools were stolen. The officer who committed the burglary on his day off duty had formerly owned the tavern.

The burglary ring consisting of Morrison and the eight policemen arrested January 15, 1960, stole merchandise valued at $100,000 during a two-year period. Heavy losses forced some storekeepers out of business. Others had their insurance canceled. The proprietor of one establishment wailed, "These guys broke into this store four times and cleaned it out. Guns, television sets, appliances, everything that wasn't nailed down. Then I'll be a dirty name if one of them didn't come around at Christmastime and ask for a handout."

Morrison had dealings with many officers other than the eight members of his ring arrested January 15, 1960. Two officers switched evidence in a burglary case pending against Morrison in order to ensure that the prosecution would fail. These policemen were arrested on January 19, 1960, and charged with conspiracy to obstruct justice. Three other policemen were arrested the same day on charges of extorting $1200 from Morrison. The money was demanded on threat of arrest. One of these officers had himself been tried and acquitted on charges of burglary and possession of a stolen gun in 1952. Later that same year, he was again arrested in connection with a burglary investigation. Although he was fingerprinted and photographed at the time, just three years later he was appointed a member of the Chicago police force following an alleged investigation of his background!

Once Morrison's confession was made public, the police scandal spread to every part of the city. In a West Side garage used jointly by a policeman and his brother-in-law, there were recovered thirty-eight dozen nightgowns and three cartons of electric motors stolen from a truck. The policeman had joined the force in 1957, just six years after he had been brought into boys court in Chicago and placed on supervision for six months. He and fourteen other employees of a company had been charged with the theft of television tubes valued at $15,000. The company officials had furnished this information to the police department prior to the officer's appointment, but apparently the bad employment record, resulting in arrest and court action, was not considered sufficiently significant to disqualify him.

On Chicago's South Side, a policeman and two companions forced their way into two homes under pretext of searching for narcotics. In each instance they bound their victims and robbed them at gunpoint. After the purported arrest of one man, they placed him in their automobile, robbed him of $513 and a wrist watch, and dumped him in the street. The police officer was arrested and suspended from the force less than a week after the burglary scandal broke. About the same time, it was disclosed that another police officer had admitted looting a South Side appliance firm. This officer, contrary to department regulations, had been working during his off hours as a watchman for this company from April to September, 1959, when he was discharged. With the aid of still another policeman, he had looted his employer's establishment and had permitted other officers to enter the place,

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steal merchandise, and haul it away in squad cars. Nominal restitution had been made in the amount of $700, and the company refused to press criminal charges or notify the commissioner of police because it "didn't want to get on the wrong side of the police force." Subsequently, the two policemen were indicted by a grand jury on charges of stealing merchandise valued at $1800. When they entered pleas of guilty on June 21, 1960, they were merely given a slap on the wrist by the imposition of a three-year probationary sentence. Indirectly, the sentencing judge condoned the stealing on the grounds that their take-home pay as policemen was only $350 a month.

With the scandal breaking in an important state and in a national election year, it was inevitable that corruption in the Chicago Police Department would become a major political issue. Republican State's Attorney Benjamin S. Adamowski charged that the department was rotten to the core and fixed the responsibility on the Democratic machine, which controlled the police force. Republican Governor William G. Stratton called for an administrative reorganization of the Chicago Police Department and pointed out the urgent need for "very drastic measures." Former Democratic National Chairman Stephen A. Mitchell, who was campaigning against the organization candidate for governor in the impending primary, stated, "Everywhere, I heard people discussing the police scandal. It is front-page news across the state. What had long been widespread resentment has now turned to disgust." Democratic Mayor Richard J. Daley pledged that the three remaining years in his term of office would be devoted to ridding the ranks of the police force of unfit officers and restoring the good name of the department and the city.

At a special press conference called by Mayor Daley on January 23, 1960, it was announced that Timothy J. O'Connor, who had been commissioner of police since 1950, had resigned, and he had appointed a committee of five civilians, to be headed by a noted police authority, Orlando W. Wilson, Dean of the School of Criminology at the University of California, to select the best-qualified man in the nation to head Chicago's police force and to make recommendations for the reorganization of the department. Deputy Commissioner Kyran Phelan was named acting commissioner of police until the committee could make its selection.

Mayor Daley is a man of high personal integrity and has a long record as a good public servant. His sincerity in seeking an outstanding administrator to head the police force and to reorganize the department on a sound basis could not be questioned. As head of the Cook County Democratic Party, he had to take drastic action. The police scandals were shaking the very foundations of one of the most effective vote-getting machines in the nation.

The evils brought to light in 1959 and early 1960 had not suddenly developed, nor were they peculiar to Chicago. Time and again, the New York City Police Department has been rocked by scandal. In the early 1930s the Kansas City Police Department was largely under the domination of boss Tom Pendergast's lieutenant, John Lazia, a notorious gangster and gambling boss. By 1934, one out of every ten men on the force had a police or criminal record, and the police department was working hand in glove with the crooks who were infesting the city. Although the Kansas City force eventually became an efficient law enforcement agency, as late as 1949 and early 1950, a gang leader, Charles Binaggio, was making a strong bid to gain control of the department in order to "open up the town." About the same time, the Los Angeles department, hit hard by scandals, appointed for an interim period a retired marine general, William A. Worton, to head the force, re-establish discipline, and restore public confidence. Worton was succeeded by Chief William H. Parker, a career policeman, and the Los Angeles department became one of the country's outstanding forces.

Several years ago, Cleveland brought in a former federal agent, Eliot Ness, to clean up its police force. He was succeeded by Alvin J. Sutton, a former FBI agent. Between the efforts of Ness and Sutton, nine high-ranking police officers were sent to jail and thirty-three others were forced to resign. About two decades ago, in Detroit, so many police officers were suspended during a gambling investigation that some of the stations were unable to man all their beats. Until recent years, Philadelphia's police force was regarded as corrupt and inefficient. A wave of reform brought in a new regime. Thomas J. Gibbons, chosen from the ranks, was placed in charge of the police department and given a free hand. Of five thousand men on the Philadelphia force in 1952, Gibbons replaced three thousand of them within a period of six years.

Almost every major American city has been plagued by police scandals, which have followed a customary pattern. In the wake of a scandal, there has usually been a sweeping reorganization of the department under new leadership, resulting in improvement of either a permanent or a tem-

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porary nature. Throughout Chicago's history, the city has been disgraced by numerous police scandals. But, until the present time, political leaders have always successfully resisted any genuine reorganization of the police department. The typical official attitude was perhaps best expressed only a few years ago during a police investigation by Mathias "Paddy" Bauler, Chicago's colorful 245-pound saloonkeeper alderman of the Forty-third Ward: "Chicago ain't ready for reform!" As a result, the evils which produced the police burglary ring scandal were never eliminated; they were merely consolidated into the woof and warp of a faulty police structure.

In 1931, almost three decades ago, a Citizens' Committee under the direction of the late Bruce Smith, one of the leading police authorities in America, completed a thorough study of the Chicago Police Department. One of the chief ills pointed out by this committee was the long-standing tradition of political interference in the administration of the department. Although the police headquarters building is located at 1121 South State Street, almost two miles from city hall, on North LaSalle Street, the office of the commissioner of police had always been maintained next door to the mayor's — an outward symbol of the close relationship that has long existed between Chicago's law enforcement and politics.

For almost two decades, virtually no constructive steps were taken to eliminate the abuses pointed out in the Citizens' Committee report of 1931. The tradition that the police force was to be run by politicians for political purposes was a part of what became known in the department itself as "the system." However, when Martin H. Kennelly became mayor in 1947, the political climate in which the police department was required to operate changed radically. No longer could ward committeemen and aldermen dictate law enforcement policies or control the assignment or transfer of police personnel. Mayor Kennelly appointed impeccable Stephen E. Hurley, a former president of the Chicago Bar Association, as chairman of the Civil Service Commission. Examinations were honestly conducted. Promotions were made on the basis of ability, not political influence. Under Mayor Kennelly, law enforcement in Chicago improved appreciably, but his policies were met with bitter opposition from the ward bosses, and they dumped him as the organization candidate in the 1955 election. The significance of this action was not lost on the police department.

When Richard J. Daley became mayor in 1955, he continued most of the law enforcement policies of his predecessor. He retained as commissioner of police Timothy J. O'Connor, originally appointed to that post by Mayor Kennelly in 1950. O'Connor, a man of unimpeachable integrity, was one of Chicago's better police commissioners, and law enforcement unquestionably improved during his administration. Yet, ironically, Chicago's worst police scandal occurred during his regime.

Throughout most of Chicago's history, the police commissioner was selected on the basis of politics. Many commissioners were notoriously poor administrators, thoroughly indoctrinated in the bad traditions of the department, but with little genuine understanding of sound police organization. As far back as 1947, the Chicago Crime Commission in its annual report warned that "Chicago can never . . . rid itself of its reputation for lawlessness unless there is a genuine reorganization of its police department." This was never done, and by 1960 the top command had actually lost control over the department. It had become virtually impossible to fix responsibility, an essential ingredient in any effective police administration.

The police burglary ring could never have involved so many officers or reached such huge proportions if the supervising personnel, particularly the sergeants, had been functioning with any degree of effectiveness. In some Chicago police districts there was only one sergeant on duty on a shift. At times when a second sergeant was available, he was provided with no car or other equipment. Thus, he was immobilized insofar as performing supervisory duties was concerned. There were instances of as many as eighty or more men working under the supervision of a single sergeant, which, as a practical matter, was tantamount to no supervision at all.

The Chicago police scandals were inevitable products of administrative laxity, a condition that had prevailed for many years. In the annual report of the Chicago Crime Commission in February, 1949, it was pointed out that the "glaring weakness in the administration of the police department is the absence of proper supervision and inspection of personnel." Burglaries were then being committed with regularity in some business districts when officers were absent from their assigned posts of duty for many hours at a time. Collusion was uncovered between police switchboard operators and numerous officers. In return for monthly payments to the switchboard operators, the officers were able to leave their posts of duty with the assurance that their required hourly police-box pulls would falsely be

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recorded on the official reports as having been made. This practice, said the commission, "could not arise in an administrative system which properly fixes responsibility on superior officers to see that men assigned to a post of duty actually performed their duty."

These abuses continued unabated, and others developed. In some districts, following the suspension of an officer without pay for misconduct or inattention to duty, his fellow officers contributed to a pool from which the miscreant's salary was paid while he was suspended. As a result, instead of punishment, the offending officer received, in effect, a vacation with pay.

In almost every phase of administration, the top command had lost adequate control over the department. The record system was outmoded, report writing was often deplorable, and frequently it was next to impossible to locate an investigative file on a particular crime. Crime statistics, which should serve as an important aid in police administration, were unreliable. In some districts there was downright falsification of figures. Many offenses were not recorded on the official records at all, while others were simply downgraded — burglaries became property losses, and robberies were carried as simple assaults. The communications system was antiquated and totally inadequate. Some detectives assigned to a district were without radio equipment. The detective bureau, both as to personnel and organization, was unequipped to perform its primary function adequately. Many detectives improperly spent much time on routine patrol duty, while patrolmen on the beat who were present at the scene of a crime were expected to take no action and did not even submit a report. Adding to confusion and inefficiency was the decentralization of the detective bureau. There were occasions when as many as three separate groups of officers were working on the same major offense. Under such circumstances, investigation leads were often not followed through to a conclusion, and supervision was ineffective.

For administrative purposes, the city of Chicago is divided into thirty-nine police districts, each with a station and headed by a captain with the usual complement of lieutenants and sergeants as supervising personnel. This territorial division was suitable to an earlier day, when the department was not mechanized and police radios had not yet become a part of the communications system. Under present conditions, it would perhaps be more realistic to reduce the number of police districts to ten or fifteen. Numerous captains and lieutenants would thus be available for day and night supervisory work, which is sorely needed.

The organizational and administrative structure of the department doomed it to failure. But it was in the area of personnel management that Chicago's police force fell short to the greatest extent, a situation that prevails in many, if not most, police departments in America. Shackled with civil service procedures that are geared to mediocrity, not excellence, and hamstrung with judicial interference designed to promote votes, not efficiency, sound personnel management is impossible.

Faulty recruitment procedures placed men on the force who were totally unsuited for law enforcement. For many years the Chicago Crime Commission had urged that before appointment to the police department a candidate should be subjected to a thorough and painstaking character investigation. Yet no character investigation worthy of the name was conducted. Even the standards for entering the department were woefully low. For example, there were no minimum educational requirements whatever. Apparently, the lawmakers who fixed the statutory entrance requirements were not interested in the intellectual capacity of police applicants, as long as they could vote in Chicago. Unsound requirements of city residence were rigidly enforced, thus further limiting the number of applicants from which the personnel could be selected.

Numerous unqualified men appointed to the police force were frozen in jobs that they should never have secured in the first place. Through cumbersome civil service procedures and judicial interference, the police department was totally unable to control effectively its personnel through discipline. Cases involving serious charges against Chicago police officers almost invariably followed the same pattern. After lengthy civil service hearings, orders of discharge were appealed to the courts. And the courts would promptly overrule the Civil Service Commission finding and order the discharged officers restored to duty with back pay. Under such conditions, effective discipline becomes nonexistent.

In spite of these shortcomings, however, the Chicago Police Department has its fair share of splendid officers who would be a credit to any law enforcement agency. Unfortunately, when the burglary scandal broke there were charges that most of Chicago's policemen were dishonest. This was untrue. Overlooked was the fact that police officers are representative of a cross section of the general public, from which they are selected. And basically they are just as honest, or dishonest, as this cross section. Also con-

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veniently ignored was the fact that much corruption in the department was precipitated by the so-called good citizen. For years it has been a common practice for many citizens to attach a five- or ten-dollar bill to their driver's licenses. When stopped for a traffic violation, they have handed their license to the police officer in the hope that he would detach the bill, return the license, and refrain from making an arrest. Far too often they have not been disappointed. In many places in the city, businessmen have regularly made payments to officers for the privilege of parking their automobiles in no-parking zones. Traffic enforcement became notoriously corrupt, a situation that could not exist in a well-disciplined department. But the general public cannot escape its share of responsibility for police failure.

The rebuilding of the Chicago Police Department presents a Herculean task. The civilian committee appointed by Mayor Richard J. Daley on January 23, 1960, cast aside tradition and forthrightly attempted to fulfill its mission of selecting the best-qualified man available in the nation to head the Chicago police force and to recommend sound policies for the future administration of the department. After careful consideration of all candidates, four of the five members of the committee urged its chairman, Orlando W. Wilson, a police authority with an international reputation, to permit his name to be considered for the post. On February 22, 1960, the committee submitted its report to Mayor Daley, recommending the appointment of Orlando W. Wilson to head the Chicago Police Department and outlining policies to govern its future administration.

Among the committee's recommendations was the creation of a nonpartisan police board to make nominations for the head of the department, subject to the approval and appointment of the mayor, to remove him for cause, and to establish policies to govern the department. A proposed city ordinance to establish this police board and to make possible the appointment of Orlando W. Wilson, a nonresident of Chicago, accompanied the committee's report. It was also recommended that the mayor seek the enactment of state legislation to strengthen the police board and prevent its abolition by future action of the city council and to provide that any United States citizen is eligible for appointment to the Chicago Police Department, regardless of his pre-employment residence. The committee further recommended the establishment through state legislation of a merit system to replace existing civil service procedures for police personnel, to institute an aggressive recruitment program on a nationwide as well as local basis, raise standards for appointment with improved examination procedures, conduct exhaustive background investigation of all applicants, extend the present six-month probationary period to one year, initiate action for the removal of both dishonest and incompetent members of the force, provide salaries that will attract and hold professionally qualified personnel, expand and improve training and educational programs, organize the force and adopt procedures that will assure effective direction, coordination, and control of the department, and provide the head of the department with needed staff and consultant services, for an interim period, to deal with technical problems.

On March 2, 1960, Mayor Daley appointed Wilson as superintendent of the Chicago Police Department. On the same date, the city council, by a vote of forty-five to one, passed an ordinance creating a five-man police board. The ordinance also changed the status of the superintendent from a city officer to an employee, thus removing the one-year residence requirement for officers, as provided by state law. Three of the men appointed to the police board had served on the mayor's committee. Two of the three lived in suburban towns beyond the city limits of Chicago.

Superintendent Wilson immediately embarked on the colossal task of thoroughly reorganizing the Chicago Police Department. In addition to personal aides brought in from other cities to help him administer the department, Wilson also retained four outside experts for an interim period in the fields of communications, crime statistics, research and planning, and police training. A bureau of inspectional services was created, with Captain Joseph Morris, an outstanding Chicago police officer, in charge. Among the units in this bureau are the division of internal investigation, charged with the vital task of policing the department's personnel, and the division of intelligence, which has the responsibility of collecting and coordinating data on important gangster and racketeering elements. On April 15, 1960, the office of the superintendent of police was moved from city hall to police headquarters at 1121 South State Street.

Naturally, the task has just begun, and years of dedicated effort will be required to bring it to a completion. But without the insidious influence of politics or other special interests, the job can be done, and Chicago's law enforcement future looks brighter than it ever has looked. Mayor Daley's administration, which was rocked by the scandal, has in its hands the opportunity to go down in history as the one which really cleaned up the city's police force.

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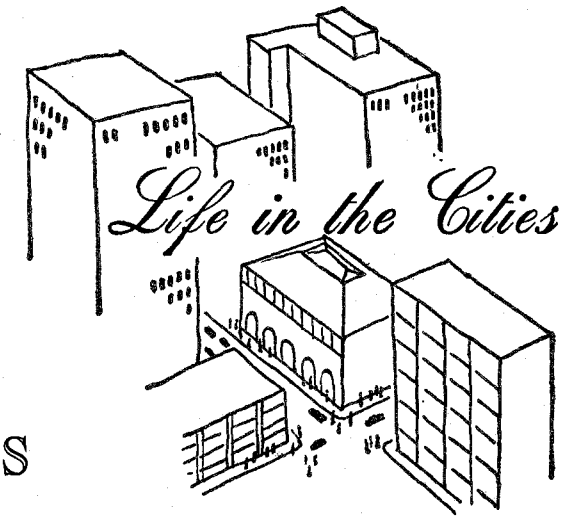

GRASS-ROOTS POLITICS IN MANHATTAN

BY DAVID L. HURWOOD

In two campaigns to overthrow boss rule in his election district, DAVID L. HURWOOD *has worked with a reform group which has nominated district leaders dedicated to clean government and party reform. In the article which follows, he tells what happened. Mr. Hurwood, after several years of experience in the import business, is now directing market research for a New York–Boston agency.*

THE surrender at Yorkville in the primary election of 1959 is not likely to be recorded in history books. But it illustrates a dangerous tendency in America so well that it deserves the notice of a broader public than was immediately affected. It is, in fact, a classic example of how democracy goes awry when too many people stand on the side lines. This political aloofness imperils our vaunted democratic way of life; it is a malady which may be called "creeping non-involvement."

The Yorkville surrender took place in a strip of Manhattan's East Side running from 53rd Street in the south to 84th in the north. It goes by the name of Eighth Assembly District, Part B, or Eighth A. D. North, and together with the smaller Eighth A. D. South it elects an assemblyman to the New York state legislature. The upper two thirds takes in a good part of Yorkville, formerly a village but today a closely built city within a city, peopled with a throng of second- and third-generation Europeans: Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians, Germans, Italians, Irish, Poles, Ukrainians, Swedes, and Greeks. The traditional residents of Yorkville are plain, solid folk with a highly developed communal life, centering about the Sokols, fraternal organizations, and churches.

The Eighth A. D. North is bounded on the west by Third Avenue, on the east by the tidal East River, which flows back and forth between New York's busy harbor and Long Island Sound. To the south are the palaces of the United Nations; to the north, Carl Schurz Park and Gracie Mansion, the official home of the mayor. On York Avenue the towering New York Hospital–Cornell Medical College and the sprawling Rockefeller Institute form a great medical acropolis. Elegant town houses and pretentious apartments along Sutton Place ornament the southern part of the district.

In addition to the plain folk of Yorkville and the posh element housed on Sutton Place and up near Carl Schurz Park, a third element somewhere between the two is moving in. Sparked by the removal of the Third Avenue elevated tracks, a residential building boom is in full swing. On almost every block, tenements — many of them substantial and well maintained — are being demolished to make way for large apartment houses. Suddenly big *X*'s are painted on the windows, a mark of doom recalling a medieval plague ravaging a neighborhood. The tenants — respectable folk, the sturdy citizenry of the district — are thrust from their homes. Demolition follows. The scenes are reminiscent of London in the blitz.

Apartments in the new structures, large brick piles done in factory modern, rent at $70 to $100 a room, and hence are called luxury apartments. The displaced families — 15,000 in the past nine years — of course cannot afford them; they crowd into other tenements, elsewhere. The city government has turned the other way, giving carte

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blanche to real-estate speculators, and the result is that almost no middle- or low-income housing is being built.

This need not be. If someone would assert the necessary leadership, community organizations could be mobilized into making a powerful demand for orderly development in place of the present anarchy. The trouble is that we have no such leadership. The district's population is about 86,000, which makes it comparable in size to San Bernardino; Macon; Springfield, Ohio; or Stamford, Connecticut. Just imagine a city of that size without a mayor or some other elected official urgently concerned with the welfare of his constituents. That is the plight of Yorkville.

The nearest thing to a mayor is the leader of the majority party in the district. Since 1949 the Democratic leader has been James J. Farley. No relation to James A. Farley, postmaster general in the Roosevelt Administration, James J. is the son and political heir of one Thomas Farley, sheriff of New York County in the Walker regime. The father was known as "Tin Box Tom," because he claimed that the money he accumulated over and above his salary came from a tin box, and he was removed from office by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt following a hearing. He thus became the first local official removed by a New York governor because of inability "to give a reasonable or credible explanation of the sources of [his bank] deposits." This was in February, 1932.

Before the elder Farley became sheriff, he was district leader. In those days the local boss was a father bountiful to the people in his precinct. For a shivering family he bought a sack of coal or helped with the rent. For the jobless he found work. At Thanksgiving there was a basket, at Christmas a party for the children. Thomas Farley followed this pattern and even today is remembered with affection by the old-time residents.

Times have changed, however. We now have social security, unemployment insurance, welfare agencies. People are more mobile, better educated. The paternalistic functions of the local leader have become largely obsolete; today his job is to come to grips with community problems — housing, above all — and to wield a constructive influence on higher party councils.

But the typical Manhattan district leader is preoccupied with other matters: the patronage and special favors he can get for himself and his pals. James Farley, for example, has a civil-service-exempt job on the city payroll, that of assistant commissioner of borough works in Manhattan. More than one third of the 264 Democratic and Republican district leaders and co-leaders in New York City have public jobs, and so do a number of their relatives and friends.

At one time a sinecure on the public payroll was considered just reward for the district boss or ward heeler. It did not matter if he lacked qualifications or put in only a few hours a week at the job. Today this kind of patronage is anachronistic. It demoralizes worthy civil service employees, leads to waste, and opens the way to corruption. Worst of all, it warps the very purpose of the political club; instead of being a center for community and political leadership, the club degenerates into a money-making enterprise. Small wonder that communal responsibilities go by the board.

This is not all. In addition to their potential role in civic affairs, the Democratic district leaders in Manhattan have a key political role. It is these leaders (a male leader and a female co-leader from each district) who elect the head of the New York County Democratic Organization, Tammany Hall; and this organization dominates Democratic politics in the state as well as the city. Since 1949, the Tammany chief has been Carmine De Sapio, who is also national committeeman from New York and who is generally regarded as the most powerful Democratic politician in the state. This is the De Sapio whose relations with such gangsters as Frank Costello and Thomas Luchese have been investigated by the Kefauver Senate committee and the state crime commission. In fact, the Kefauver committee concluded that, more than two years after De Sapio had come to power, "Costello's influence continues . . . strong in the councils of the Democratic Party of New York County." And De Sapio's power derives from the support of the old-line machine clubs.

In reaction against this brand of politics, with its focus on patronage and spoils, a group of thoughtful local Democrats formed a rival organization in January, 1956. Their goals were the nomination and election of able candidates, Democratic Party reform, and community service.

In 1957 the group embarked on a campaign to dislodge the entrenched district boss. To its banner, now bearing the name Lenox Hill Club, there rallied growing numbers of reform-minded, non-bossable Democrats. The club is democratically run. It has a written constitution and functions according to strict parliamentary procedure. Women are, of course, on a par with men. All Democrats are welcome to join. Members are urged to speak up; it is they who have the ruling voice in policy and choice of candidates.

From the start, the new club addressed itself to community problems, housing especially. It

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would be unrealistic to hope for an abrupt end to the evictions and demolitions, but certainly not unrealistic to fight for new middle-income and low-rent housing, and this the club has done. Another community problem is the scarcity of local parks and playgrounds, a scandal in a rich city like New York. The reform club is free to agitate for city action. No conflict of interests ties its hands; no quest for patronage distracts it. But it could be far more effective were it the official Democratic organization in the district. Success in a leadership election is needed before the club can make its influence felt in city hall and party councils.

The first sortie of the new club came in the fall of 1957, when its candidates for district leader and co-leader challenged the Farley club and garnered 40 per cent of the vote. The following year brought a taste of victory. Among the offices to be filled in November was that of state assemblyman. The Lenox Hill Club nominated its first president, Paul Bragdon, a young lawyer active in party and civic affairs. In a brisk primary fight, Bragdon defeated the Farley candidate, and the elated club members launched an all-out drive to elect him in November, 1958.

His opponent, who happened to be a Republican leader in the district, had secured her nomination without the bother of being chosen by a democratically run club or of fighting a tough primary. "I nominated myself for the assembly," she jauntily announced. "That's common practice." The nonpartisan Citizens Union was unimpressed by this novel view of American democratic practice and endorsed Bragdon. Mr. Farley aided his party's cause by launching a suit to disqualify Bragdon on a technicality. On election day Bragdon, although defeated in the Rockefeller landslide, turned in a brilliant performance, running far ahead of Governor Harriman and the De Sapio candidate for the Senate.

In 1959 the district leadership contest rolled around again, and the club fell to with a will. The issues were clear-cut, the facts obvious to all who were willing, as Al Smith used to say, to "look at the record." The latter years of Farley's tenure had been disastrous years for thousands of long-time area residents. They had been frustrating years for Democrats, who saw a Republican elected to the assembly time after time. Surely new leadership was overdue. The Lenox Hill Club counted on the backing of the growing number of thinking Democrats who were disgusted at the public spectacle of the New York State Democratic Party prostituted to the political ends of Carmine De Sapio.

By secret ballot the membership nominated Harry A. LeBien and Jean A. Kemble for district leader and co-leader. Like Bragdon, both were active in civic and party affairs. LeBien was a young attorney and hard-working club member and campaigner; Jean Kemble, a staff member of the Foreign Policy Association and a member of the League of Women Voters. Both exemplified the drive for clean government and party reform that animated their club. As earnest of their intentions to serve their constituents and not themselves, they pledged neither to seek nor accept a job on the public payroll.

The campaign kicked off on June 29 with a rally at the Bohemian National Hall on East 73rd Street. The main event was a speech by former Governor and Senator Herbert H. Lehman. The evening was hot and sticky, but the vigor and sparkle of his speech made up for the discomfort. All his political life, as lieutenant governor, governor, and senator, Lehman had been a party regular, loyal to the ruling organization of his party. Now, after all these years, he had broken with it and joined the insurgents. "It is my conviction," he said, "that the most harmful thing the boss-ridden Democratic machine has done to this city and state has been to choke off the channels by which vigorous, idealistic, and dedicated young people can get into politics and the public service."

Several months before this rally, the New York Committee for Democratic Voters had been formed. Lehman was a guiding light of the organization, whose goal was to reinvigorate the party at its base and oust De Sapio. He was joined in the committee by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, former Air Force Secretary Thomas Finletter, former Police Commissioner Francis Adams, and Lloyd Garrison, law partner of Adlai Stevenson. During the campaign, the committee gave strong moral support to the Lenox Hill Club and other Manhattan reform clubs.

There was plenty of work in July, such as obtaining thousands of signatures on the petitions needed to place LeBien and Kemble on the ballot, but in August and early September, the pace quickened even more. And the exasperating weather warmed up, too, which made canvassing a sticky and uncomfortable chore.

What is it like to canvass in a Manhattan assembly district in the hot summer? Your reporter accepted responsibility for campaigning in his immediate neighborhood and can speak from experience. You hurry home from the office and grab a quick supper in order to be out knocking on doors by six thirty. You pull out the index cards for the enrolled Democrats in the buildings you want to cover, scoop up an assortment of campaign literature, and take off.

In your first tenement house it is so hot and

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sultry that by the time you climb the third flight of stairs the sweat is rolling down your arms and your short-sleeved shirt is clinging to you. In the semidarkness you study your pack of index cards for names and apartment numbers. When you think you have matched name and dwelling, you knock on the door. (No bells in tenements.) A female voice shouts, "Who is it?"

You squint at the card again (now smudged by your sweaty fingers), and after trying to rehearse the name *sotto voce* call out, tentatively, "Mrs. Lojtkielewicz?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm a neighbor of yours. I'm canvassing for Harry LeBien and Jean Kemble, who are running for district leaders in the Democratic Party. Could I see you for just a minute?"

"I'm not interested."

"But the election is coming up on September fifteenth. It's an important contest, and we're trying —"

"Not interested," says the voice, definitely receding into the apartment.

"Well, I'll slide some literature under the door. Would you just look it over?"

No answer.

The next encounter starts out more auspiciously. The door opens to your knock, and a kindly middle-aged lady confronts you. "Mrs. Strcka?"

"Yes?"

"I'm a neighbor of yours —" and you go on with your story.

"Oh, don't worry about me," she interrupts. "I always vote straight Democratic."

"That's fine," you say. (It's *not* fine.) "But you see, this is a contest *within* the Democratic Party to choose the man and woman who will be leaders in our district for the next two years."

"Don't worry. I'm a good Democrat. I always vote the straight ticket," and she gently but firmly starts to close the door.

"But please remember to vote for LeBien and Kemble on the fifteenth — poll's open three till ten — the school — Here, take this," and you hand her a leaflet just before the door shuts and you hear a final "Don't worry!"

You try another door, and a man answers. "I'm canvassing — LeBien and Kemble — district leaders — fine candidates — Lenox Hill Club —"

"Why should I vote for LeBien and Kemble?" he asks stonily.

"Because they are not looking for handouts and favors but will serve you and me, the rank-and-file Democrats of the district."

"What's your angle in this?"

"*My* angle?"

"Yes. You getting paid for this?"

"Why, no."

"Then what are you doing it for?"

"We're all volunteers, members of the Lenox Hill Club. We're fighting for something we believe in, the good of the district, party reform."

"Yeah?"

"Yes!"

He is not impressed.

There are some encouraging calls; some people say, "I know all about it, I've followed the campaign, and I'm for you." And there are memorable times, such as the evening Jean Kemble canvasses with you and you see people's faces light up with pleasure to think that the candidate herself should trouble to call on them. As the days wear on, you come to feel that perhaps you are getting through to the voters — convincing those who are on the fence, raising questions in the minds of those who would have automatically voted the other way. This is politics at the grass roots, an unforgettable lesson in the democratic process.

On September 14 the campaign closed. I had canvassed almost every evening during the sweltering three weeks preceding; so had my neighbor Mary Egan; and in each of the fifty-one other election districts of the Eighth A. D. North, three or four Lenox Hill Club volunteers plodded up and down stairs or slipped past forbidding doormen to bring our message to the voter. Others worked much harder than I, giving up whole weekends and even vacations to the drudgery of the campaign — writing literature, addressing, stuffing, mailing, phoning, attending to legal matters, and all the other chores.

What was the reason for this outpouring of effort? Only the desire to rid the New York party of boss rule, to restore it to the position of respect it once had in the national party, and to give the residents of the district hope for community improvement instead of community expulsion. None of us got a penny; in fact, many helped defray the costs.

Late in the evening, after final canvassing, we assembled in our First Avenue headquarters for election day instructions. Our lawyer members had drawn up a formidable mimeographed document spelling out our rights and duties at the polls, and we were going through it point by point when someone called out that Herbert Lehman had driven up, and we went outside. He spoke to us for a few minutes, and those few minutes were the high point of the campaign.

This was the Lehman who had four times been elected governor of New York, who was called "the outstanding champion of clean and efficient government in the United States." He organized UNRRA and brought life and hope to millions after the war, and then for seven years as U.S.

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senator fought for civil rights and foreign aid. He had served his country and his party well. He was now eighty-one, yet here he was, campaigning with us. He stood on the sidewalk and spoke into a microphone while trucks roared by and people leaned out of windows. "I have held state office and national office, and here I am back in the district. It's good to be back. For it's here, at the grass roots, that the character of a party is determined. You people have brought this fact to the voters of the district. . . . LeBien and Kemble are going to win tomorrow. You're going to win because the people want party leadership equal to the challenge of the twentieth century. You're going to win because the day of gaslight politics is over." We cheered.

NEXT day the election was held. I came home after lunch, phoned a few people to remind them that today was the day ("Oh, yes, we'll be there"), and presented myself at Public School 158 on York Avenue between 77th and 78th streets, where policemen were just hanging up the flags, setting up the voting booths, and putting out the "No electioneering" signs. I was armed with my "pull list" of favorable voters, my "graveyard list" of voters to challenge, my poll watcher's certificate, and the legal brief, which came in handy when a policeman wanted to put me outside the voting enclosure.

At three o'clock, when the polls opened, the lines of voters began to form at the voting booths. But the chief inspector at our machine had not yet arrived. Since this was a Democratic contest, she was required by law to be a member of the other party. When she finally came and set about inspecting the machine, she did something wrong and it jammed. We phoned the Board of Elections to send someone, and I tried to conciliate the voters, who were now getting a little disgusted. Some left. As the minutes dragged on, the Republican lady must have noticed me biting my lip and said, "My goodness, why are you so upset? This is such an unimportant little election." At four thirty the expert arrived, unjammed the machine, and the voting started.

If you have never thrown yourself into a campaign, urging people day after day to vote for your candidate, you can have no idea how gratifying it is to see some of them actually materialize at the polls. You say to yourself: "I had a hand in bringing these people here. I was free to persuade them to support my candidates and my principles, and here they are." It makes the word "democracy" come to life.

You also can have no idea of the letdown you feel when many of the people you were counting on do not come. Your spirits falter, the high hopes that had taken shape in the final buoyant days of campaigning begin to ebb. Where is Mr. So-and-so, who said, "Don't worry, I'm with you"? Where is that lady so bitter about Tammany politics?

The club supplied me with "runners," and I began sending them out to phone or visit people on the pull list and to say, "Please come, we need your vote." At six thirty I went home for a sandwich, then phoned Mr. C——, who lives in my building and has an arterial condition which lets him walk only a few steps. "I'm ready," he said. We got a cab and drove to the school. As we arrived, a blind woman who had just voted with the help of election inspectors was led from the door. After Mr. C—— had voted I took him home, then returned to the school and sent out runners again. One girl reported, "Mrs. F—— says she'd like to vote, but her husband isn't home yet and she can't leave the children." I said, "You just run down to Mrs. F——'s and baby-sit for her while she votes."

By now, about 85 of the people on my pull list had voted, but 40 had not, and at this late hour voters were coming at the rate of one about every fifteen minutes. The Republican lady was looking at me benignly again. The fight in the Eighth A. D. North was over.

At ten o'clock the machine was locked and the count taken. A momentary thrill of victory when I saw the results: Farley and Stanek, 60; LeBien and Kemble, 100. But then a glance at some of the other machines in the school, and I knew we had lost. I was supposed to go to the club, but went home instead; wakes are not for me.

Next day the newspapers printed the returns:

Farley and Stanek, 3565
LeBien and Kemble, 3141

LeBien and Kemble received 47 per cent of the votes; the incumbents, 53 per cent. Pretty good show. We lost by only 424 votes. There are fifty-two election districts in the Eighth A. D. North, which means that if an average of only nine more supporters in each district — four couples and a single person — had voted, we would have won.

Those nine supporters existed in my election district — in fact, there were about 35 — and in each of the other districts, too. But when the time came for them to stand up and be counted, they had other things to do. In some cases, no one could question a nonappearance: illness, a death in the family, a trip. But for at least nine in each election district it was simply a matter of not taking the trouble, or not thinking it important enough to warrant a small revision in afternoon or evening plans.

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And so we lost, and the district once again was Farley's. He didn't beat us; our nonvoting supporters did. We lost by default.

OURS, of course, was not the only contest fought that day. District leadership elections took place all over Manhattan, and several Tammany Humpty Dumpties were knocked off the wall. De Sapio himself won in his district by only 586 votes. His position of leadership in the state Democratic Party, heretofore almost unchallenged, was shaken. Had a long-entrenched Tammany faithful in the Eighth A. D. North been replaced by a fighting antimachine club, De Sapio would have been further weakened. Indeed, he was dealt new blows when several reform candidates won in the June primaries this year. The Lenox Hill Club's candidate for state assemblyman, Charles D. Lieber, was among the victors.

But the September, 1959, defeat remains a classic example of a crucial election lost by default. What we tried to do in the Eighth A. D. North, our little piece of America, was something we are constantly exhorted to do, starting with high school commencement: to participate in the affairs of our community, to make democracy work, to put dedicated men and women in positions of leadership, lest that leadership go by default to the self-serving and the cynical. We failed because too many people did not really consider it important to do this. Similar failures have taken place, and will take place, all over the United States for the same reason.

It was not only the nine favorable Democrats in each district who let us down. There are in the Eighth A. D. North some 2500 people who are registered to vote but not enrolled in any party. No doubt many are discriminating, thoughtful people, the very type of person to whom our cause might have appealed. But because they were not enrolled in the party, they, of course, could not vote in the primary.

Besides these 2500 independents, 57 per cent of the enrolled Democrats in the district also did not vote. Finally, there were many thousands more so uninterested in the business of democracy that they were not even registered to vote. With all these residents of the district voluntarily disfranchised, the balance of decision rested with a tiny minority.

Therein lies the significance of the episode in the Eighth A. D. North. It is a case study in how things go wrong when too many people neglect their civic responsibility out of cynicism or a feeling of noninvolvement in the process of government.

A look at our voting record here in America should jolt the most complacent. Here is some of the evidence assembled by the American Heritage Foundation. In the presidential election of 1952, only 63 per cent of the adult civilian population voted; in 1956, only 60 per cent. In only 15 states did as many as 70 per cent of the people vote in 1956. Idaho and Connecticut headed the list (77.3 and 76.6 per cent), followed by Utah, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. Rich, proud New York ranked a sorry twenty-seventh, Pennsylvania twenty-eighth, California twenty-ninth. At the bottom were eleven Southern states, including the five poll tax states. In Texas 38 per cent voted, in Georgia 30 per cent, in Mississippi 22 per cent. This is the barometer of democracy in America.

For the person who says, "But why should I vote? What difference can my single vote make?", here is the answer:

In 1944 Senator Taft, "Mr. Republican," carried Ohio by less than one vote per precinct.

In 1948 President Truman carried California and Ohio by less than one vote per precinct and thereby won re-election to the White House.

That same year Senator Lyndon Johnson was sent to the Senate by a margin of 87 votes in the huge state of Texas. By 87 votes!

In 1950 Governor Williams of Michigan was elected by less than one vote for every three precincts.

In 1954 Averell Harriman won the governorship of New York by about one vote per precinct.

Every vote counts!

How can we achieve greater participation in the democratic process? After September 15, we ran a drive to get people to register so they could vote in the presidential election. All they had to do was walk a few blocks to the school on York Avenue, and it was painful to see how many felt that they were doing you a favor in agreeing to go — and to learn later how many had not gone. Should we have laws which coax people into voting with some sort of tax concession, or penalize nonvoters by fining them? It is a sorry democracy whose citizens must be cajoled or bribed into voting.

Surely it is the inescapable duty of every educated person to set the example of active participation in the business of self-government — not necessarily by canvassing in tenement houses. But those who take their responsibilities seriously must somehow get into the race, where the "garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat." At the very least, this means voting always, and voting with reasoned judgment.

There will then be fewer surrenders in the Yorkvilles of America.

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BOOKS AND MEN

Author and journalist, GERALD W. JOHNSON *is a Southern Democrat who was born in North Carolina and who has lived happily in Baltimore ever since the* SUNPAPERS *called him to their editorial staff in 1926. A close friend of Frank R. Kent and Henry L. Mencken, he is the author of twenty books, including biographies of Andrew Jackson, Woodrow Wilson, and F.D.R. As a lifelong Democrat, he is well qualified to review* THE POLITICS OF UPHEAVAL, *a new volume by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.*

SCHLESINGER'S F.D.R.

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

IN A play backstopped by both Houghton Mifflin and the Book-of-the-Month Club, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., presents the third bulky volume of what is already a monumental, and bids fair to become a colossal, work on the period 1932 to 1945 in American political history. The title of the new volume is *The Politics of Upheaval* (Houghton Mifflin, $7.50).

Three years ago, when this project was announced with the appearance of the first volume, *The Crisis of the Old Order*, some people were skeptical. The writer of these lines, for one, noting that the overall title, *The Age of Roosevelt*, implied history, expressed doubt that anyone could produce a work on the period that would be history and not essentially a biography of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

That doubt is now greatly reduced. Thus far, and especially in the new volume, Schlesinger has written history. True, he has yet to deal with the war years, during which Roosevelt's constitutional function as commander in chief swallowed whole both his other constitutional function as chief magistrate and his extralegal function as party leader. It may therefore be argued with some plausibility that the supreme test of Mr. Schlesinger's ability to stick to his knitting is still to come; but the probability that he will survive even that test is much increased by his success thus far.

However, the admission that this is really history, not biography, merely turns the page to the next question — namely, what kind of history? The question can be answered with the single word "slanted," but the interpretation of that word is, to adapt Woodrow Wilson's phrase, a matter of near consequence and great delicacy, for you can read it either way — as evidence that the work is not history at all, or as evidence that it is the only kind that compensates the layman for his trouble in reading it.

You can indict Schlesinger for practically every crime in historiography's Newgate calendar, with one exception. You cannot call him dull. But the exception is terrific, since dullness is the only capital crime in the list. All others are subject to mitigating circumstances which, under the right conditions, may transform them from vices into virtues. It will not be contended here that Mr. Schlesinger is entitled to go, as the English judges say, without a stain on his character as a historian; but it will be contended that a good deal of what is charged against him is actually testimony for the defense.

For instance, he is as definitely pro New Deal as Macaulay was pro William the Third. But it is incontrovertible fact that the New Deal happened, and to offer a rational explanation of why it happened is the task that distinguishes the historian from the mere annalist, who confines himself to telling how it happened. But since the why of any event is always more or less subjective, dealing with it objectively is a contradiction in terms. Pro or con you must be, and, granting respect for factual accuracy, to go one way is as legitimate as to go the other. As a lawyer would put it, the fact that Schlesinger is pro New Deal is incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial.

Counts in the indictment that are more to the point, although still subject to demur, are that Schlesinger is opinionated, didactic, magisterial (some would substitute "arrogant"), and sometimes blatantly wrong. To a layman, the necessity of refuting these charges is not immediately apparent. These things may make a writer questionable, but they also make him interesting, and when they are restrained within the bounds of reason, they may even make him charming. Schlesinger always remains within the bounds of reason.

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For instance, I regard his analysis of the mind and character of Charles E. Hughes as fundamentally inaccurate, in that it allows too little weight to the Feather Duster's fierce moral autonomy. But what an autopsy it is; what deftness, what precision, what economy of motion in reducing to *disjecta membra* one of the stateliest of popular idols! I don't believe it, but I wouldn't have missed it for half a dozen dollars.

A more serious fault, it seems to me, is an occasional self-contradiction, at least by implication. In the early pages of the book Schlesinger describes Roosevelt's state of mind in late 1934 and the first half of 1935 as one of irresolution, indecision, and uncertainty. These describe Roosevelt's course of action — or lack of action — accurately. But later Schlesinger gives an explanation of the long pause that is adequate without dragging in any psychic disfunction. During the Hundred Days, Roosevelt had been shelling the woods with an intensity unprecedented in our political history, but the effect of his bombardment could not be appraised instantly. It was essential to determine how much of his first program was going to stand up before proceeding to the second phase. A pause for that purpose was neither irresolute nor indecisive, although it did appear so.

Hypercriticism may allege a lack of organization, owing to Schlesinger's constant use of the technique of the flashback with damage to the clarity of the chronological sequence. The answer to that is that you cannot organize an earthquake. The narrator who undertakes to describe a situation in which everything happened at once must impose an arbitrary pattern upon chaotic events in order to be comprehensible; and Schlesinger's arrangement of his material is as logical as any other.

So much for the craftsmanship; but written history is not strictly a craft, it is also an art. Mere logical analysis of the events of the age of Roosevelt, however comprehensive and exact, would leave most of it out of account, for the greater and more important part, by far, was emotional, not intellectual. Roosevelt's unforgettable overture, "All we have to fear is fear itself," was recognition of the glaring illogicality of the whole situation; and the historian who refuses to recognize it shirks the main part of his job.

Schlesinger does not refuse, and his struggle with this Antaean difficulty is the factor that fills the book with a dramatic tension that to a layman is its supreme merit. Austere logicians may be distressed by his practice of giving large and loving attention to the apparently inconsequential — obscure sectarians and incredible fantasts who appeared briefly on the national stage and then vanished forever. But it was precisely this ballet of the harlequins that gave the era the startling color that was one of its characteristics. A few of them — Huey Long, Father Coughlin, Dr. Townsend — remain as faded memories, but Schlesinger, digging industriously into the tumuli of long-buried causes, has dragged out the skeletal remains of an astonishing number of others. Few newspaper readers today could identify R. E. Clements, Tom Amlie, Gerald L. K. Smith, Seward Collins, "Goat-gland" Brinkley, Lawrence Dennis, William Dudley Pelley, or Gerald Winrod, to mention only a few; but time was when each of them haunted the front pages, and their cumulative effect on the course of events was appreciable.

Even the logicians must admit the strict relevance of Schlesinger's work when he turns to character sketches of indubitably important figures. The artistic merit of every one of these is beyond debate. Even that of Hughes, unfavorably mentioned earlier, is a technical triumph, and it is excelled by a number of others. For example, that of James A. Farley is a superb picture of a man of extraordinary ability who nevertheless missed the bus, was doomed to miss it. That of Al Smith, too, is remarkable, but in a different way. It is ruthlessly destructive, and it accomplishes the demolition by the use of Smith's own words. Al, at the Mayflower dinner of the Liberty League, was a grief to his friends of the old days, but he is no grief to Schlesinger; he is fair game, and he gets it from both barrels. It is strictly legitimate, it is entirely relevant, and it is deadly accurate; but it is colder than Eskimo hell.

The central event in this volume is the turn from the first to the second New Deal, if it was in fact a turn and not an efflorescence, an inevitable development. On this point, Schlesinger is not altogether convincing, although his analysis of the contest between the Brandeis philosophy and the Frankfurter philosophy is extraordinarily luminous. It accounts in a most plausible way for the defection of the original New Dealers, typified by Raymond Moley. It was not treason; it was simply a case of increasing incompatibility; but did that incompatibility develop, or was it merely revealed by the passage of time and the pressure of events? Was it a misunderstanding, or was it an increasing understanding of each other by both parties?

On this, Schlesinger has not said the last word. On this, the last word will never be said, for it is of the essence of psychological drama. The peculiar distinction of this author is not that he has concluded the whole matter but that he has apprehended it more adequately than almost any other writer on the period. The people who thought Roosevelt a devil and those who thought

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him a demigod are both relatively simple cases whose analysis presents no great difficulty. But what about those who believed and then disbelieved? Especially, what about those — Dean Acheson, for a conspicuous example — who believed, disbelieved, and then believed again?

Ever since the League of Nations fight, the tired liberal has been dismissed simply as a misfortune, either a victim of combat fatigue or one who misconceived the idea from the start. Schlesinger is aware that this is not the whole story. He has not missed the element in the situation that rises above misfortune and touches the theme of Greek tragedy, the struggle of man in the grip of implacable, invincible destiny. He perceives and records the genuine sadness of the former New Dealers who quit; but he has not thoroughly explored the possibility that what broke them was not the incomprehensible whim of sardonic gods but a partial divorce from reality in their own thinking. At times, indeed, one suspects this author himself of some reluctance to admit the obvious; his acceptance of the theory of a sharp disparity between the two New Deals is too ready and too complete.

Schlesinger assumes that Roosevelt shifted from one New Deal to the other; yet his concluding chapter is a brilliant exposition of Roosevelt's tremendous hold on the confidence of the people. It was not sympathy; it was empathy, the power to project one's consciousness into another being. This aristocratic product of Groton and Harvard could not merely understand the common man; he could *be* the common man when he considered the common man's difficulties. Schlesinger does not penetrate quite this far; he calls Roosevelt's quality humanitarianism, which is an understatement. It was humanity. Perhaps it was not any more a virtue than the color of his eyes was a virtue. Perhaps Roosevelt could not be anything else. Be that as it may, when the American victim of the Depression looked at Roosevelt, he saw not a friend, but himself — magnified many diameters, of course, but proportionally the same, and moved by the same impulses, thinking the same thoughts, hating and loving in the same directions. It was not loyalty to him; it was identification with him that held the masses as in bands of steel.

This raises an interesting speculation: Was Roosevelt ever a New Dealer, first, second, or any other? If he never adhered to any one deal, then the supposed shift from one to another was in appearance only. Schlesinger almost, but not quite, asserts this in his conclusion; for it seems to be implied in his admission that the humanization of government was Roosevelt's consistent aim. In that case, the New Deal, singular or plural, was merely a device of the hired hands commissioned by the chief to effect his purpose.

In any event, the appearance of a leader with whom the masses of the people identify always precipitates drama on a colossal scale, with resultant woe to the historians. For, to deal successfully with drama, they must to some extent subordinate their science to their art, always a risky business; and when the drama is immense, great care must be exercised or the distortion will become grotesque. It may seem faint praise, but in the circumstances it is a very high tribute to Mr. Schlesinger to say that his book — including all three volumes — is always dramatic without ever becoming melodramatic. It rises above the level of chronicle to become an important contribution to historical writing, to scholarship, and to art.

THE GIANTS

BY GEORGE ABBE

There was a town without roof tops,
there was a town without towers,
and down between walls without cover
the sunlight tumbled pure;
and all through the bursting autumn
the wild leaves drifted their floors.

But winter! — their winter was wisdom;
their heroes grew quickly then:
they ate at ice-deep tables
with fists of frozen rain;
their eyes were the lightning of rivers
beneath storms of skating men.

And when they stood for conversing,
majestic and patient-browed,
snow-haired and frosty-templed,
they flexed like roots in ground,
and flashed their glances wide.

Till all their rooms were pygmied;
they leaned on the tops of walls,
looked down on the streets below them,
tiny and drifted and still,
and trembled the borealis
with their own, fierce, arctic yell.

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Books and Men

Beginning with the publication of THE LATE GEORGE APLEY *in 1937, there was no doubt that John P. Marquand was New England's most distinguished satirist. Few novelists of our time have sustained their work so well or so long. Speaking as a fellow judge of the Book-of-the-Month Club, John Mason Brown has said, "His standards were high, his disgust was gorgeous, and he usually took his place at the table as a man so steam-driven by ideas he wanted to release that it seemed certain he would explode if he did not release them soon."*

JOHN P. MARQUAND

BY EDWARD WEEKS

When I was working my way through Harvard, I spent one summer as a family tutor in York Harbor, Maine, and early in my stay I remember having pointed out to me a small, wooden shack off by itself on a rocky promontory. "That's where John Marquand lives," I was told. "He is trying to write a novel." He had worked as a reporter and written copy for a big New York advertising agency before he felt ready to take the gamble of being a free lance. But you could tell from the looks of that little shack that whatever he was writing wasn't paying much. In the years that intervened between that summer and the publication of *The Late George Apley*, John P. Marquand supported himself by writing the Mr. Moto stories; they found increasing popularity in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and in time John rose to be one of the highest paid of its contributors, in company with Alice Duer Miller, Clarence Budington Kelland, and Mary Roberts Rinehart.

His in-laws, the Alexander Sedgwicks of Stockbridge, never quite approved of this connection: this was not literature with a capital L, and anything less was a subject for disparagement. They wore an air of polite apology for John, and I am sure that this galled him, as it would have any young writer who is supporting his family and gradually acquiring a professional competence, and that it stirred in him a fierce determination to break away from the short story field when the time was right for something more ambitious.

The break came in 1935. He had published novels before this, works of apprenticeship which had found few readers. As Japan stepped up its assaults on China, he realized that Mr. Moto's days of popularity were numbered. John's marriage had gone on the rocks, and he was unhappy and restive, which is a provocative mood for any satirist to be in. To the dismay of his literary agent, he ceased writing short fiction and began to experiment in a new medium. He wrote to accentuate the changes which had overtaken American society in his home state, Massachusetts, and in its capital, Boston. He wanted to catch to the very life the pompous mannerisms which characterized certain Boston clans in the Back Bay. For months he worked at this experiment, and when he had finished 40,000 words, needing encouragement, he sent the manuscript in its half-completed state to Brandt & Brandt in New York. The report he got back from his agent was wholly in the negative: no magazine would think of serializing such stuff; no publisher would touch it. Deeply troubled, John appealed to his friend and publisher, Alfred McIntyre:

> The last two months I have been working on a thing which I have often played with in the back of my mind, a satire on the life and letters of a Bostonian. I have now done some thirty or forty thousand words on it, and the other day showed it to a friend whose literary judgment I greatly respect, who feels it is a great pity for me to waste my time in going ahead with it. I suppose the most damning thing that can be said about the whole business is that I, personally, have enjoyed writing it, and think it is amusing, and think that it is a fairly accurate satire on Boston life. I certainly don't want to go ahead with the thing, however, if you don't think it holds any promise, and is not any good. Besides this, I do not, for purely artistic reasons, feel that the thing can be helped by any great changes such as injecting more plot, or by making the satire more marked. In other words, if it is not any good as it stands, I think I had better ditch it and turn my attention to something else. As this is the first time in a good many years that I have been in a position to write something which I really wanted to write, I naturally feel bad about it. I know you will tell me frankly just how it strikes you, and its fate rests largely in your hands. Tell me quickly.

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McIntyre did tell him quickly. He said, "John, I personally think it is swell. I can't tell you whether it will sell more than 2000 copies — it may be too highly specialized. But by all means, go ahead with it!" McIntyre's judgment was amply vindicated in 1938 when *The Late George Apley* was awarded the Pulitzer Prize and embarked on a sale which has not yet ended. *Apley* is not only a wonderful take-off on Boston — of the bird-watching in Milton, of the iron discipline in the summer cottage in Maine, of the fastidious economy of Beacon Street; it is also a beautifully sustained parody of a way of writing about Boston once widely practiced and, at the time of the book's appearance, still held locally in high regard. There were some in the Back Bay who accepted it quite literally as a biography and who appeared at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts on Sunday afternoons asking to be shown the "Apley Bronzes." Coming, as it did, after the gentility of Robert Grant's novels and the sugary romances with which Joseph C. Lincoln celebrated Cape Cod, *The Late George Apley* arrived with the shock of self-discovery.

It came to be fashionable to say that *Apley* was the best novel Marquand had ever written, and this, of course, was nonsense, for as a maturing satirist he was constantly seeking new directions and new targets in the works that followed. John himself used to tell the story of sitting beside Mr. Rantoul during lunch at the Somerset Club. Mr. Rantoul, who was deaf and only turned on his hearing aid when he wanted to be heard, said: "John, I have read your new book, and I don't like it. It isn't nearly up to your *Sorrell & Son*."

"Thank you, Mr. Rantoul," said John in that high quaver of his which hid laughter, "but I didn't write *Sorrell & Son*. Warwick Deeping did."

Mr. Rantoul turned off his hearing aid.

This, of course, was Boston's way of saying that they wished he would take his satire elsewhere, that his shafts came uncomfortably close to home.

In attempting any estimate of John Marquand's writing, it is important to remember that with *Apley* he broke brilliantly into a new field of his own devising. In this novel he was writing about the older generation, the generation ahead of his, and it is undeniably easier to satirize one's grandparents and parents than it is to satirize one's contemporaries. In *Wickford Point*, which some regard as the most autobiographical of his novels, he is still devoted to the idiosyncrasies of the old, but there is also present his alter ego, the observer, Jim.

This story, with its comical and absolutely authentic mixture of high thinking and plain foolishness so attractively epitomized in the person of Great-aunt Sarah, has running through it a sort of gentle madness which I prize, for I can find it in no other of John's books. One of my happy memories of *Wickford* — and there are many — is the matter of the side door, which was supposed to be irretrievably closed and which had been left that way for years because nobody had bothered to deal with it, and how it was finally opened in a few moments of bored puttering by young Jim, who found that nothing more complicated than an old love letter had been wedged in at a crucial spot to keep it shut. There is loneliness and hurt and love (the love for Kent's Island, which eventually became his own home place) in *Wickford Point*, and somehow, in the fast, crisp prose of that book, I have the feeling that the author is speaking to me more intimately than in any other.

In *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, Marquand devoted himself to a more conventional subject, the parochial Harvard frame of mind, but within this limitation, the irony is devastating. Harry Pulham has conformed at every stage of his career, from his boarding school to Harvard, from the final club to bond salesman, from financial consultant to his marriage with Kay, a marriage he can neither control nor quit. Step by step it is a story of conformity and of frustration — and of pathos too, for Pulham is as decent as he is defenseless.

Marquand was always more interested in men than in women, and the heroines in his books are usually given small scope. But in *Pulham* it is Kay, the wife, who supplies much of the comedy and the cruelty: the comedy when, after her capture of Harry, she arranges what is surely one of the oddest honeymoons in American letters. Off they go to a neighboring summer hotel, a hotel not unlike Wentworth-by-the-Sea, where in a matter of hours they are to be joined by her parents for the duration of their stay. The cruelty is in her infidelity with Bill King, a betrayal from which Pulham can only avert his eyes.

After completing his portraits of that professional Harvard alumnus, Bojo Brown, and the plaintive Pulham, Marquand widened his range, and with his remarkable power of assimilation he set out to satirize the foibles of the New Dealers in Washington (*B. F.'s Daughter*), of men in banking (*Point of No Return*), of those in the West Point fraternity (*Melville Goodwin, USA*), and of the ruthless, hard-driving businessman (*Sincerely, Willis Wayde*). He was so observant and had such an accurate inner ear for American idiom that it all came to seem deceptively easy. The critics, who are always suspicious of success, marked him down for this, just as earlier they had underestimated

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Somerset Maugham: storytelling as easy to read as this couldn't be that good.

The downgrading was unfair. It overlooks the credibility which Marquand brought to every line he wrote; it overlooks that fine blend of humor and skepticism which makes one laugh aloud as one reads; it overlooks John's almost infallible prescience. As a satirist, he was always two jumps ahead of the rest of the country. When he began the writing of *Point of No Return*, he correctly foresaw that many veterans would have no stomach for the jobs they returned to, and so his story of Charles Gray and the revulsion he feels at being caught in that Manhattan bank were a symbol of the rebellious self-examination going on privately everywhere.

I rank *Point of No Return* as one of the best and truest of his books, and having read it twice in manuscript, I know how carefully he checked the financial details with his friend Ed Streeter (who was a banker); of the many cuts, some of them sizable, which he made at the suggestion of Alfred McIntyre; and of the reading aloud and rewriting which made Charles Gray's disputes with Nancy, his wife, so natural and so disturbing.

Charles Gray, like Jim Calder in *Wickford Point*, is a man for whom the reader feels an increasing respect. This was rare in Marquand novels, for he never committed his liking wholeheartedly to anyone. More often, the leading character diminishes as the irony cuts him down. I remarked to John after reading *Sincerely, Willis Wayde* that Wayde had started out as a rather appealing young man, only to wind up as a truly disgusting individual. "That is certainly right," John replied, as if surprised himself at Wayde's excesses. "He turned out to be a real stinker, didn't he?"

John's loyalties were centered in Newburyport, and here his dearest family attachment was to his great-aunt Mary, the spinster sister of his grandfather Curzon. She was a person of great quality and independence; William Ellery Channing had proposed to her, and Whittier and Thomas Wentworth Higginson were her friends; she prided herself on coming from a family of shipowners, not ship captains; she served no liquor in her house, since it had once had a disastrous effect on an earlier Marquand; and until her death at the age of eighty-seven she maintained a regime, candlelit, handwritten, do-it-yourself, faithful to the disciplines she had been taught as a girl in the Federalist period. For John she epitomized the virtue and durability of a New England he loved and hated to see changed. Thus, it seems appropriate that he should give us such a generous and delightful view of his home town and of Aunt Mary (and, incidentally, of himself) in his posthumous volume, *Timothy Dexter Revisited* (Little, Brown, $6.50), which in its individual and discriminating reminiscence is the next thing to an autobiography. Three decades ago John wrote a short biography of "Lord" Timothy, the eccentric tanner who made his fortune by buying Continentals. In this amplification Dexter is still present, but the central story is the rise and decline of a colonial seaport.

Marquand's revaluation is somewhat at variance with the research of a team of social scientists, headed by W. Lloyd Warner, who descended on Newburyport twenty years ago with institutional funds. Their case study of the town, in that ponderous idiom social scientists use for shorthand, fills five volumes: they classified the town socially into "upper-upper, middle-upper, lower-upper; upper-middle, middle-middle, lower-middle; upper-lower, middle-lower, lower-lower," and in the process Mr. Warner told Marquand precisely where he belonged in this classification. John submitted to this pretentious pedagogy while it was in process, partly curious, partly skeptical; he paid his respects to social scientists with a nice caricature in *Point of No Return*, and now, in *Timothy Dexter Revisited*, the reverential irony with which he documents or ridicules Mr. Warner's theorizing is saucy reading.

A country is fortunate to have a writer of Marquand's magnetism to hold up the mirror to its extravagance and hypocrisy. He wrote as he felt, and in his own conversation he laid about him in talk that those who heard it will long remember. It was fun to watch him as he approached the verge of the preposterous: his pupils would enlarge, his lips seemed to curl in despair, his voice would rise in exasperation until, with a sudden sniff and an outthrust of both hands, he pushed the folly away from him and over the cliff. His soliloquies on the TV Westerns, which he could reproduce with sound effects, and even the commercials; his account of how his novels were emasculated when they were cut down to a third of their size for serialization; his description, point by point, of the abstract mural in the new Harvard house were convulsively funny and could have come only from a man who loved life and who relished the American way of doing things, even when it was at its zaniest.

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THE DANCING MAN

BY THEODORE ROETHKE

In Memoriam: Denis Devlin, poet and Irish Minister to the Italian Republic, after an evening in which he outdanced everyone.

The wine was old, the talk was new
  That Devlin plied each guest,
When who should step into the room,
  But a One in formal dress:
His tail popped out when he made his bow,
  And O! we knew the worst.

He said, "Devlin's no roaring man,
  But he's a dancing fool,
I can't abide a dancing man,
  And I would have his soul:
I'll dance the bones out of his skin —
  Would the Devlin wager all?"

The Devlin bowed, "O Prince of Sin,
  I'm honored in my home,
The bargain is, I call the tune,
  But should you fail the theme,
You'll never plague a dancing man,
  And that till Kingdom Come."

Then he began a Connacht step,
  The like we'd never seen,
He altered with a triple dip,
  And a double bounce between;
The sweat stood on the Devil's lip;
  He blanched like a colleen.

They heard the reel round Innisfree,
  From Dublin to New York;
The noble Irish peasantry
  Put down the spade and fork;
The ghoulies and the ghosties, they
  Paused in their impish work.

"I am the Irish Minister,"
  Cried Devlin from the ceiling,
O, he was dancing on the air,
  And with prodigious feeling.
One foot performed an Irish jig,
  One went Virginia-reeling.

He twirled upon a single leg:
  O he went fast and faster!
The Devil's face began to sag:
  He knew he'd met his master;
From County Down to Inishbeg
  They sensed Ould Nick's disaster.

The Devlin, a good Christian man,
  Knew where his Foe was weak:
He crossed himself, then jumped across
  The left foot of Ould Nick.
"Ochone! Ochone!" the Old One cried,
  "My back's about to break!"

He sighed in Scots, "Ae gae it oup,
  Ae canna stand the pace."
His clothes, they fell into a heap,
  As He limped from that gay place,
And all His minions howled in Hell,
  For He was Hell's disgrace!

Reflection:

The Irish know a thing or two
  About the ways of hate;
They either beat you black and blue,
  Or dance you off your feet:
When a dancing man turns on his toe,
  He makes his soul complete.
  — *And the Devil, O, the Devil, O,*
    The Devil don't like that!

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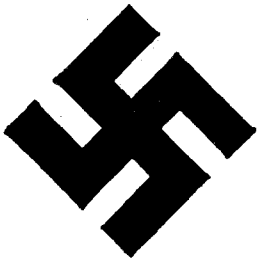
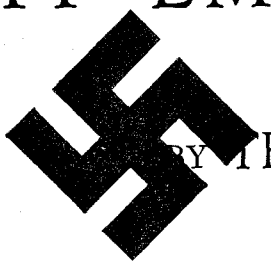


THE KRUPP EMPIRE



BY TERENCE PRITTIE

London-born and a graduate of Oxford, TERENCE PRITTIE *was a prisoner of war in Germany from 1944 to 1945. Following his release at the end of the war, he joined the staff of the* MANCHESTER GUARDIAN *and has been its correspondent in Germany ever since. He has broadcast repeatedly over B.B.C. and has appeared on television in both Britain and Germany. The following is the first of two excerpts drawn from his new book,* GERMANY DIVIDED, *which will be published by Atlantic–Little, Brown next month.*

THE barons of the Ruhr have continued to be a class apart from the rest of society. An American who becomes very rich gives money to a foundation, perhaps establishes his own. He may well go into politics; or he will interest himself in art, form a famous collection, and leave it to a grateful nation. The British millionaire will buy a country house, involve himself in the affairs of the neighborhood, sit on county councils and the boards of charitable societies, mix with the landed class, perhaps move into one or the other of the British Houses of Parliament.

Rich Germans practically never do any of these things. In the Ruhr, they follow a particular pattern. They build themselves expensive but sadly tawdry villas on the outskirts of Düsseldorf, Mulheim, Duisburg, and surround them with high walls surmounted with the jagged glass which generally graces the fences of penitentiaries. (One Ruhr businessman has boasted that his front door is modeled on one of the gates of Alcatraz.) In their villas, generally miracles of bad taste, "Ruhr Baronial" or "Gelsenkirchen Gothic," the Ruhr barons remain entirely cut off from the outside world. The next-door neighbor — unless he happens to be one of their own kind — the local lord mayor, the pastor and the priest, the tradesmen, and the townspeople might, for all they care, be bush natives. They even look down on the landed class, whose members they regard as deplorable dodoes in an age of economic progress, hapless remnants clinging desperately to the vestiges of their estates. Utterly divorced from society, this class of big industrialists has a better right than any other to be regarded as antisocial.

In a social sense, its past record is wretched, and in some respects, criminal. In others, it could offer excuses. The Germans pushed their industrial revolution through at breakneck speed, in a space of about sixty years. The German industrialist was excluded from political power in the class-conscious, Prussian-dominated Germany of Bismarck, the Kaiser, and the Weimar Republic. His concentration on economic power became single-minded, all-absorbing, remorseless. It is understandable, even if it is not excusable, that the industrialists treated economics as a power factor. They built up cartels on a huge scale, in proportion to overall national wealth, in order to fix prices, ensure high profits, and move ahead into the next stage of expansion. The earlier cartels were vertical, entailing control of the means of production in a single industry. Coal was wedded to iron ore and steel, chemicals to lignite, heavy engineering to shipbuilding. But the biggest family trusts of all — Krupp, Stinnes, Flick — developed their interests horizontally too. They bought or built plants of other industries, town property, tramways, distributing and trading firms.

They linked themselves with the big commercial

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banks which helped to finance them; they exchanged and shared directors. It is hardly surprising to find, even before 1914, a periodical, *Die Bank*, worrying over this process of "rationalization" through the concentration of power. "Other banks," it wrote, "will follow the same path, and in time the three hundred men who today govern Germany economically will be reduced to fifty, to twenty-five, or even fewer. One fine morning we shall wake up in surprise to see nothing but trusts before our eyes and to find ourselves faced with the necessity of substituting state monopolies for private monopolies." In 1960, German bankers follow that same path in their search for a streamlined economy.

The big industrialists became even more powerful after World War I. For the 1923 inflation and the German end of the 1929 world economic crisis wrecked the smaller, independent undertakings and left the field to the big trusts. Marxist historians have even suggested that the big industrialists encouraged inflation, in order to pay off their debts with valueless Reichsmarks. This scarcely seems likely, for inflation brought unemployment and falling production, which in turn interfered with profit making. But they certainly set out to benefit from it as far as possible and to complete the process of concentration.

The big industrialists were generally completely amoral. The Krupps had sold arms to Napoleon, whom they were far too canny to regard as the liberator of their country, and to the Russian czars, with a fine disregard for German national interests. Another steel family, the Roechlings, helped the French government to build the Maginot Line. In 1923, Hugo Stinnes paid a call on a general of the French Army of Occupation, Degoutte, and asked for armed help to break the trade unions and reintroduce a ten-hour working day. But generally the big industrialists stood to gain most by wholehearted support of their own government. If this support was in pursuit of illegal objectives, so much the better. The government would pay more for their help.

Industrialists conventionally look for quick and easy profits. German industrialists were no exception. But it is not usual for industry to be encouraged by government to indulge in crooked dealing. That the Nazi government did this is beyond question, and this is the root of post-war doubts about German commercial probity. The Nazis knew that they could work on men who belonged to a tradition of complete ruthlessness. This tradition was conveniently discarded after 1945, even though many of the men who belonged to it returned to positions of power. What the tradition really meant could be shown by a score of examples. Let one speak for the rest — that of the Krupp coal, steel, and engineering combine.

Friedrich Krupp founded the firm at the beginning of the nineteenth century in Essen. In 1812 he tried to move his steel file and tooling shop to the left bank of the Rhine, in order to pick up fat French arms contracts. Twenty years later Krupp began to make guns, and in 1844 offered the first cast-steel barrel to the Prussian state. During the next thirty years the family firm bought up coal and iron ore mines, and in 1870 Krupp siege guns battered Paris.

In 1902 the head of the family, Friedrich Krupp the Second, died without a male heir. Four years later his daughter Bertha married Gustav von Bohlen, a counselor of the German embassy in Constantinople. Kaiser Wilhelm II, the Emperor of Germany, had counted Friedrich as one of his personal friends. He permitted — or instructed — von Bohlen to take the name of Krupp. In 1909, Gustav became chairman of the firm. In the same year Krupp produced its fifty thousandth cannon. Only a year before, it had entered a sinister form of war production when it launched the first German submarine from its Kiel shipyard.

World War I was grist for the Krupp steel mills. During its course the firm made profits of more than 400 million marks. But a lost war is bad business for armaments firms. The Allied Disarmament Commission managed to dismantle or destroy nearly half of Krupp's twenty thousand machines. French troops moved into the Ruhr, and by an act of culpable folly fired into a crowd of Krupp workmen, killing thirteen. Simple workmen have little to do with the launching of world wars. On the other hand, the French put Gustav Krupp von Bohlen in prison. With their usual maddening lack of logic, Germans remember only the massacre.

In theory, Germany disarmed in 1919; in practice, it did nothing of the sort. Krupp went on designing and even producing guns. Within a few years Gustav was helping to finance Hitler and the Nazi Party at a time when their success was far from assured. Gustav's son, Alfried, who became head of the firm after World War II, has suggested that his father did this merely in order to preserve the family business and that refusal to help Hitler would have resulted in the Nazis' seizing the firm after coming into power. This could just be true. But Gustav volunteered the information that he was ready to make arms again on a big scale; he played an important part in the meeting of Nazi-minded industrialists at Hermann Göring's Berlin house in February, 1933; and he took the lead after that meeting in collecting three million marks

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for the Nazis. It has been estimated that he "invested" twelve million marks in all in the Nazi cause. His performance was equivalent to offering allegiance to Lucifer, in case he should gain control over mankind.

Krupp was certain to be singled out for Allied animosity in 1945. It was not merely that Krupp built its biggest gun of all, the 80 centimeter railway gun, "Mighty Gustav"; that Krupp designed the "Tiger" tank, which remained supreme up to 1944; that Krupp churned out field guns, anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns, and howitzers. The firm employed 55,000 displaced persons, 18,000 prisoners of war, and 6000 inmates of concentration camps, who were leased as a part of the "Extermination through Work" program. It overworked and underfed them and barely troubled to pay them at all. It treated them as un-German animals; it employed hundreds of young women, shaved their hair in the shape of a cross, worked them to death.

Krupp directors have since maintained that they could not help doing all this, that refusal to use available slave labor would have meant trouble, and that workers had to be put into arms factories and exposed to murderously effective Allied bombing. Yet Krupp, of all firms, could have risked a protest to Hitler. In 1943 the Nazi state had done something unparalleled: it signed an agreement with the firm. This took the form of a law, the Lex Krupp of November 12, 1943. "Over a period of 132 years," its text ran, "the firm of Friedrich Krupp . . . has rendered outstanding services, unique of their kind, to the armed forces of the German people." For this reason, the document continued, "it is the wish of the Führer, Adolf Hitler, that the owner of the Krupp family property be empowered, with this property, to set up a family business with special arrangements as to succession."

The special arrangements were that the Krupp family would not be subject to inheritance duty, that the share capital and the headship of the firm would stay in the hands of a single man, and that taxation affairs would be settled between him and the Reich Minister of Finance. Hitler signed this amazing document personally; its object was to put Krupp outside the ordinary law of the land and to make him the sworn ally, as well as the servant, of the state.

SENTENCE of death was pronounced on the family firm of Krupp in 1945 by a bespectacled British chartered accountant, Mr. Douglas Fowles, who had been appointed Allied administrator of the firm. In the brash, outsize nineteenth-century palace of the Krupp family, the Villa Hügel, Fowles told the assembled Krupp directors: "The firm of Krupp is simply going to cease to exist. We are not going to make the same mistakes that we made after World War I." This sounded like the sober truth. The Gusstahlwerke in the heart of Essen had already been reduced to a gigantic ruin by fifty-five raids of Allied bombers. The Russians had occupied two Krupp factories in their zone of Germany, torn them to pieces, and shipped the component parts to Magnitogorsk, Semipalatinsk, and other burgeoning industrial centers of the Soviet Union. The most up-to-date Krupp plant of all, the Essen-Borbeck steel rolling mill, had been earmarked as reparations and was likewise being shipped to Russia. Krupp shipyards and steel plants lay idle, awaiting dismantling; Krupp coal mines worked at 20 per cent of capacity and under Allied control.

In 1945 Gustav Krupp von Bohlen was dying. He was semiparalyzed and did not speak for five years before his death in 1950. His son and heir, Alfried, was arrested, tried by a war crimes tribunal in Nürnberg, and sent to jail as a "substitute" for his father. His jail sentence was to run twelve years; his property was confiscated. Nine of his fellow directors went to prison too.

The trial, before an American court, had farcical elements about it. Ethically, it was absurd to try a shy, well-mannered young man (he was thirty-five, but suffered from the retarded mental development which springs from parental over-disciplining) in the place of his father. The British prosecutor at Nürnberg remarked, "This is not a game in which a substitute can be provided for a player who is ill." Alfried was not allowed to brief the counsel of his choice, the American lawyer Earl Carroll. Evidence was used against him which was not made available to the defense counsel whom he was forced to accept, Dr. Otto Kransbühler. Confiscation of property was almost certainly illegal, for it was not ordered even in the cases of the dependents of Hitler's paladins, Göring and Ribbentrop.

The tide began to turn for Krupp on April 10, 1949. On that day the American Military Governor, General Lucius Clay, modified the order for the confiscation of Alfried Krupp's property. General Clay did not do this out of love for the Krupp family. He had been warned that the Russians were preparing to claim one quarter of all Krupp property in West Germany. General Clay now ordered that zone commanders should implement the confiscation order on their own responsibility. The zone commanders hung back; they had always doubted the legality of the American court's judgment. They did not confiscate. The Russians, as it happened, did not claim.

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The next act in the process of rehabilitating the Krupp firm was likewise the work of the head of the American administration. In January, 1951, the U.S. High Commissioner — for Germany was no longer under military government — decided to release Alfried Krupp and repeal the order confiscating his property. John McCloy declared, in explanation, that confiscation of property was "repugnant to our American concepts of justice" and that he could find "no personal guilt in defendant Krupp to distinguish him above all others sentenced by the Nürnberg courts." McCloy had to iron out a monumental muddle; in a most confused way — for Krupp properties were not even in the American zone, and Mr. McCloy forgot to consult his British and French allies — he fulfilled his task.

Alfried had to wait until March 4, 1953, before the Western powers published their master plan for the dismemberment of the Krupp combine. These were its details.

Alfried was instructed to sell his coal and steel holdings within five years, although a special commission would consider time extensions if a "fair" price were not offered. The coal and steel companies were placed under trustee-managers who were acceptable to both Krupp and the Allies. Their sale was to be carried out by a banking syndicate headed by the Rhein-Ruhr (later the Dresdner) Bank.

One engineering plant, Capito and Klein, was transferred to Alfried's sister Irmgard, with an additional eight million marks from the sale of coal interests. His nephew Arnold was to receive eight million marks, and his brothers Berthold and Harald and his sister Waldtraut, eleven million marks each. Under a written agreement Alfried undertook never to re-enter the coal and steel industries in Germany.

The purpose of the agreement was to destroy Krupp as an "undue concentration of economic power." The same thing was being done to the other big coal and steel trusts, to the chemical industry, and to the banks, under Allied Law No. 75. It is not possible here to go into the details of this immense undertaking. An outline must suffice. I. G. Farben, for instance, was split into three main "successor companies" and two smaller ones. The "Big Three" commercial banks were split into nine regionally based successors. The principal coal and steel trusts were divided into twenty "unit companies," and the biggest of the old trusts, the Vereinigte Stahlwerke, effectively ceased to exist. The official Allied purpose in implementing Law No. 75 was always the same — to leave compact, viable firms in existence which would provide a solid basis for fair and competitive German heavy industry and finance.

German critics have since maintained that the purpose of the law, as with Allied dismantling of German industry and the successive limitations placed on steel production, was to reduce German economic power and place Germany in a weak competitive position vis-à-vis other countries of the West. Of course, there was an element of truth in this. It would have been surprising if French and British industrialists, whose undertakings had been damaged or dislocated by Hitler's war, had not been anxious to curtail that unresting German creative urge which would now be concentrated in the economic field. The German cartels, they argued, had proved themselves to be the instruments of an overweening, unbalanced economic ambition. They had sought not to develop but to dominate. They had been guilty of every unfair trading practice which had ever been invented. One example is indicative. In 1926 Germany joined the International Steel Cartel. This laid down quotas for its members. Germany deliberately exceeded its quota and paid the fines imposed without a murmur. But the German steel industry continued to expand capacity, then demanded an increased quota and threatened withdrawal from the cartel. The net result was that penalties on overproduction were cut and German output increased by four million tons during the first two years of the cartel's existence. French output, meanwhile, remained stationary.

When the Allied plan for the "deconcentration" of Krupp was announced, there were howls of rage all over Germany. Yet it was at once obvious that the plan was full of flaws. Alfried was left in sole control of holdings with an estimated value of $140 million. (He tried to laugh this off by saying that "people are apt to put in one or two zeros too many when they talk about my fortune"; but his assets were certainly worth more than $800 million by 1960.) His family lawyers at once made it clear that they regarded the promise not to re-enter the German coal and steel industries as illegal. The Federal Government was obviously embarrassed by it. And who was to decide, anyway, what was a "fair" price for the Krupp coal and steel firms? For that matter, would any other firm have either the cash or the courage to make an offer? Cash was in short supply, and there is honor even among thieves.

The Allied plan, moreover, came years too late. The process of deconcentration was already in the act of being reversed. In November, 1953, the German Iron and Steel Federation decided that vertical trusts — controlling coal, iron ore, and steelmaking — should be reconstituted. In December, 1954, the Schuman Plan High Authority in Luxembourg gave the Mannesmann steel trust

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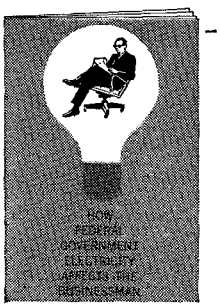

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in Düsseldorf permission to reconstitute itself. Within three years this trust was producing seven million tons of coal and nearly two million tons of steel a year. It was a good deal more powerful than it was before the war.

In January, 1955, the Gütehoffnungshütte coal and steel trust re-formed. In May, 1955, the Hoesch syndicate announced that it would re-absorb its old coal mines. Two of the components of the Vereinigte Stahlwerke, Huettenwerke Phoenix and the Rheinische Roehrenwerke, combined as the Phoenix-Rheinrohr firm a year later. Of the incredibly complicated Allied deconcentration program, only two acts continued to withstand the test of time. The I. G. Farben chemical and the Vereinigte Stahlwerke steel trusts had not re-grouped.

In the meantime there had been another turning point in the history of Krupp. On September 22, 1952, Alfried signed on as general manager Berthold Beitz, a thirty-nine-year-old businessman with no connection with the Ruhr. Beitz had a short but brilliant record in banking and insurance. Breezy-mannered, modern in outlook, and a dandy, Beitz was the exact antithesis of the shy, introspective Alfried Krupp. One friend called him "the born cutter of red tape." Another explained his role in the words, "Beitz is introducing Krupp to the twentieth century." Beitz quickly became the driving force behind the firm's continuing recovery and expansion.

He believed that the Krupp empire must be maintained intact. He saw to it that this happened. Following the 1953 agreement, only one Krupp property had, up to 1959, been sold. This was the Emscher-Lippe coal mine. The cash paid for it (22 million marks, or $5 million) was immediately and more profitably invested in an engineering plant. Buyers did not come forward for the Hannover-Hannibal and Konstantin the Great coal mines, or for the Rossenray and Rheinberg coal fields, with proved reserves of more than five hundred million tons, or for the Rheinhausen steelworks, with an annual output of around two million tons. Beitz was confident that these properties would never be sold. "Without coal, iron, and steel," he declared, "we are deprived of long-term investment. The resulting atmosphere of insecurity hamstrings our entire organization and, incidentally, West German industry as a whole."

The American State Department and German public opinion were real clues to Beitz's purposeful campaign to preserve the Krupp family inheritance. Why should the United States, still pouring millions of dollars into the Old World, sponsor what looked like an economic absurdity? Why should German public opinion tolerate it? Beitz coined a useful slogan: "We must all row our hardest for the West. But there is no point in tying the arms of one of your best oarsmen."

Beitz began to pay frequent visits to Washington. He wanted a visa for Alfried Krupp (who got one in 1958). More important, Beitz wanted to interest the American government in new Krupp plans. The most spectacular was the so-called Krupp Point Four and a Half Program for the underdeveloped countries. Its essential details were the formation of German and, if necessary, international consortia in order to finance capital investment in these countries; the tenders put forward by these consortia to be strictly competitive and involving fair profits; additional financing to come from the World Bank and the United States Export-Import Bank; initial concentration of interest on the Middle East, Africa, and Southeast Asia.

Krupp would be ready to join and lead consortia, place its technical knowledge and good will at the disposal of the United States government, map out programs based on its already great experience. Beitz's work between 1954 and 1957 offered a fine basis for future planning. Krupp was building a $200 million steel plant at Rourkela in India, an $80 million steel plant in Pakistan, a $20 million nickel smelting plant in Greece, a bridge over the Nile at Cairo, factories, docks, harbors, cement, and chemical plants in Iran, Iraq, Thailand, Afghanistan. The Federal Government had already subscribed over $55 million to these projects.

The slogan of the Point Four and a Half Program was devised by the firm's intelligent American public relations adviser. He was only one living proof of Beitz's increasing interest in a close tie-up with America. Beitz began to be seen even more often in Washington. He gave his sales booklets an increasingly transatlantic flavor. "Old Man Cheops had no labor problem when he built his pyramid. Nor will you, if you move your materials, mountains, molehills by Krupp giant tipping truck."

In West Germany, Alfried had become the Federal Government's unofficial industrial ambassador. His father had only been Kaiser Wilhelm's gunsmith. In the unedifying, neoclassic barn of the Villa Hügel, on the outskirts of Essen, Alfried entertained the Negus of Ethiopia, the Shah of Iran, the heads or foreign ministers of numerous other states. Even members of the hierarchy of France's Fourth Republic were able to find their taste in ladies' fashions a suitable excuse for ingratiating themselves with the most powerful family of the old German industrial oligarchy. Guest of honor at mannequin shows

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was the French ambassador in Bonn, M. André François Poncet, whose previous services to his country had included the issue of unheeded warnings about the true character of Hitler and the vain attempt after 1945 to annex by stealth the prosperous steel and coal area of the German Saar.

THE disposal of the Emscher-Lippe coal mine had served a dual purpose: it gave apparent evidence of good faith in fulfilling the agreement, and it provided working capital at a time when Krupp was going through its first post-war phase of dynamic expansion. In December, 1956, the Konstantin the Great coal mine was sold too, but this was a very different kind of transaction. It was bought for 37.5 million marks ($9 million) by the Bochumer Verein steel firm, which resold some of the shares but retained a 52 per cent interest in it.

The Bochumer Verein firm made high-vacuum steel, and its plant capacity was roughly 1.5 million tons of steel a year. At the time of the purchase of the Konstantin coal mine, the firm had just patented a brilliantly successful process of casting big steel blocks in a vacuum (absence of air means absence of flaws, and an immensely quicker and more efficient casting process). It owned few coal-mining interests, and the purchase of Konstantin made good sense in one respect, in that it helped re-establish the vertical trust of the classic Ruhr type. But in another respect it was a surprise, for the Bochumer Verein had suffered more than most big Ruhr firms from war damage and post-war dismantling, and was notoriously short of capital.

In fact, the transaction had been planned by Krupp and his associates with considerable forethought. A large share had been bought late in 1954 in the Bochumer Verein by a close personal friend of Alfried Krupp, the Swedish industrialist Dr. Axel Wenner-Gren. It was the first time that Dr. Wenner-Gren, whose field of speculative interest was far-flung, had interested himself in a major steel firm. It was supposed that he had bought, initially, a 20 per cent to 25 per cent share in the Bochumer Verein. In reality, he had bought a 40 per cent to 42 per cent share, and in the course of the next eighteen months he bought privately and on the open market until he controlled a majority holding in the firm. The Bochumer Verein shares were placed in the hands of VIGAU, the Vermoegens Verwaltung, a cover holding company which administered Dr. Wenner-Gren's other financial interests in Germany.

In February, 1958, it became known that Dr. Wenner-Gren was preparing to transfer his controlling share in the Bochumer Verein to Krupp. It also became known that Krupp's own Rheinhausen steel company (which he had agreed to sell in 1953, but which he fully intended all along to retain) had bought a 27 per cent share in the Bochumer Verein. Undercover control had been completed. Krupp openly sent Dr. Karl Hundhausen, a member of his own board of directors, to be managing director of Rheinhausen (the announcement was made three days before the Federal election of September 15, 1957, so that it should pass unnoticed), and the head offices of Rheinhausen were moved, in January, 1958, from the banks of the Rhine in Duisburg to Essen, Krupp's headquarters.

At the end of 1958, Krupp appealed to the European Coal and Steel High Authority in Luxembourg for permission to merge the Bochumer Verein with the Rheinhausen company. Permission was readily granted.

In my own files is a letter from the Coal and Steel High Authority dated September, 1954. It points out that mergers were being allowed between German steel firms which did not "disturb the balance" of the industry and which were in no case creating combines with a steel capacity of more than two and a half million tons a year. The Bochumer Verein–Rheinhausen merger gave Krupp a capacity of roughly four million tons a year, or one million tons more than the next biggest single steel firm in Germany at that time, the Dortmund-Hörder Hütten-Verein. It gave Krupp just double its pre-war steel capacity.

It was significant that Krupp merged the Bochumer Verein company with Rheinhausen, although the latter was still due to be sold by March, 1959, which allowed five years from the signing of the Krupp agreement, plus a one-year automatic extension because no buyer had come forward. This was a mark of Krupp's complete confidence that Rheinhausen would never be sold at all. Every possible step was being taken to ensure this. In America, the State Department, as well as individual senators and members of the House of Representatives, were canvassed for this purpose. In West Germany the active sympathy of the Federal Government was enlisted. In July, 1957, the Federal Government asked the Western powers to reverse the Krupp agreement. Its appeal was backed by a vigorous West German press campaign. Its arguments were straightforward: the agreement was "out of date"; it represented a forced sale by a free and independent German subject; it was not practicable, since no buyers for the Krupp properties could be found; it was a leftover of the Morgenthau Plan and the era of Allied economic oppression in Germany.

In March, 1959, Alfried Krupp appealed per-

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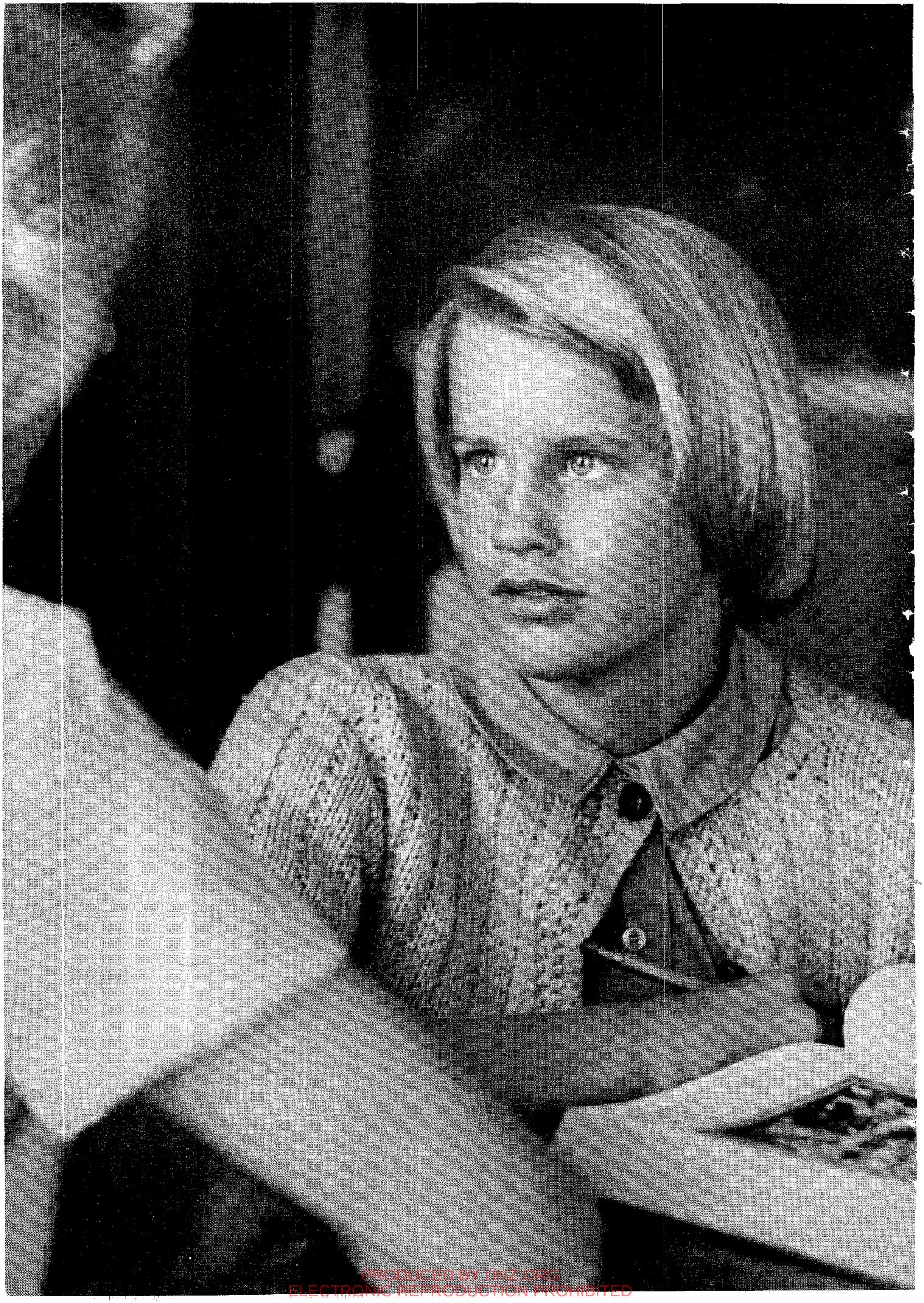

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EDUCATIONAL experts estimate that the gift of high intelligence is bestowed upon only 1 out of every 50 children in our nation. When that gifted child is a girl, one question is inevitably asked: "Will this rare gift be wasted if she becomes a housewife?"

Let these gifted girls answer that question themselves. Over 90% of them marry today, and the majority find the job of being a housewife challenging and rewarding enough to make full use of all their intelligence, time and energy.

But what of the average American wife? How well equipped is she to meet the ever-increasing range of responsibilities placed on her today?

If education is a guide, then America's women have the best qualifications for the job. Over 80% of the nation's young women have attended high school, 3 out of 5 graduate, and over twice as many receive high school diplomas today as did their mothers back in 1930. This fall alone, 1,228,500 young women will attend college, and by 1970 this figure will be up 73% when nearly 1 out of every 3 students graduating from college will be a woman.

This rising educational level among American women is reflected not only in their intellectual, social and political activities. It also is seen in the prudent way today's wife conducts the affairs of her family. In her daily roles of nurse, educator, arbitrator, economist and just plain housewife, she is constantly seeking ways to improve her family's life.

Your own wife has probably introduced many improvements into your home. Millions of women—shopping for half the families in America—do so by saving S&H Green Stamps. Perhaps your wife is among them. If she is, you know how she feels about her S&H Green Stamps.

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sonally for the repeal of the sales agreement. He said, "I think that we have been very patient, but I believe that the time has now come when we must have the situation clarified. For we wish only to enjoy the same conditions as other big combines in the new European Common Market." He gave three reasons for his view that Krupp should remain intact: past history had always shown that the living standard is highest where big industrial concentrations exist; the trend toward bigger concentrations is generally considered rational; and German combines are still much smaller than American.

The position of Krupp in 1959 showed just how futile Allied efforts to break up this outstanding concentration of economic power had proved. The firm employed 93,000 workers in its engineering and manufacturing plants. Sales in 1958 totaled 3.44 billion marks ($820 million). This figure did not include the 720 million mark ($170 million) sales of the Bochumer Verein. Exports amounted to $130 million, and a limitless field has been opened up by the firm's pioneering work in the underdeveloped countries. In spite of the recession in the German steel industry, Krupp sales were roughly $50 million higher than in 1957. This single firm, owned by a single man, controlled 16 per cent of Germany's total steel capacity and 6 per cent of its coal. In rough terms, it was 70 per cent to 80 per cent larger than it was before the war.

The Ruhr is the heart and hub of European as well as German industry; it primarily means coal, steel, chemicals. Here are the operative details of its structure in 1959.

The Allies have utterly failed to break up what they considered to be "undue concentrations of economic power" in the Ruhr. Their program would have needed twenty years to be implemented. Before the war, eight trusts controlled, among them, 94 per cent of German steel production and 51 per cent of hard-coal production. In 1959, after a decade of complicated Allied tinkering, eight trusts controlled 78 per cent of steel and roughly 40 per cent of coal production. Six of these trusts are pre-war survivors; the two others are former components of the Vereinigte Stahlwerke. Only one name has vanished from the pre-war list, that of Otto Wolff. This firm has not reabsorbed its old manufacturing and mining interests and has remained a coal and steel trading company, as envisaged by Allied deconcentration legislation. It is ironic that the only absentee from the list of the mighty was the only firm among them which had Jewish managerial participation.

The Allies believed in 1945 that the German chemical industry had, in effect, been reduced to a monopoly of the immense I. G. Farben trust. They planned to split it up into at least eighty independent companies, then reduced the proposed number to thirty. In the event, just five successor companies were created, but over 90 per cent of I. G. Farben interests in West Germany are today in the hands of three young giants — Farben Bayer of Leverkusen, Farbenwerke Hoechst, and Badische Anilin of Ludwigshafen. These three firms divide up fields of specialized interest, even dovetail production of different colors of dyes, cooperate with one another in all essential planning. They are independent of one another, but they can hardly be called strictly competitive.

The tendency of German trusts to spread horizontally has reasserted itself. Thyssen, Krupp, and Rheinstahl are building ships; Flick purchased a big interest in Daimler-Benz (producing the range of Mercedes cars) and entered the field of plastics in 1958; Krupp has embarked into nuclear power and aircraft production; Mannesmann is interesting itself in plastics; the richest of all the new millionaires, Rudolf Oetker, controls breweries, shipyards, hotels, banks, insurance companies, paper mills, film companies, aircraft firms, chemicals, light and heavy engineering plants, in addition to the family pudding-powder business in Bielefeld, on which he based his empire.

The Allied deconcentration programs were actuated by the belief that Germans were cartel-minded and that cartels dominated the German industrial scene. All deconcentration was useless, it was thought, unless strong and effective anti-cartel legislation were forced on the Germans. And what happened? The Federal Government (although the Minister of Economics, Ludwig Erhard, is a genuine disciple of free competition) provided for the formation of cartels in times of economic crisis, in order to boost exports, in order to carry out a necessary rationalization of industry. I listened to Professor Erhard giving an exposition on the anticartel law in Essen to the Federation of German Industries. He adopted a pleading tone when asking its members to trust him. This was quite understandable. That assembly of sober gentlemen, mostly bull-necked and with comfortably filled waistcoats, represented the orderliness, inventiveness, and ruthless energy of the real rulers of present-day Germany.

The most serious danger inherent in this powerful class of industrialists is that it has still not fused with the rest of the community, and it retains the peculiar arrogance which springs from social isolation. As long as that remains so, the immense power of the Ruhr could once again be misapplied. And that power is greater than before and is still concentrated in the hands of a very few.

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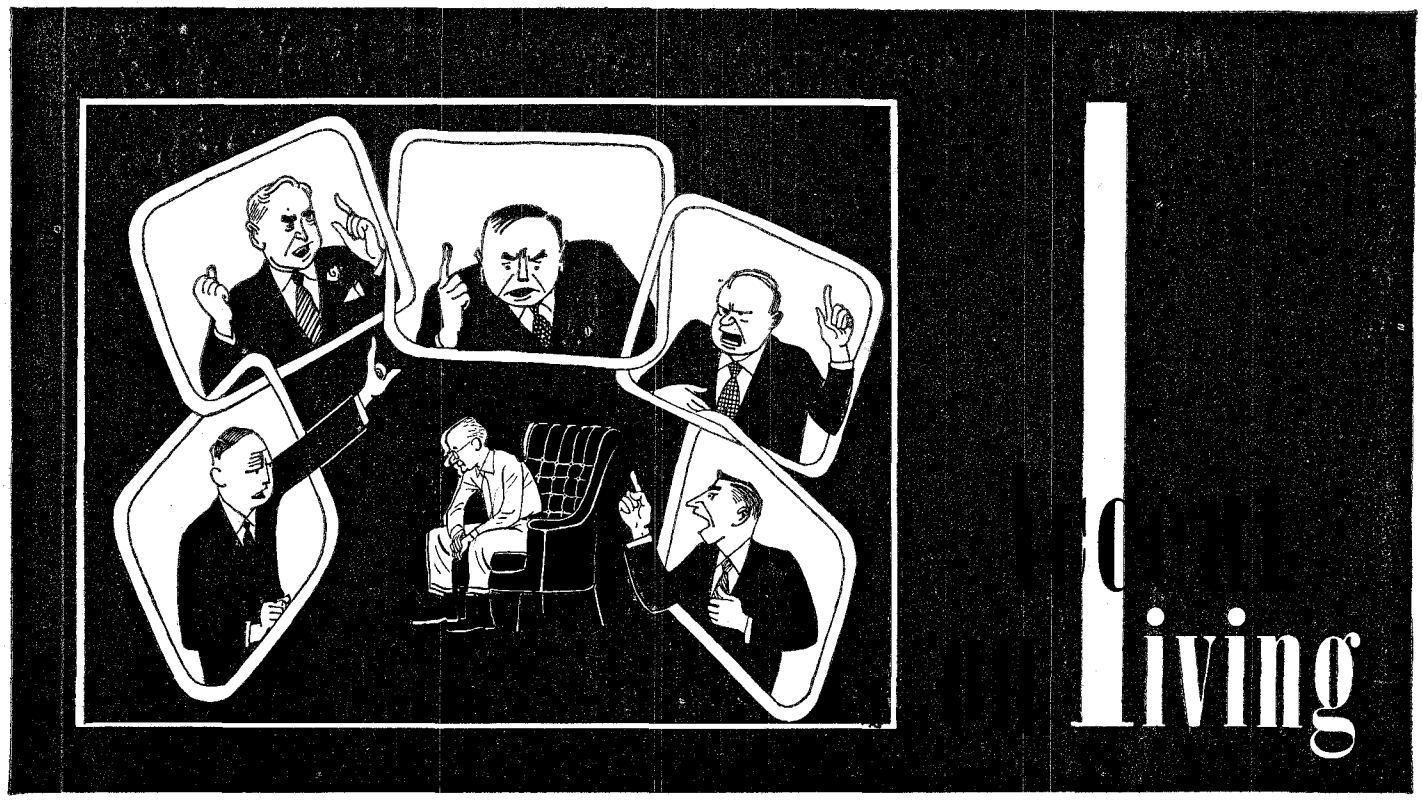

ORATORY is with us once again throughout the land, surprising many who had thought, foolishly, that it was just about washed up. No one who seemed any great shakes as an orator had been heard from for years and years. The politician found that space for oratory was ever tighter in the press, while on TV panel shows any tendency to overextend himself brought pitying smiles or outright derision on the part of his questioners. It was rarely, indeed, that the ordinary politician was given a chance to unload at great length in print or on the air. For a time it looked as if we were putting aside a large national failing. But then came the conventions and the campaign. Our fancied security vanished at the first thump of the gavel.

Outstanding among the early symptoms of the oratorical flood to follow was the keynoter who was introduced in an informal preconvention interview as having "won honors for high school oratory." To have done so, one gathered, was to have laid down an irresistible claim to a seat in the United States Senate and to high party responsibilities as well. In this case the senator was somewhere in his thirties, and much was made in the interview of a youth-will-be-served speculation, to which the senator ungrudgingly assented: it was time, he felt, for the youngsters to take over. Surely somewhere in the audience, when the senator did take over with his keynote speech, was his high school elocution teacher, fondly watching the erstwhile pupil strut his stuff. The senator proved, in the event, to be a man of many forefingers, brandishing them earnestly throughout a speech that seemed much longer than it probably was. Of its content I retained only one strong impression: a young windbag is just as tiresome as an older one.

It is doubtful whether oratory can win many battles, or even skirmishes, but it does hold enormous protective and distractive uses for a politician suddenly nailed by an embarrassing question. "What do you think of Senator Blank's speech?" demands a TV interviewer, thrusting a microphone at the candidate.

Senator Blank's speech had been blunt and forthright. The heat was on. For it or against it? Speak up, speak up. "You ask me a very timely question," replies the candidate, with a great air of satisfaction. "It is a question that I am only too glad to answer. . . ."

This is perhaps not pure oratory, in the beseeching sense, but it includes a vast quantity of words as it goes along. From its bulk we learn an important fact about the political interview: the longer the answer, the fewer the questions and the more camera time for the candidate. So, he continues: ". . . long service togather in the Yewnited States Senate . . . basic fundamental American principles . . . always entertained the greatest admiration . . . courage . . . fundamental basic . . . friendship . . . loyal . . . devotion . . . ideals . . . tireless. . . .

"And let me say further . . . personal qualities . . . husband and father . . . honesty . . . unswerving basic fundamental . . . finest tradition . . . humanity . . . state and nation."

So much for the plug. Then comes the swerve: "Naturally, there have been — and are — issues on which we have not always been in agreement. His concept . . . fundamental basic . . . common good . . . not necessarily the same . . . conscience . . . call them as I see them, and that is what I like to think we mean by Democracy."

Both presidential candidates seem to have inclined, over the years, more to the conversational than the oratorical. But a national election campaign can affect men strangely. Sooner or later they'll both be waving and pounding and forefingering, at the top of their voices, just like the Boy Orator from the Platte in premicrophone days.

CHARLES W. MORTON

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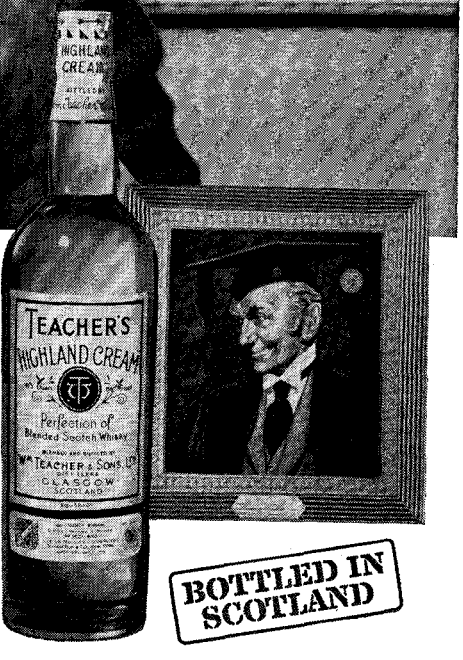

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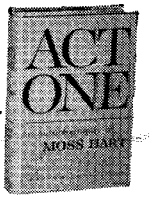

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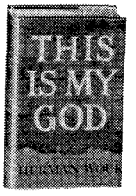

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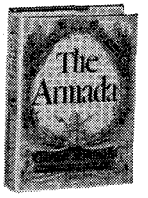

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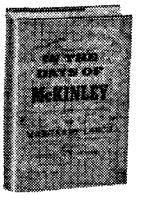

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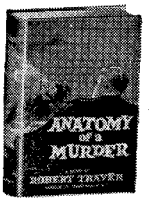

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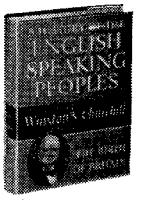

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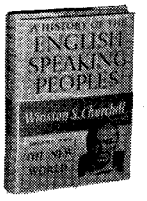

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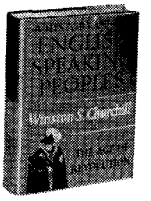

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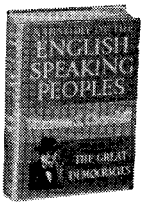

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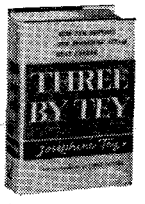

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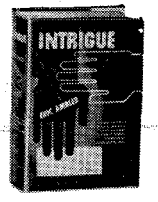

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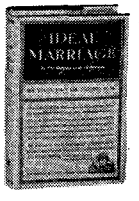

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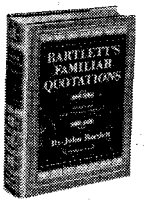

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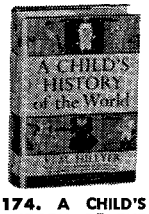

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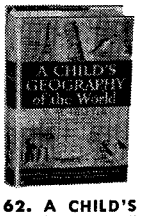

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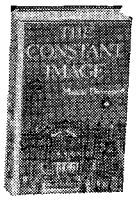

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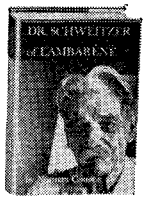

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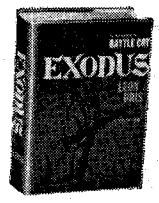

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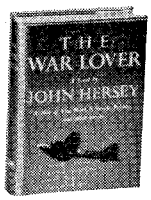

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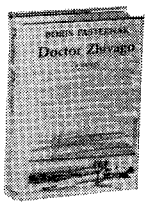

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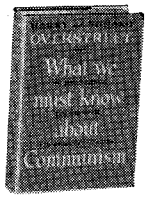

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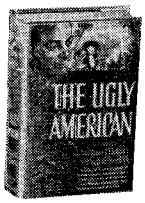

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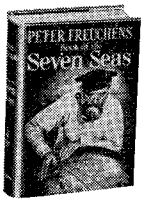

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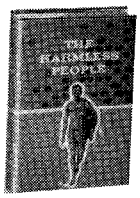

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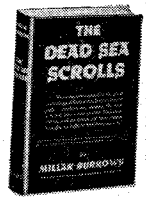

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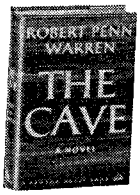

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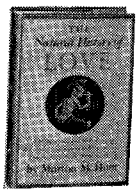

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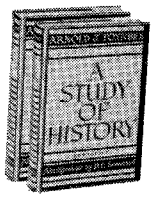

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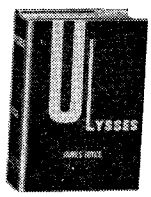

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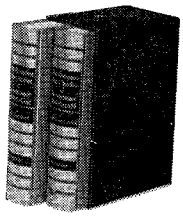

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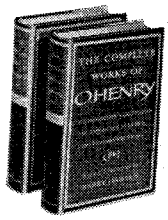

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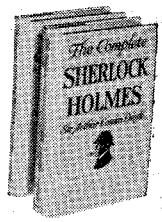

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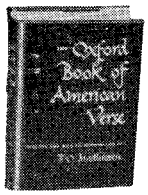

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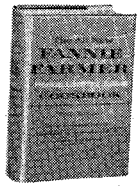

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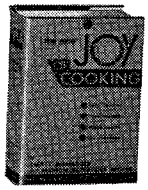

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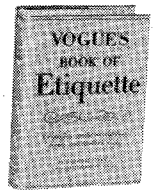

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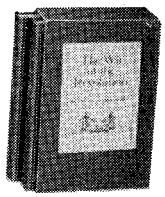

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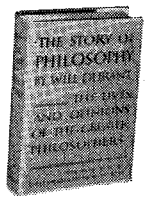

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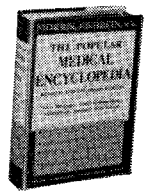

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Man and the Kitchen

BY KEN KRAFT

I am a husband who cooks. This is a convenience for both my wife and me, in much the same way as it is handy for both mates to be able to drive the car or change a fuse. She knows I won't starve if she must go out of town, and if our daily routine is shaken up — as it was during the war, when she took on a job that delayed her getting home in the evenings for an hour after I had arrived — we can switch roles. During that period, I was the one who got acquainted first with red and blue points and experimented glumly with a meat loaf made of nuts.

I mention this background to establish the point that I am a kitchen cook. A patio cook is something else again. Most men like to cook. Watch them around a campfire sometime. But they tend to be specialists. "Doug's so good with steaks," we hear from his wife. We hear less frequently that he is a wow with salads, and almost never that he makes a marvelous chocolate cake. This is too bad. Doug cannot live by steak alone, or not long at today's rates. But steak is a virile-sounding food, and a man can cook it without apology.

There is also another large and secret plus. The Dougs of the culinary world, if only they knew it, are secure from a form of female suspicion that plagues and saddens me. The woman who casually accepts a man-and-steak relationship regards my own behavior with, for example, buttermilk biscuits as a shady affair.

My buttermilk biscuits are worse some times than at other times. But, at their best, they are a fair-to-middling biscuit. However, if some woman besides my wife tastes them, I can expect her to remark, after a delicate and surprised nibbling, "Hmm. I suppose the recipe is a secret?"

No, it isn't. I got it out of a cookbook. You sift a teaspoon of baking soda and half as much salt with two scant cups of flour. Then cut in four tablespoons of margarine or lard. Mix in a scant cup of buttermilk, stirring quickly with a fork, and don't handle the dough much. The stickier the better, as long as you can manage it.

I have given this childishly simple recipe to several women who demanded it. Getting it has seldom satisfied them. I have been accused, in an arch way, of holding something back and have been cross-examined on such points as oven temperature. It is 450 degrees, and the biscuits bake in about twelve minutes on a cookie sheet.

My wife and I lived on a farm for several years — not as a living, but as a place to live — and when we dressed out a steer, there would be fifty or sixty pounds of hamburger or more, so we had meat balls frequently, in between steaks and roasts. If it fell to me to mix the meat balls, I used no special recipe. We had plenty of milk and eggs on the place, and to a couple of pounds of ground meat I usually added about a cup of milk and two or three eggs to moisten it, a handful of bread crumbs to give it body, and for seasoning, a chopped onion or so, a few dashes of Worcestershire sauce, and salt and pepper.

This was roughly the way I remembered my mother making meat loaf years ago. But one of our friends from the city formed a theory that I was slipping in some secret country ingredient. This was flattering, but when she grew pointed about it, I mixed up a batch with her looking on, pencil and paper in hand.

She made no comment until we got to the bread crumbs, which I happened to put in at the last minute because she distracted me and I nearly forgot them. Then her eyes flashed. "Aha!" she cried. "So you *toast* them!" There was some toast left over from breakfast, but like bread pudding, meat balls to us were a way to use up any leftover of bread — toast, crackers, biscuits, anything. The toast I was using on that occasion was purely coincidental, but not to our friend. She saw that she had caught me slipping something over, and I suppose she never trusted me again.

We raised most of our own food on the farm, and since this meant infrequent grocery shopping, I took up bread making on weekends. Ever since, I have not found a woman, except my wife, who regards my bread making as quite fair. If I had used the yeast to brew beer, no one would think twice about it. And hardly any of my wife's friends bake bread themselves, or care to start. They will sometimes ask for the recipe for some

BLISS

BY GEORGE JOHNSTON

The less said about Edward's slut the better;
Nobody knows who she is or how he met her,
With her waterfall of yellow-colored hair
And feet like scissors points, a shocking pair.

Melancholy of love improves her lies,
Melancholy of gin makes deep her eyes,
Melancholy of streets refines her touch,
Sweet melancholy of tongue and teeth, and such.

When summer evenings come across the tracks
We spread ourselves with beer and paperbacks;
Down comes Edward, powder on his face,
To take his slut out smooching every place.

Bliss is nice, but a little bit will do.
Edward has had too much, and his slut has too.
Only to see the hoof marks in their eyes
And hear them wheeze, would make a fellow wise.

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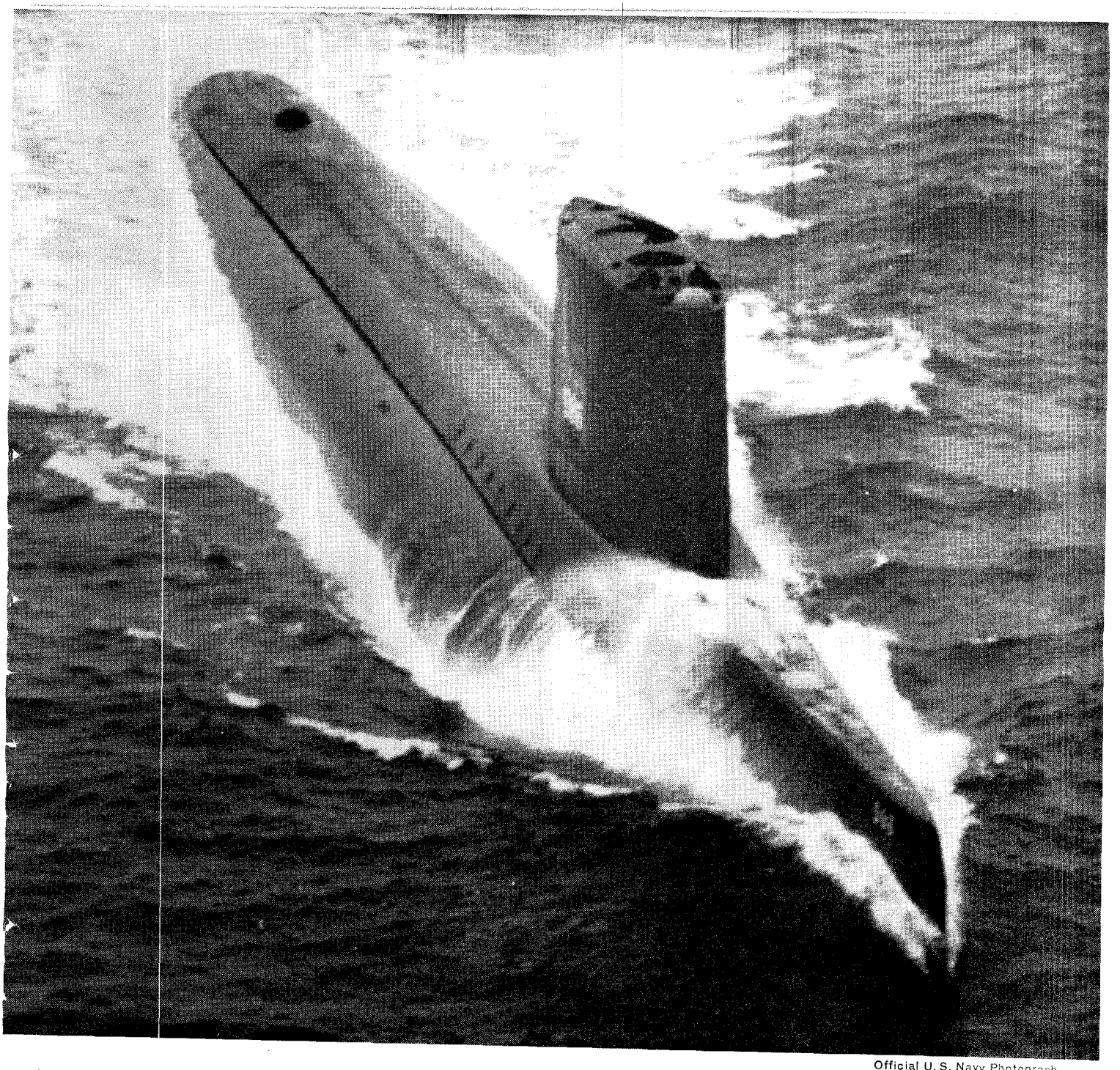

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variety of bread, but they don't mean it.

Speaking of bread, I have never found a French bread recipe with which I could match the flavor of the bread served in the good French restaurants of New Orleans, though I must have baked hundreds of loaves trying, varying recipes as I went, to see if I could hit on the delicate fragrance. For a time I used a sour dough mixture, but it wasn't right. It did make a fair bread and gave an interesting cheeselike flavor to biscuits, but after a while the sour dough bowl so dominated the kitchen air that I gave it up. Sour dough is easily made by adding half a teaspoon of dry yeast to a thin paste of flour and water — say, a cupful — and then stirring in more flour and water each day or so for over a week until you have perhaps a quart of bubbly batter. Keep it at room temperature, with a cloth over the top of the bowl. I used half a cup of this batter to a batch of biscuits, in which there were two cups of flour, and reduced the buttermilk by about a quarter cup. They say you can keep sour dough going indefinitely, adding more flour and water as you use the mixture.

I should mention that, during the sour dough experiments, the attitude of women toward my cooking softened. It evidently seemed to them fitting that a man might be involved with such stuff, and some were even cordial, smiling and holding their noses when they inspected the bowl. But when I dropped the sour dough tests I forfeited their tolerance, and they became as snippy as ever again.

Baking bread on the farm led to my trying coffeecake, and the best one was a brown-sugar mixture with a crumb topping. My wife liked it, too, and one day we sent one to a neighbor across the road.

She reported to us that the coffeecake was a sensation with her family, and though she could not quite keep a note of indignation out of her voice when she learned that it was I who had made it, she asked for the recipe.

To keep things open and aboveboard, I loaned her the printed recipe. Believe it or not, she said it wasn't the same coffeecake. Her children affirmed that hers was pretty good but not as good. She questioned me closely, and I gave up. "I'll write it out for you, Anne," I said, "next time I make it."

She nodded. "And write out *everything*," she said warningly.

I did. What I wrote was a duplicate of the printed recipe: Sift two and a half cups of bread flour, add two cups of brown sugar, one half teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg, and cut in eight tablespoons of butter. Reserve a half cup of this, and add to the rest one tablespoon of baking powder, one half teaspoon of baking soda, one half teaspoon of salt. Beat two eggs, combine with one cup of buttermilk, add to the dry ingredients, and stir well. Pour the batter into two cake pans lined with wax paper, sprinkle the reserve half cup of crumbs on top, and bake twenty-five minutes at 375 degrees.

This would never do, I saw. Anne was setting a trap, and there was nothing here to catch. I tore up the recipe and wrote another, with one little difference. I knew it would work, because I had accidentally tried it. The last time I had made the coffeecake, I had forgotten to save the half cup of crumbs for the topping, so I had to mix some up separately. This hadn't made any difference in the batter as far as I could see. And I was then out of brown sugar, so I had to use white sugar for the crumb topping — three tablespoons to a quarter cup of flour and a tablespoon of butter.

I wrote this out and gave it to Anne. She was happy as a lark, or perhaps as a hawk swooping on her prey. "I *knew* there was something funny!" she said.

The last I heard, she had substituted sweet milk for buttermilk and added an extra egg and omitted the nutmeg and included chopped hickory nuts and a little citron in the topping, and was still referring to the recipe triumphantly as the one she had pried out of a man who was trying to hold something back.

KEN KRAFT, *who lives in Del Monte Forest, California, has written light articles and a book called* LAND OF MILK AND OMELETS.

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IN OCTOBER

A FEW PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are Current N. Y. Time)

"Love In America"
Art Carney stars in a satire on various aspects of l'amour Americain.
Sunday, October 2 (9-10 PM)

"The Plausible Impossible"
Walt Disney explores the way fantastic things are made rational in art and literature.
Sunday, October 9 (6:30-7:30 PM)

"Story of Adolph Eichmann"
Dramatization of the life and capture of the notorious Nazi.
Wednesday, October 12 (10-11 PM)

"The Money Raisers"
A documentary on where your money goes when you donate to fund-raising campaigns, on "Closeup."
Thursday, October 13 (10:30-11 PM)

"The Cold Woman"
A study of frigidity; first of a series: "Special For Women."
Friday, October 14 (4-5 PM)

"Yellowstone Bear Country"
Disney films of the life of the black bears in our oldest and largest National Park.
Sunday, October 16 (6:30-7:30 PM)

"All Star Circus"
Video-taped at the famous Cirkus Schumann in Copenhagen, special telecast for children of all ages.
Friday, October 21 (9-10 PM)

"The Right Man"
Garry Moore is host in a historical revue of presidential campaigns told in music, dramatic vignettes and film.
Monday, October 24 (8:30-9:30 PM)

"John Brown's Raid"
Drama of the historic raid, taped on location at Harper's Ferry.
Tuesday, October 25 (10-11 PM)

"Shangri-La"
The James Hilton "Lost Horizon" story. A play with music.
Monday, October 24 (9:30-11 PM)

"The Thinking Machine"
Cybernetics, the relationship between men and machines. First of new series of one-hour special programs, "Tomorrow" on the Age of Technology.
Wednesday, October 26 (10-11 PM)

"Our American Heritage"
Story of young America with Ralph Bellamy as Thomas Jefferson.
Thursday, October 27 (7:30-8:30 PM)

"The Three Musketeers"
First of six two-hour dramatic specials based on the great novels—presented on successive nights in two installments.
Friday, October 28 and
Saturday, October 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays:	CBS Television Workshop College News Conference Ed Newman Reporting Face the Nation Meet the Press Open Hearing The Twentieth Century
Mondays:	Presidential Countdown
Thursdays:	Person to Person
Fridays:	Eyewitness to History
Saturdays:	Campaign Roundup World Wide 60
Mon-Fri:	Continental Classroom

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Consult local papers for times and programming details.*

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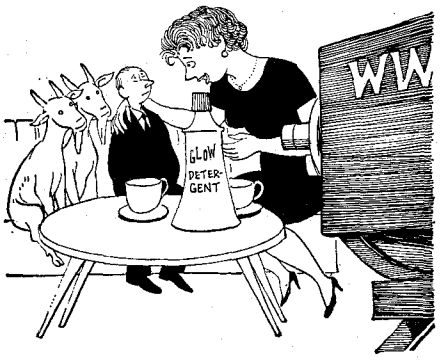
Live!

BY ROBERT FONTAINE



For those who have been on television from its infancy to its present senility, a live appearance for a brief interview is possibly not the earth-shaking and knee-knocking event it was to an average husband and father like myself.

From the time I was asked to present myself at high noon for exposure between a coffee commercial and a detergent lyric until my portion of the program concluded with a vibrant swelling of the pipe organ, I was in a tizzy.

Had it not been for my continuing one-sided love affair with a magazine that shall be nameless, I would not have broken my vow never to appear in public on behalf of anything whatever. Break it I did, and I shall never be quite the same.

To begin with, I had all sorts of witty and provocative epigrams written in fine print on the palms of my hands, which gems were promptly disallowed by Mary, who conducts *Coffee with Mary.*

"We want this all ad-libbed," Mary said. She was a lovely, charming, and articulate girl, but she could not be made to understand my need to come off as a sort of latter-day Oscar Wilde.

"I can ad-lib these," I said. "Just keep the camera off the palms of my hands."

"No. We want this to be folksy and informal. You can't be witty at noon on television. People resent it, people who are ironing and washing and scrubbing floors."

We then spent a few moments with the director and producer, who was also a charming and articulate girl. The problem here was, should I go on first and fascinate everybody, or should I go on in between the two goats up for adoption from the S.P.C.A. and the man who was going to go out in back of the transmitter and show everyone how to kill dandelions?

I explained, modestly, that frisky goats were awfully attractive and I would hate to follow them, especially if I wasn't allowed to be frisky. The thing was settled in my favor, because at the moment the show was to start, the goats hadn't showed up yet.

The director, Ethel, then decided that my wife ought to go on with me. "Our viewers are really more interested in the wives than the celebrities," Ethel said with a pretty smile. Now, I have no objection to my wife. If I did, I wouldn't be married to her. But it confused me a little to have to split the billing, so to speak, with both goats and my wife. Being a gentleman, boxed in by three women, I couldn't very well protest.

The show began after I was settled on a divan with a coffee table in front of me. I had been told to sip the coffee and remark about how good it was. I sipped the coffee and winced. Everybody waved in annoyance, and I said, helpfully and with a grin, "It's hot!"

I stared at the monitor and saw a ghoulish creature holding a cup of coffee, grinning inanely. I put down the coffee and shuddered. "Good!" I cried loudly, as if I had found a pearl in it.

Then the interview proper began, and as I recall it, it went something like this:

MARY. You are what they call a free-lance writer? What is that?

ME. Well, a free-lance writer sort of free-lances.

MARY. I see. He just writes anything he wants to and sends it to a magazine and they publish it.

ME. Well, usually the magazines don't publish it. Usually they send it back.

MARY. And your lovely wife here, does she give you assistance? (*Close-up of my wife biting her fingernails.*)

ME. Not if I can help it.

MARY (*brittle laugh, watching the clock*). I see. Well, it certainly sounds fascinating. I mean, it's certainly thrilling to have a nationally known writer living right here in town!

ME. Well, it's not very thrilling for me, because, you see, I have to work.

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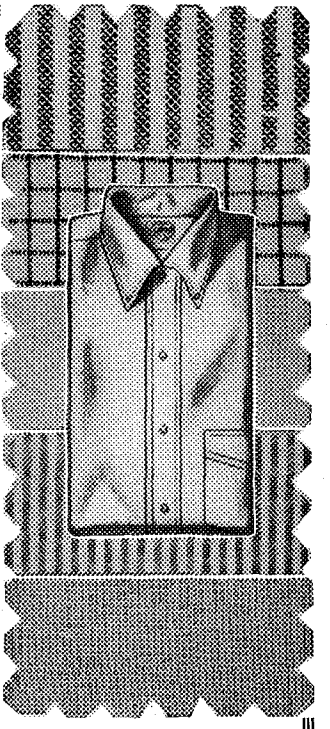

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MARY. And your lovely wife here, I suppose she keeps house while you work?

ME. Well, somebody does, I imagine. I never paid much attention.

MARY. I'm sure (*taking up a bottle of detergent*) she keeps house beautifully. (*Close-up of my wife waving at me to pull down the legs of my trousers.*) And I'm sure that she must use this, too.

Here Mary went into a beautifully ad-libbed, nonwitty story about the detergent. She then planted the bottle firmly in front of me, and I nervously poured a little into my coffee.

MARY (*brittle laugh*). You writers are certainly unpredictable. Tell me, if you don't mind a personal question — and I'm sure the thousands of housewives watching us will want to know — do you think you are difficult to live with?

ME. I'm very easy to live with. It's other people who are difficult to live with. Weeks go by when I am in a writing trance and I don't even speak to anyone in the house. So how should I be difficult to live with?

MARY. I see.

Off camera somewhere I could hear two goats groaning. They had arrived!

MARY. Well, it certainly has been fascinating, examining all the facets of an author's life. Thank you for being with us.

ME (*picking up the coffee-with-detergent and sipping it*). Good!

MARY (*hastily*). And now I see our time is up. . . .

After the camera had wandered around and settled on the man and his two goats, my wife and I silently tiptoed out into oblivion. We drove a long way in peace.

At length my wife said, "You didn't seem a bit nervous. I bet once it started you didn't even think you were on TV."

"No, I didn't," I admitted. "I thought I was in the death house at Sing Sing."

"I enjoyed it," my wife said blithely.

"Sure," I said grimly, "you didn't have to drink the detergent."

As a result of this experience, my advice to those about to be interviewed on TV is: Don't.

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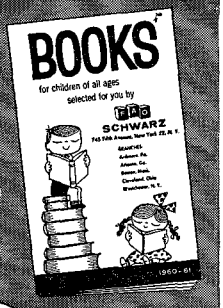

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Out of Step

BY R. G. G. PRICE

R. G. G. PRICE *lives in Sussex and has contributed much light writing and literary criticism to* PUNCH.

It is time that Dietetics got into step with Medicine. When doctors first began saying that body-building foods shortened the expectation of life by clogging up the arteries with bits of fat, the dieticians cooperatively produced slimming charts; but these were usually based on getting the patient to eat energy-producing foods and burn himself down to a respectable size. It was a good idea. Unfortunately, what happens now is that the next time the family doctor sees the patient, he says, "Your weight's fine, but you're suffering from several stress diseases. You must reduce your energy level at once."

The patient, naturally aggrieved, begins to complain that his reducing diet has made him into a dynamo. The family doctor shows by his expression what he thinks of people who compose diets. More impractical than poets, he seems to be thinking. Medicine is not interested in producing dynamos. The modern doctor does not want his patients to vibrate with health. He does not send them into the great open air to hew forests. He does not kick them in the pants and tell them to buckle to and fight the world like a man. He does not, unless he is anxious about getting paid, want them to work hard or play hard. He says things like, "Don't rush about. Don't worry. Try not to get on. If you take it easy, you may still avoid ulcers, coronaries, and skin eruptions."

Just now medicine seems to be aiming to produce a race that takes to sitting and staring in early middle age.

There is a need for a science of Somnidietetics that will guide man to food that tranquilizes and help the farmer to trap some of the profits of the pharmaceutical industry. As a layman, my only contribution is the suggestion that poppy seeds at breakfast might lead to a quiet day; but serious study will be able to prove that all kinds of food can reduce energy. Serious study can prove anything, and I myself should not be a bit surprised if some of these low-calorie foods turn out to be things that grow on farms and have not so far been welcomed. Any good research institute ought to be able to help the farmers by attributing de-energizing properties to common weeds.

Not to commit myself outside my botanical range, I will suppose there is a red, stringy plant called grotch. For years farmers have been trying different brands of grotch eliminator. Then it is suddenly realized that pulped, sieved, flavored with anything that is not its own flavor, and made the staple diet of the working population, grotch does not merely lack calories; it removes the calories from anything else eaten at the same time.

Perhaps the housewife of the future is worried about her husband. He has been up half the night preparing for a heavy negotiating session. She knows that unless she does something he will be heading for brain tumors or shingles or self-pity or whatever the fashionable stress disease may be. She consults her diet charts and prepares a meal in which every mouthful is some form of compressed grotch. It begins to soothe her

TIME

BY MALINKA ROSEN

Time is in me with my own ticktock
and I laugh at the others riding the clock
that stares at them from the study walls.

The others rush to get to a place
that sits at the end of an endless race;
They push Time up the hill like a stone.

I'm run on nobody's time but my own.

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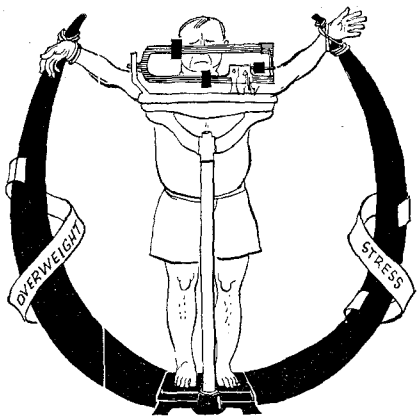

husband at once. By the time he has reached the decaffeined coffee, he is planning a fishing trip, not one of those trips where you rush about after fish but one of those gentle expeditions where you sit quietly and wait for the fish to come to you. His stomach by now is pretty well 100 per cent alkaline. His respiratory, circulatory, digestive, nervous, and reproductive systems are so relaxed as to be scarcely ticking over. He may never turn up for the conference at all, or, if he does, he just smiles in a remotely benevolent way and sells out to the other side.

The boy whose hand always shoots up first with the answer to the teacher's question will be put on a grotch-plus diet until, at the expense of everything except his old age, he becomes quite literally a flop. The runner whose remorseless will drives him to run faster than other runners will have to step up his grotch intake before any life insurance office looks at him. By the time he has persuaded anyone to take his premiums, he will be strolling round the track with a happy grin while the stewards try to clear him away to make room for the next race. The successful executive who just has to be the most entertaining conversationalist at every party and is clearly steering for a late middle age divided between pneumonia and melancholia will be taken firmly in hand by his physician, and, after he has worked his way through a few grotch-filled meals, whenever he does get to a party he will stay slumped against the wall.

Medically speaking, the ideal man seems to be thin and slack, and it is up to dietetics to produce him. Probably medicine has views on his dimensions other than his thickness. Should he be tall or short? Anyone would say tall, remembering all those stories of overcompensation for short

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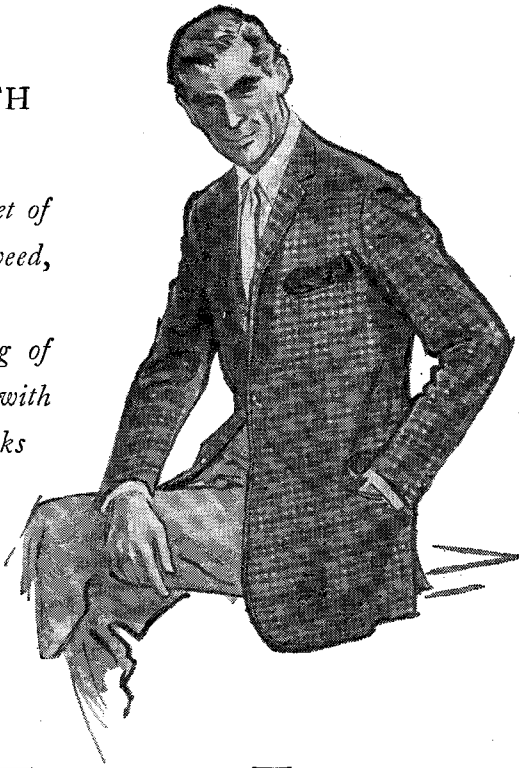

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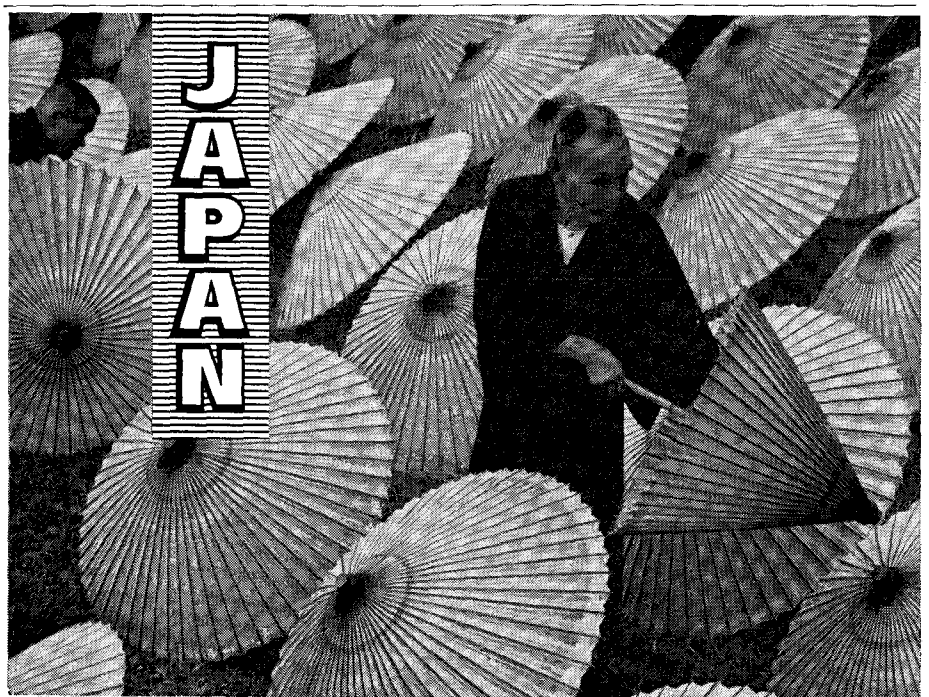

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A Special Service for Christmas Shopping

The Atlantic can arrange for you to receive the Christmas catalogues from some of America's outstanding stores.

THE Atlantic Monthly once again offers a special Christmas Shopping Service for its readers at no obligation. By filling out and sending in the single coupon on the opposite page, you can get the catalogues of any of the stores listed. In addition, we have made it possible for you to receive catalogues covering twelve other types of Christmas gifts. We have omitted specific store names in this section as some of the stores specializing in these fields do not have unlimited supplies of catalogues. Requests will therefore be filled in order of receipt.

Last year, our Shopping Service was announced in the November issue, and the response exceeded all expectations. This convinced us that we were filling a genuine need on the part of thousands of our readers. At the same time, this response did mean that some of the stores ran out of catalogues and thus many of our readers were unable to order merchandise in time for Christmas.

That is why we are making this year's offer in *October*, and that is why we are setting an expiration date of October 31st. To insure receiving your catalogues in time, send your coupon now. In that way, you will have ample time to select your gifts with ease and comfort well before the holiday season.

We hope that once again you will benefit from this special service for readers of The Atlantic Monthly. We ask only that you act now and that your Christmas be a pleasant one.

Reader Service Department
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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F. A. O. SCHWARZ

In 1862, "the world's greatest toy store" was born — and it has remained that ever since.

More than one thousand toys are shown in the 1960 F.A.O. Schwarz Catalogue. These toys are simply and accurately displayed so that you will know exactly what is offered. Many have been imported from foreign countries.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

J. E. Caldwell & Co., famous Philadelphia jewelers, have been in business on Chestnut Street for 121 continuous years.

The Caldwell Gift Book displays a superb selection of watches, rings, bracelets, charms, purses, men's jewelry, sterling silver, glassware, china and stationery as well as a host of other attractive gifts.

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America House has long been recognized as a showcase for the creations of some of America's finest craftsmen and designers. All of the gifts on display have been approved by a Selection Board comprised of leading designers — and rigid standards of quality and workmanship are assured. Highly individual gifts in ceramics, silver, leather, jewelry, glassware and fabrics make America House an unusual and valuable addition to your list of Christmas stores.

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- Men's clothing, outerwear, sports wear, furnishings and accessories.
- Sporting, hunting and fishing clothes and gear. Camping equipment — rifles, shotguns and fishing tackle.
- Records — hi-fidelity, stereophonic and tape equipment.
- Ready-to-wear, furnishings, accessories and gifts for infants, children and young people.
- Women's wear, sports wear, accessories and gifts.
- Antiques, memorabilia and objets d'art.
- Gourmet foods, spices and delicacies — both imported and domestic.
- Books — comprising a selection of over 200 from leading publishers.
- Cosmetics, toiletries and perfumes
- Luggage and travel accessories — leather goods and gifts for men, women, the home and office.
- Housewares, home furnishings and furniture for town and country houses.
- Gardening equipment, seeds and bulbs (spring catalogue available in January).

READER SERVICE DEPARTMENT

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 16, MASS.

Dear Sirs: Please send me the 1960 Christmas catalogues for the stores whose names I have checked below:

☐ F. A. O. Schwarz
☐ Thaibok Fabrics, Ltd.
☐ J. E. Caldwell & Co.
☐ America House

I would also be interested in receiving—if available—catalogues covering these types of merchandise:

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☐ Sporting & camping goods
☐ Records, hi-fi & stereo equipment
☐ Ready-to-wear for infants, children & young people
☐ Women's wear & accessories
☐ Antiques & objets d'art
☐ Gourmet foods & delicacies
☐ Books
☐ Cosmetics & perfumes
☐ Luggage & leather goods
☐ Housewares
☐ Garden, seeds & bulbs

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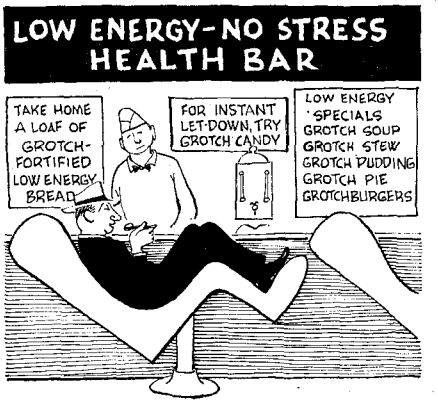
stature that have led to greatness, for if anything is regarded as prima-facie evidence of maladjustment, greatness is it. However, what anyone would say is unlikely to be accepted by the experts, who could probably prove that tallness is neurosis fertile too. If you aim at medium-height families, you will produce unfortunates who suffer anxiety by being too tall in Lapland and too short in Sweden — provided they move around, of course, and only a family who can afford to travel is going to be able to afford this kind of advice. Once some kind of compromise has been worked out, it will be up to the dieticians to operate it, feeding their clients with just the growth factors needed to produce the medico-determined norm.

It would be a poor kind of dietician who did not take on further assignments. Job stresses and family stresses both produce work for the pathologist, and the more that diet can do to make life at home or at work smoother, the better. There is undoubtedly a difficulty here. If a man does not get on at his job, his body jibs; but if a man is a success, he normally has to work hard and the body jibs in this case too. Diet can increase energy or, in time, will be able to reduce energy. It seems doubtful if it will ever do away with the need for energy altogether. As always, of course, there is an exception. We have all met men who got by on charm. They toiled not, neither did they spin, but all the same they moved steadily upward. Men with this kind of hypnotic attraction for their superiors suffer from neither frustration nor overstrain. The first dietician who works out a charm-producing diet sheet is opening the way to the virtual extinction of medicine, for when stress diseases disappear, it looks as though there is going to be nothing left for the medical profession to cure.



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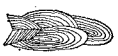
The Neurotic's Notebook

MIGNON McLAUGHLIN

If you can tell someone about it, it's not the worst thing you ever did.

We are like people with short-term leases on summer cottages; we can never seem to make our provisions come out even with our stay.

There are always a few people you do a lot for, and a few who do a lot for you, but they're not the same people.



At the first quarrel, a woman dreams of a brand-new love which would not be sullied, like this one.

If you know of wounding things to say, sooner or later you'll say them.

The most eloquent descriptions of virtue come from those who do not possess it, and, indeed, they have the best vantage point for its appraisal.

If it's made of chopped chicken, they now call it a chickenburger, but what if it's made of chopped ham?

Others follow patterns; we alone are unpredictable.

Women gather together to wear silly hats, eat dainty food, and forget how unresponsive their husbands are. Men gather together to talk sports, eat heavy food, and forget how demanding their wives are. Only where children gather is there any real chance of fun.

Doodles courtesy of Charles W. Morton.

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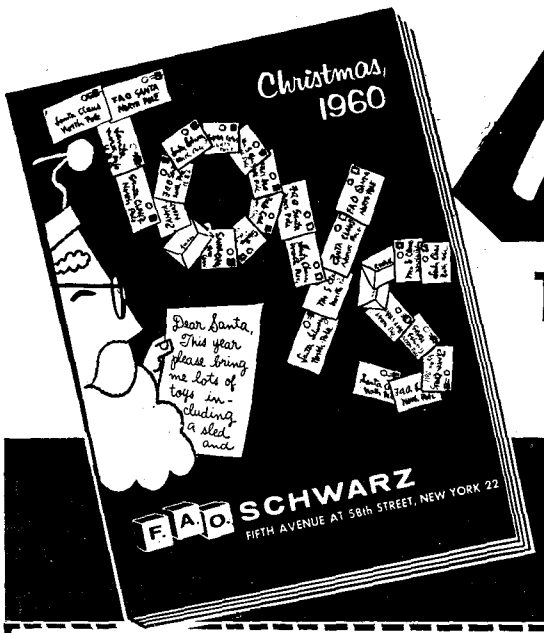

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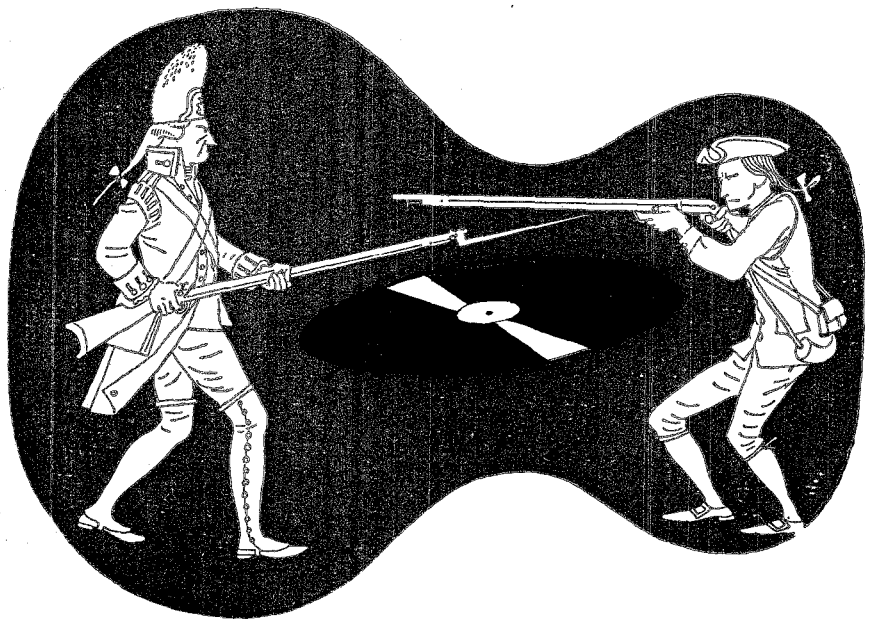
they shall have Music

BY JOHN M. CONLY



If you don't know what droll Yankees are — they are, first, Yankees who are droll, and second, the two men who run a new, small record company called Droll Yankees. These men are Alan Bemis, a meteorologist of note who pioneered in detecting storms by radar, and Peter Kilham, a retired design engineer. Both are Yankees as authentic as they are droll, and their current aim in life is to preserve the vanishing Yankee language and humor on discs. They are worth preserving.

Peter Kilham, the engineer-folklorist, is in his early fifties and is a man with a sort of fear-not look about him, and a head of gray hair over a face weathered red-brown. He was born into a family of artists and artisans of a type probably peculiar to New England. His father was a successful architect; so is his brother; and his mother and two sisters were painters. Kilham himself aspired to be a painter. He went to Harvard, which he thinks now was a mistake, but left after two years and followed painting, making his livelihood teaching here and in Italy. His idol was Leonardo da Vinci, and still is. Da Vinci to him is the master of space, form, perspective, and design. Design became Kilham's passion, so he quit painting and started, in his twenties, a factory near Boston, in which were designed modern furniture, mostly of metal, and auto bodies. His efforts did not go unnoticed. He was given a commission by no less a company than Rolls-Royce to conceive a modern body design. It came out all aluminum below and all transparent plastic above. Cautious Britons shook their heads at it. "It would have gone like the wind," Kilham says.

He switched to lighting, and again his notions caught. He was contracted for the main lighting fixtures in the Rainbow Room atop Radio City, and some in the home of Nelson Rockefeller. He was still dissatisfied, whatever the cash receipts. He thought of machine design as a fine art, and nobody else seemed to. He married and moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico. There he hired a crew of Navaho Indians, and they began making ornamental ironwork.

"The Navahos are wonderful people, unfailingly honest and born craftsmen. They love to make things beautiful," Kilham says. The ironwork sold well, but the Western idyl was short. America went to war against the Axis, and the iron supply stopped. Back east went the Kilhams, to Providence, and he to a job with a Navy contractor. There Kilham designed an aircraft gun sight, which he said performed handsomely but was too simple and inexpensive to interest the procurement people (his indictment, not mine). He also worked out a high-speed machine for bending both tubular and sheet metal without heating, and retained the rights to this.

At war's end he built a metal-bending tool factory on his farm at Plainville, Massachusetts. The plant shared the acres with a steady run of crops and a herd of sheep. Kilham took care of all three with a splendid disregard of working hours and did his inventing by night and on weekends. Among his machine-tool customers were Ford, Chevrolet, Chrysler, and Pratt & Whitney. His biggest customer for shaped tubing was a doll-carriage maker; second biggest was a mail-order house selling lawn furniture.

He remained grumpy, though, because no one would recognize machinery as fine art. "People used to," he says. "One need only look at the locomotives that were made in the prime of the steam age at Taunton and Manchester. They had majesty and beauty as well as efficiency. Now all anyone wants is production." The metal parts he made were plated and polished and curved to a perfection that would no doubt have ravished da Vinci, but the buyers didn't even notice.

"Where was art? I wondered," says Kilham. "In Leonardo's time there was reason for painting, for building cathedrals. Today there is only self-expression. The result is emptiness."

All this inflicted upon him, evidently, an intolerable nostalgia, surely not unique with him in this age. And together with his association with Bemis, a friend since boyhood vacations in Tamworth, New Hampshire, it determined his change from an angry man to a droll Yankee, a pleasant change. Bemis, avocationally, in his time out from tracing hurricanes with parabolic antennas and magnetrons, had compiled an enormous lore of Down East stories and had perfected the accent of the country. Kilham owned an equal gift of mimicry and a kindred sense of humor. The result was a natural thing: they made a tape recording.

If I am not mistaken, this com-

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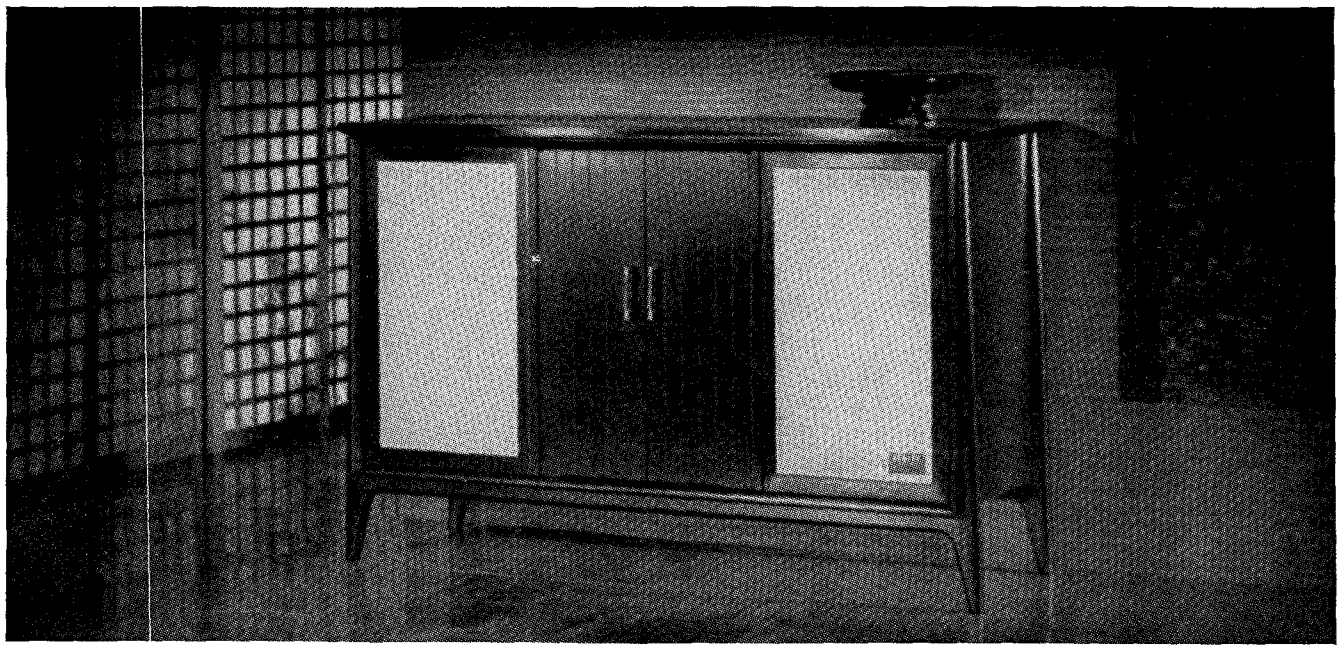

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prises Side 1 of Record 1 of the Droll Yankees, and its title is "Caused by Rum." It is simply an exchange of anecdotes between Kilham and Bemis, punctuated by clinkings and gurgles, and I would not be startled out of my skin to find that they really had a bottle between them. Never mind: if so, there have seldom been two men better qualified to handle it. "Droll" truly is the right word, and Yankee is the accent.

What I wonder about is whether or not Tellesford really exists. Tellesford is a man, not a place. He keeps cropping up in the stories, and if he is an actual person, he may now be hunting down our two friends with his grandfather's smoothbore. What happened the night Tellesford's friends sneaked out of the tavern before him, and saddled his horse backwards, is pretty near bound to become a coast-to-coast classic. It cannot be told here because, for one thing, it needs a Down East delivery, which cannot adequately be rendered in print.

The other side of Droll Yankees 1 is called "The Casket Sinkers," and is a gravediggers' dialogue, as gruesome as it is funny, better imagined than described. Droll Yankees 2 consists mostly of songs written by Bemis and Kilham's friend Frank Hatch, about Down East coastal characters. The songs are good enough and funny enough for a Bostonian men's club smoker; I cannot say more than that. Droll Yankees 3 is not yet made. I heard tapes of Side 1, which contain towboat tales and monologues, recorded in Narragansett Bay, the main character being one Captain Leon Nickerson. They are delightful, almost completely devoid of blasphemy or obscenity (Kilham says this is reliably and pleasantly standard among these men, who think well of God and women), but Captain Nickerson kept wandering around the wheelhouse as he went down the delta, forgetting about the microphone, so Droll Yankees 3 may be delayed a little.

It will be good when it gets out. These sailors are not unsophisticated. They love their tradition and each other's stories. Kilham says he has only to board a boat now, be it a ferry, a tug, or even a tanker, and he is at once invited into the wheelhouse. How they recognize him he doesn't know, but they do.

Singer of Legends

When Peter Kilham dropped in to visit me in midsummer, he brought with him another Yankee, less droll and not indigenous. This was William Bonyun, and he too runs a small record company. When I say "not indigenous," I mean that, whereas Kilham was born in Brookline and reared on Beacon Hill, Bonyun was born in Brooklyn, which is distinctly south of the Yankee border. But he is a very worthy stepchild of New England. If, crossing Massachusetts, you stop to view Old Sturbridge Village, you will meet him.

Old Sturbridge Village is the Massachusetts counterpart of Colonial Village at Cooperstown, New York, meaning that it is a reconstruction. It is a veritable little town of the year 1800, built around a green. In this green, between May and September, if the weather is fair, strolls Bonyun, in country clothes, with a dark curly beard and a guitar, singing the songs that chased the British out of Boston and that later accompanied Yankees moving West across the north part of our country. He gets paid for this; he is Yankee enough to make sure of that.

Bonyun is also Yankee enough to mold into usable form what he has learned to do, so that it may get into schools and households anywhere it is wanted. He could be called a singing history teacher.

Bonyun's father was a New York paint manufacturer, and a fairly prosperous one. Bill says of himself that he wasn't a very bright little boy, so they sent him to a private school. His estimate is probably modest or oblique, since he admits he never did any schoolwork and he still got into Wesleyan University in Connecticut, a college of high repute, with apparent ease. At Wesleyan he showed a vast disinterest in everything except spoken rhetoric, and specifically playwriting. A professor there, Wilbert Snow, thought he showed promise, so at the end of his sophomore year Bonyun transferred to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where he could major in playwriting, and did. After taking his degree, he tried to crack Broadway and found, like many another, how incredibly tough it is. Baffled and disgusted, he went roaming and landed in Nova Scotia, where he made his living as a fisher-

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man. He bought an ancient 38-foot schooner for $125 and lived on it, fishing by day and writing by night.

He was no hermit, just stubborn. He rambled back home, fell in love with a charming girl (a cellist turned actress), and married her; then together they rambled north again, this time to Maine. He used a small inheritance to buy a farm at the mouth of the Kennebec River. In the vacation season he sold eggs, milk, and vegetables to summer folk; in winter he wrote — short stories, plays, a novel never published.

Since neither the Bonyuns nor any of their neighbors had much money, much of their leisure was spent at singing and storytelling. They liked Maine and were dismayed when Mrs. Bonyun, Gene, developed a back ailment and they had to abandon farming (though they still own the farm). They moved to Long Island, near where the Brookhaven nuclear laboratories are now, and Gene took a job on a local newspaper while Bill kept at the typewriter. Singing remained their hobby, and he began some research on historic folk song. He acquired a considerable local reputation and was asked by Suffolk County schoolteachers to sing Revolutionary songs for their history classes. His reception by the students was so startling a success that it had two drastic results. Bonyun applied for his G.I. privileges, went to Teachers College, Columbia, and acquired an M.A. degree and a teaching certificate. He begged, borrowed, and scraped up enough money to make an LP record, now listed as Heirloom 500, *Yankee Legend*. It starts with *Yankee Doodle*, and it got around (teachers have their mysterious channels, when there is something they like).

What happened next was a visit by a man from Sturbridge Village, selling a summer job singing on the green. And then to the green came a scholarly gentleman from American Heritage, Inc., asking if Mr. Bonyun might like to assist in their Junior Library project, with records. He would. He did.

Thus now we have also HL 502, *The American Revolution*, in which Bill, the guitar, and Gene are joined by the Mattatuck Drum Band and a young Anglo-American historian named Anthony Scott, who comes in handy because he can impersonate Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne and

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kindred Redcoat brass in the spoken interludes between the songs.

It happens that I was taught American Revolutionary history by Robert Livingston Schuyler, and tried teaching it myself in one place and another, so I know the goods when I meet them. These records are not very finished musically, perhaps, but they are some of the most delightful history I have ever heard.

Record Reviews

Brahms: Horn Trio, Opus 40; Sonata No. 2, Opus 100, for Violin and Piano

Joseph Szigeti, violin; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; John Barrows, horn; Mercury SR-90210 (stereo) and 50210

Szigeti puts small care to tone nowadays, focusing on musical concept. Sometimes the result is raw, but here it is not, and, as a violinist friend pointed out, his instrument is almost wonderful enough to play itself. He is most ably companioned by Mr. Horszowski, a small but mighty pianist of unfailing perception, not nearly so celebrated as he should be; and, in the trio, also by Mr. Barrows, whom we nearly lost last year (as we did his British compeer Dennis Brain) in a sports-car accident. He proves here our good fortune that we did not, with a brave golden lilt that Brahms would have loved, and so will anyone who listens. It is impossible to describe the autumnal glint of Brahm's chamber music, except by saying that it sparks with a kind of afternoon magic. Very well, it is indescribable. Better hear it.

Copland: Appalachian Spring; Suite from the Tender Land

Aaron Copland conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2401 (stereo) and LM-2401

The main, or at least most memorable, theme in *Appalachian Spring* is the Shaker hymn, or character song, *The Gift to be Simple.* Aaron Copland, a profound and genial man, has this gift and has shown it a dozen times, helping Americans to be musical. It is not his only gift, as his colleagues in advanced musical mediums could tell you. But by all odds, his most quickly touching and most justly famous work in the folk idiom is *Appalachian Spring.* It rings in the head after hearing like a sort of benison, as big and firm as it is gay and fragrant. Many of us have waited years for Copland to lead a recording of this himself. Here it is finally, in crystalline sound, and it is a wonder. The *Tender Land* suite, on the overside, is a pleasure too. If it seems pale, this is only because of its marvelous companion.

Gilbert and Sullivan: Iolanthe

Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting George Baker, Elsie Morison, Monica Sinclair, other singers; Glyndebourne Festival Chorus; Pro Arte Orchestra; Angel S-3597 B/L (stereo) and 3597 B/L: two records

The sound of this G. & S. jewel is so gratifying, especially in stereo, that it seems almost mean to criticize the thing as a whole, especially since Owen Brannigan, as the good Grenadier Willis, sings better than he ever has before on records, telling about the little Liberals and little Conservatives. Yet Sir Malcolm makes the ensemble numbers sound like anthems, and I cannot quite take them so. The germ of British musical wit has been to take the patriotic and the churchly and make them sound funny by overdoing them just a bit. At least, that is what Sir William and Sir Arthur did, or intended, and what Sir Malcolm doesn't quite. Still this is no condemnation; he cannot quell, however unintentionally, the great men's humor, and the Lord Chancellor's nightmare rides as high and horribly as ever it has.

Mozart: Clarinet Quintet; Eine kleine Nachtmusik

David Oppenheim, clarinet; Budapest String Quartet; Columbia MS-6127 (stereo) and ML-5455

The clarinet quintet is something that defends itself, as some works of art do. Nobody plays it badly, at least for records. Here the protean Oppenheim, formerly a Columbia executive, now a television producer, gives it a flawless reading with which I can find no fault except perhaps undue earnestness. This may be the influence of the Budapests, since they show the same quality in *Eine kleine Nachtmusik.* There is, so to speak, more searching than singing, but this is surely more desirable than the commoner tendency to be cute with the music. Columbia's sound, especially in the stereo version, will require a little treble tinkering on some machines.

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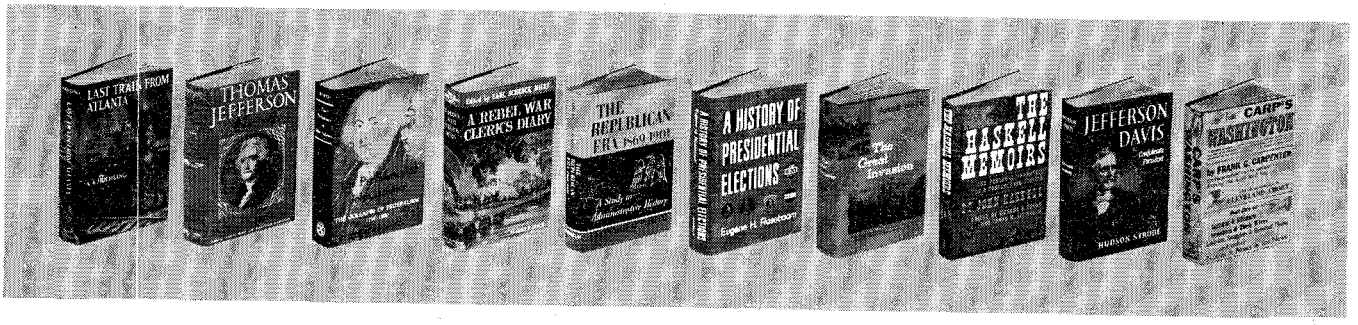

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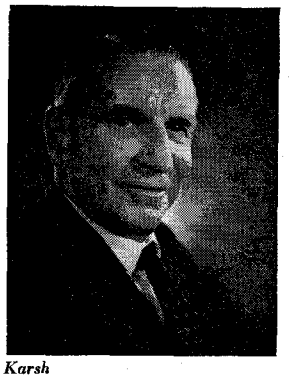

Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

As everyone who is interested in water knows, it is the devil and all to keep a good river alive. In the case of the more famous streams in the northeastern United States, the Penobscot, the Merrimack, the Hudson, and the Schuylkill, to name but four, the devil which exterminated the Atlantic salmon and sea trout, and indeed almost all underwater life, was industry — pulp mills, mines, and factories whose industrial waste, when thrown into the streams, generated acids too powerful for the water to break up and too lethal for the fish or algae. The Bangor pool of the Penobscot, vast and turbulent with its white water, once held more salmon than any other pool on the Atlantic seaboard, and its first fish of the spring was traditionally sent to the White House. Today the pulp mills have deadened it as thoroughly as if they had used hand grenades.

Conservationists in Maine, after years of struggle, have succeeded in depolluting the Narraguagus, the Dennys, and the Machias, and salmon in moderate numbers have returned to their headwaters; but industrial interests with influence in the state legislature are making sure that the example does not spread. Efforts to clean up the Aroostock have been defeated year after year. Only the enlightened mill owner, like the late Laurence F. Whittemore, formerly head of the Brown Paper Company, has the conscience to install a system which will eliminate the poisonous waste. By a chemical process costing money, the Brown Company at Berlin, New Hampshire, restricted the flow of lignin (which produces sulphuric acid), and the waters of the Androscoggin below the mill once more became a breeding place for rainbows and squaretails.

Generally speaking, we in the United States have looked to Canada to protect the fish, which we have been too irresponsible to bother about, and over many decades the Ministry of Lands & Mines in the Dominion had maintained a fair balance among the many interests involved — the lumbermen, the miners, the trawlers, the owners of set nets, and the anglers. But with the discovery of the huge mineral deposits in Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritimes, things began to change. At the prospect of prosperity long denied, the Maritimes, which have known poverty, gave the metallurgists every break. Roads to make the mines more accessible were bulldozed through the forests and, if necessary, right beside the stream. Dams to supply electric power were built, and, as in the case of the Tobique, they threatened to extinguish the salmon run. Prospectors with their French Canadian crews were given the right of way on every river. The river I most love, the Northwest Miramichi, has — or had — in its upper water an exceptionally deep and beautiful pool, at a curve in the river known as Black Pool, because of the shade cast over it by a giant, century-old pine. Prospectors camped at the point, and wanting a quick way to cross the stream, simply felled the tree to provide their footbridge; the chunks of it which protruded were sawed off and dumped into the pool. The metallurgists in charge of the party and the French Canadians saw nothing but efficiency in this desecration.

Because there never had been much mining in the Maritimes, laws to control the miners and the disposal of the mine waste are obsolete. Now the Northwest Miramichi has been for the past seven years a special subject of study by Canadian biologists. Fish boxes have been carefully maintained at the entrance and at the exit of the river just before the salmon go to their spawning beds. Year after year the fish have been counted and tagged, and valuable information has been secured about their return and about their destination while they were at sea. But it never occurred to these biologists that they should be on their guard against water poisoning emanating from a mine.

Someone at the Heath Steele Mine passed the order to pump out the water which had long

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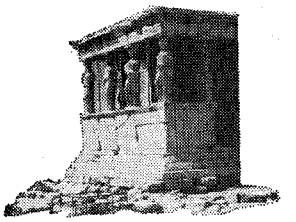

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been accumulating in the disused corridors. The mine is located on a brook, a tributary to the river, and what was simpler than to pump the dregs, heavily impregnated from long standing over zinc and copper, into the brook; so the green poison swept eight miles across country and down into the Northwest. The first run of salmon, nearly a thousand, had been counted through the lower trap and were on their way upstream; then, for some reason, they turned back, and some of them sought their way into the trap again. To those concerned, the reason eventually became clear. A pen of live fish were placed in the green water at the joining of the brook and the river and perished in short order. A second pen, placed in the clean water just twelve feet above the poisoned inflow, lived and were unaffected. When at last an injunction was served on the mine, it was found that by the expenditure of a moderate sum, the pumped-out poison could be confined to a deep, protected pit close to the mine instead of being released in the brook and swamp. That this carelessness seriously endangered the reproductive power of the river is now as clear to any official as it was to the biologists who investigated it. When will we learn what we ought to know about our natural resources?

THE SEARCH FOR WATER

The jacket of SENATOR ROBERT S. KERR'S new book, LAND, WOOD AND WATER (Fleet, $4.95), is a painting of a prairie schooner anchored by a diminutive water hole in the blazing sunlight of a summer drought. The picture is symbolic not only of man's dependence upon water in the dry plains of Oklahoma but even more of the need of every American for a national policy which will protect our most precious resource. Bob Kerr's father was a pioneer in the old Indian territory, and Bob as a youngster heard again and again the slogan "Land, Wood and Water," which defined his father's objectives as he chopped a farm out of the wilderness. In the 1930s Bob witnessed the tragedies of the Dust Bowl, and in 1943, as the governor of Oklahoma, he had to contend with the Arkansas River, as it swept in a roaring flood across valuable farmland. Experience has taught him that "Water is the key of our present civilization."

The senator tells us that we use five gallons daily to wash, shave, and brush our teeth; a bath takes twenty-five gallons; each flush of the toilet requires four. As for the thirst of American industry: a ton of steel requires 70,000 gallons; a ton of rayon requires 200,000 gallons; a ton of synthetic rubber, 600,000 gallons. In the face of these dizzying statistics, one begins to realize why forty million Americans today are teetering on the edge of a serious water shortage; why the water level in Arizona dropped fifty-five feet in six years in one dry area; why water has been rationed by city ordinance in Oklahoma City.

For its conservation and for its urgency, *Land, Wood and Water* is the most important alert and survey we have had from any public figure. There is harangue and deep earnestness in the argument, because the senator knows the apathy of those Americans who do not realize that we are gambling with time. Everything in Senator Kerr's experience tells him that we must have a national water policy for all American river basins. In his freshman year in the Senate, he directed the establishment of the Arkansas-White and Red River Inter-Agency, a study committee which made an inventory of the basic resources of all the states involved and went on to farsighted recommendations aimed at the needs that would develop by the year 2000. This was a pilot test, with its integrated plan for reservoirs, for the irrigation of the six million acres of new land, for the drainage of wet acres for farming, for the storage of municipal and industrial water supplies, and for the production of additional hydroelectric power. We need such planning if we are to avoid the fate of Egypt.

THE INCOMPARABLE

Deft and precise, the possessor of what he called "a small talent," which he cultivated with style and diffidence, Max Beerbohm was one of the wittiest and nicest men in the long span of English letters. He was worshiped from afar, rarely answered his mail, was not accessible to strangers; and one of the few who broke through his reserve at the close of his career was S. N. BEHRMAN. Behrman came to Rapallo at Max's invitation. They delighted each other, and as the pilgrimage continued, Max conferred upon his American admirer the reminiscences which first appeared in the *New Yorker* and now form part of a short book entitled PORTRAIT OF MAX (Random House, $3.95). Part of the fun is in watching the admirer draw out the aged invalid and tempt him to talk about the United States or about his vendetta with Bernard Shaw ("G.B.S. had been talking rot for fifty years"), or to explain, as in his friendship with Sir William Rothenstein, why he always "preferred the society of painters to that of writers." This book is a labor of love, and the labor in it which I suspect Max himself might not have relished are those repetitions ("don't you know?") which were inherent in the task. What Behrman has recaptured are Max's gifts of parody, mimicry, critical appreciation, and laughter.

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Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

JOHN HERSEY'S book THE CHILD BUYER (Knopf, $4.00) carries a garrulous old-fashioned title page in fancy type, describing it as "A Novel in the Form of Hearings before the Standing Committee on Education, Welfare & Public Morality of a certain State Senate, Investigating the conspiracy of Mr. Wissey Jones, with others, to Purchase a Male Child." The certain state in question is Connecticut, and the place hasn't been subjected to anything like this since that debate with crowbars on the premises of the Colt Patent Firearms Company.

The conception underlying *The Child Buyer* is in fact decidedly Mark Twainish. Mr. Hersey is making a bitter criticism of education, patriotism, and human nature in the guise of a comic fantasy. That he doesn't do it as well as Twain is forgivable. Nobody ever has.

The hearing form is a problem to begin with. Everything must be expressed by dialogue alone, leaving Mr. Hersey without even the cramped leeway of stage directions to convey the thoughts and feelings of his characters. Only uncontrollable blabbermouths are of any real use to an author in such circumstances, and the novel is inevitably thick with them. Practically everyone bursts into long, improbable reminiscences; obvious fools give shrewd descriptions of what they have seen; a twelve-year-old boy describes an autumn landscape through three pages of lyrical eloquence. The system strains the reader's credulity, and by the end of the book, the witless Senator Voyolko, whose vocabulary hardly extends beyond "Huh?", has become a positively lovable fellow — an effect which Mr. Hersey may not have intended.

Out of all the chatter comes the story. Wissey Jones has trundled into the town of Pequot on an exotic motor bike and begun negotiations to purchase a fat little genius named Barry Rudd for "educational and patriotic purposes." The immediate result is riot and uproar, which fetches in the committee, worried about slavery, interference with the school system, and, in the case of Senator Skypack, sexual perversion. Senator Skypack's mind is as limited, in its own way, as that of Senator Voyolko, and more depressing. He is a constant hunter of obscenities and, like all such people, he can find them anywhere. The committee counsel is a Mr. Broadbent, a young lawyer who fancies himself a second Joseph McCarthy, although he lacks the true McCarthy authority. One testy old Yankee witness warns him that he'll get his whipper broken off from his snapper. Senator Mansfield, presiding over this lunatic circus, is no more than an ordinarily reasonable man, but by contrast with his charges seems a monument of good sense.

The row in Pequot boils up because Mr. Jones has the hard luck to run into the clever old battle-ax who is principal of Barney Rudd's school and because the boy himself has doubts about becoming a thinking vegetable. As the testimony rambles on before the committee, it proves that an abnormally bright child can expect no real help or understanding from the public school system, that most of the people who direct the system have no idea what they are doing or why, and that the senate committee is staffed by boobies willing to believe that any scheme involving a great deal of money must necessarily benefit the country in the long run.

Mr. Hersey's main idea, that intelligence is valuable in itself, that it cannot be mass produced by government money or counted upon to work in ways immediately convenient to the authorities, is perfectly sound. He ignores the possibility that government money, suitably laid out, might give opportunity to superior intelligence that would otherwise end up connecting nuts and bolts on an assembly line.

Only the greatest satire is constructive as well as critical, and Mr. Hersey is not a great satirist. His highest level is about equal to Bernard Shaw's lowest, all questions and no answers. After pointing out the

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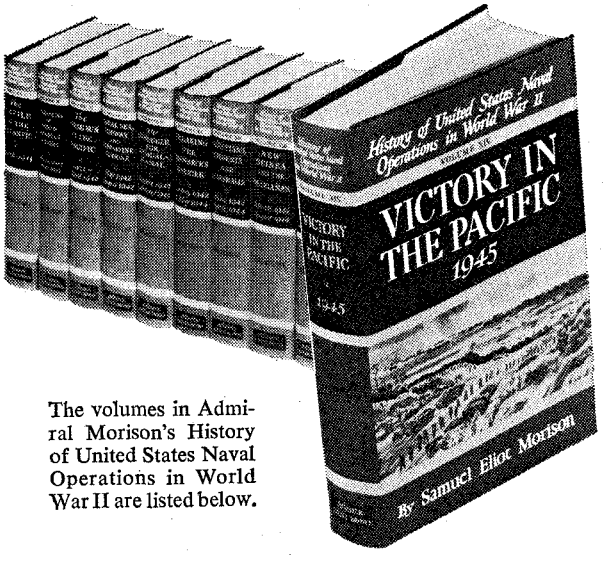

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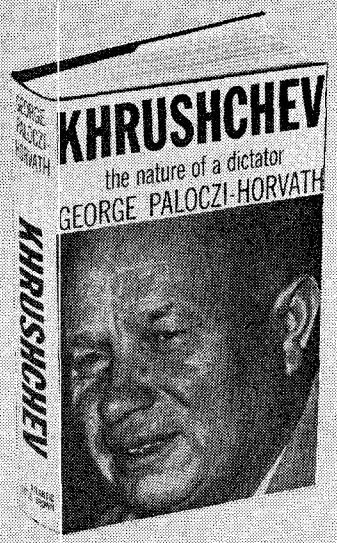

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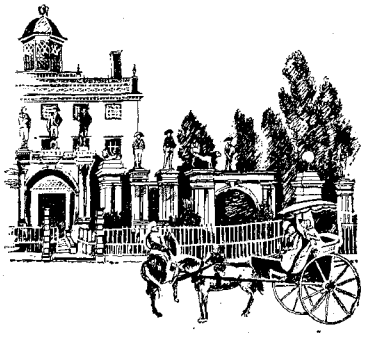

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leaks in the roof, the dry rot in the rafters, the termites in the walls, and the wet rot in the floor joists, he cries, "A plague on all your houses; I am not a carpenter," and simply goes away.

LAWRENCE DURRELL IN 1936

THE BLACK BOOK (Dutton, $4.95), LAWRENCE DURRELL'S first novel, has finally become available in this country on the strength of the interest aroused by his four Alexandrian novels. It was written in 1936 and is obviously the work of a brilliant young man with a poet's love of picturesque language and an idealist's outrage at discovering that the world is in many respects a dreary place, not arranged for his convenience.

When it was written, *The Black Book* was an extraordinarily promising and interesting first novel. Arriving more than twenty years late, it is bound to be read chiefly as a portent of Mr. Durrell's mature work, which is rather unfair. Instead of enjoying the author's exuberant explosions of rhetoric for their own ingenuity and spirit, the reader cannily observes that Mr. Durrell has since learned to translate his ideas into plot structure instead of tossing them into the story like parsley on a fish platter. The amusing old fruitcake, Tarquin, is overshadowed by that vastly more complicated and entertaining scalawag, Scobie. The extreme fogginess of the female characters can be taken as Durrell's first device for conveying the impermanence of love. Since the effect may just possibly have been caused by the fact that at twenty-four all women looked alike to him, the retrospective view is not entirely detrimental to the author.

The book combines a paean to sexual pleasure, in which Lucifer's lady remains nameless, speechless, and characterless, with an account of the absurd erotic misfortunes that befall a crew of misfits living in a decrepit hotel. The two halves of the book crisscross and conflict in an alarming way but never arrive at either peaceful balance or open war. Mr. Durrell did not succeed, in *The Black Book*, in reconciling the traditional value set upon love, a word in which the reader is free to include whatever concepts suit his fancy, with the atrocious indignities love inflicts. He has done better since, by affirming the instantaneous subjective val-

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ue of any experience and denying the permanent objective reality of all experiences.

A HAPPY DABBLER

In TO PAINT IS TO LOVE AGAIN (Horizon, $4.00 and $2.50), HENRY MILLER describes his career as a mostly amateur water colorist. Mr. Miller was thrown out of a school art class in his youth as hopelessly inept, a circumstance to which he attributes his lifelong satisfaction in painting. Everything he does strikes him with joyous astonishment, as a miracle performed against nature.

The reproductions included in the book reveal that Mr. Miller, as a painter, has great charm and gaiety, a delightful sense of color, and little of the originality he displays as a writer. He paints off-beat Rouaults, or Matisses, or Marins, or Chagalls, but the on-beat Miller is not identifiable. Despite this omission, and since after all Mr. Miller is not claiming to be anything but a happy dabbler, much of what he has to say about painting is interesting. For one thing, he has known a good many painters, listened to them, and discovered that some of his own maneuvers are not unlike those of greater men. His own greedy eye for objects is fairly typical of the breed, and he is not the first painter to attempt a horse and achieve a seascape.

Mr. Miller skips casually from the problem of forcing surface reality into a shape that will express the painter's idea to the idiot pleasure of seeing one's work matted and framed, and from the game of playing with colors as pure colors to the difficulty of getting a little money out of the people who carry away pictures. Then, of course, there's the question of what to do with the pictures that nobody wants, which have a way of rising like the equinoctial tides. Mr. Miller hasn't solved this one. As a loving optimist about art, he isn't really worried by his failure.

NEW BLOOD IN OLD VEINS

MARTIN GREEN'S A MIRROR FOR ANGLO-SAXONS (Harper, $3.50) presents the latest variation of that dissident English attitude which has produced the group of writers labeled Angry Young Men. Mr. Green complains more in sorrow than in anger,

The Peripatetic Advertiser

October 1960 is the iceberg season. And for all the glittering peaks of rhetoric visible on the horizons of newspaper and TV screen there are hidden depths of information well submerged — and more significant. For charting of political straits four new books are essential.

Two are by distinguished historians. **The Politics of Upheaval** by **Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.** is the third volume of **The Age of Roosevelt,** a series that has been attracting the most treasured superlatives in the critics' book. *The Saturday Review* said of Volume I, *The Crisis of the Old Order,* "This book clearly launches one of the important historical enterprises of our time." Of *The Coming of the New Deal* Justice William O. Douglas said: "I predict that it will be a classic. It is beautifully written; and the analysis is close and cutting." And an advance reader, John Morton Blum, has said of **The Politics of Upheaval** "The third volume carries forward the great historical project already so well begun. This book commands the complexity, the contradictions, the vibrancy of the New Deal years. His astute judgments and his skillful organization clarify those years. His literary talents, unsurpassed among historians, recreate the richness and the vitality of the period. He is the master of the vignette. Here are incisive portraits of Father Coughlin, Huey Long, Alf Landon, and the New Dealers, too. Here, above all, Franklin Roosevelt moves through history, now indecisive, now grandly constructive, always marvelously alive. This is an indispensable book for all Americans, not just for historians. It is a book no reader will put down before he finishes it. In a grand manner, it recounts a wonderful chapter of the endless adventure of governing men."

History is made, too, by the man at the side of the headliner. Henry Lewis Stimson in the terms of the world he lived for in **Turmoil and Tradition** by historian **Elting Morison.** Stimson served under seven of the eight Presidents from Theodore Roosevelt to Harry S. Truman. He was Secretary of War, Secretary of State, Governor General of the Philippines, ultimately a world statesman. His career spanned an extraordinary half century in our political development. His biography is a wise and subtle exploration of American life and society. A prepublication review calls it the "definitive portrait . . . A great man, a 'fort and a foundation stone,' is portrayed with understanding, humor and an immense knowledge."

For several years New Englanders have finished The Hour's first martini to turn to one of the most provocative programs on the radio, **"It's Your Business"** by **John Harriman,** financial commentator of the *Boston Globe* and CBS outlet WEEI. He talks about the men behind the shifting tides of world economic power, about the exportation of American jobs, about the new political basis of protectionism; and he talks so well that even the suburban housewife takes time to write him for more. This book is the answer for New England, an introduction to the national audience that he deserves.

John Kenneth Galbraith is as widely reviewed in editorial and political columns as he is on the book pages. *The Affluent Society* became a national byword almost as quickly as it became a bestseller, and across the sea Malcolm Muggeridge wrote: "I put it in the same category as Tawney's *The Acquisitive Society* and Keynes's *Economic Consequence of the Peace.* It is unique, witty and inescapable." Now in **The Liberal Hour,** again an immediate bestseller, the critics severally are finding all things for all men. Joseph Alsop, for instance, said of this book: "John Kenneth Galbraith is a tall, sardonic, witty Harvard professor of economics who alarms almost everybody. He alarms other economics professors because he obstinately writes the English language, which is held to be grossly immoral in every proper economics department. He alarms liberals because he is not mushily humanitarian, in the fashionable left-wing way. But above all, he alarms conservatives . . . If reading books were not becoming such an out-of-date pastime, the simplest remedy for these nightmares would be to read what Galbraith has written."

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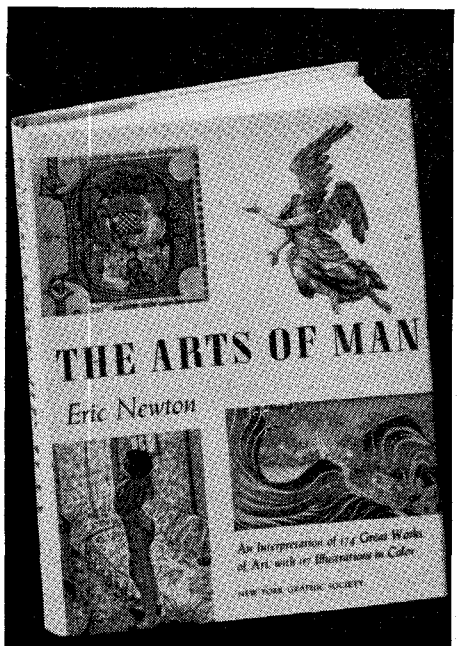

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possibly because he has left England and entrenched himself at Ann Arbor.

Mr. Green's viewpoint, less emotional than that of his contemporaries who have stayed at home, and covering a wider geographical area, goes far toward revealing why so many bright lads, educated, and in consequence socially advanced by government scholarships, remain dissatisfied. The process of scholarship education, as Mr. Green, who went through the mill himself, describes it, involves a real surrender of individuality and repudiation of background on the part of anyone with a working-class origin. The announced object of the British educational system is to recruit intellectual new blood, but its effect, in Mr. Green's experience, is to pump the new blood into old veins. The pressure may be gentle, but it is steady and directed toward turning the sons of ditchdiggers into facsimiles of Sir Anthony Eden or Lord Peter Wimsey, and very good facsimiles at that. It is not enough to train the minds of bright ditchdiggers; those minds are to be transformed into another kind of mind altogether, one that has no experience at all of shovels. That a certain amount of resentment should result from making normally British youths into officially "British" (the quotes are Mr. Green's) gentlemen is understandable, particularly since the official "British" role, as defined by the author, is a tiresomely limited part to play.

A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons wanders in a rather disorderly way through national stereotypes and ideal images scooped indiscriminately from literature, politics, films, and the sidewalk. Much of what Mr. Green has to say about the nature of ideals and the direction of youthful ambition is very shrewd, and his method of miscellaneous documentation is a good one for this nebulous subject. He wastes time, however, when he falls to comparing England with the United States. His opinions of this country are highly gratifying, but essentially the comparisons he makes are irrelevant. Mr. Green has made the standard British error of supposing that an inherited common tongue guarantees some similarity of blood, temperament, and even economic structure, and that what is done here could be tried in England, or vice versa. This notion of Mr. Green's results in some questionably useful

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material but does not weaken the real worth of his book, which offers a clear and convincing explanation of the exasperation nagging at a generation of Englishmen who, in the language of the alien, never had it so good.

FICTION HERE AND ABROAD

DAILY BREAD (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) is a novel about a public relations man by RALPH MALONEY, who is himself probably the youngest retired public relations man in history. Mr. Maloney retired, in fact, to become an author, and on the evidence of his first novel, this was a good move.

The hero and narrator of the book is a partner in a New York public relations (the phrase looks sillier every time) firm, middle-aged, successful, burdened with a crooked colleague, and bored with everything. The whole business has suddenly struck him as unspeakably silly and a waste of his valuable, and only, life, a state of mind that usually leads to a grand drunk. Since Riley is a steady drinker anyway, he cannot relieve his feeling adequately by going on a toot. He does the next best thing: stirs up a couple of love affairs, leaves his wife, and pounces on his partner's latest indiscretion as an excuse for civil war.

Mr. Maloney makes a good story of the fracas. There are lapses into sentimentality where the bell-voiced widow is concerned and one or two reprehensible resorts to coincidence, but on the whole the book is well constructed and wittily written. Mr. Maloney does nicely with the cross-currents of loyalty and cupidity among Riley's staff. He has also invented two thoroughly amusing characters — the bird-witted millionaire with the camera and the wily old hypocrite whose bread factories Riley must defend against the just accusation that they are a public nuisance.

The book's conclusion, that a good workman is entitled to pride of craft even when that craft is ephemeral, is rather more sensible than the high-flown philosophies that infest most business novels.

THE TRIAL BEGINS (Pantheon, $2.95), by an author calling himself ABRAM TERTZ, is reputed to have been smuggled out of Russia in manuscript. Certainly it could not have

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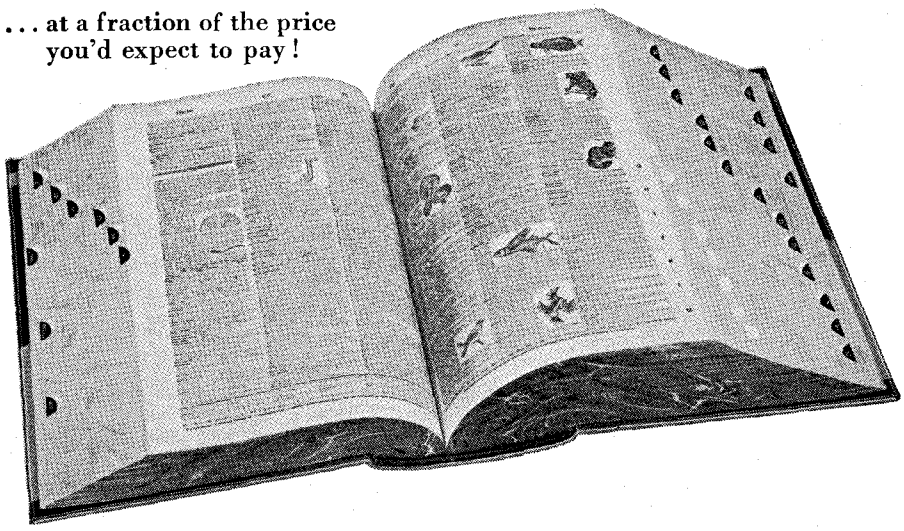

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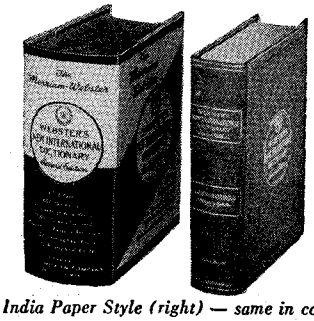

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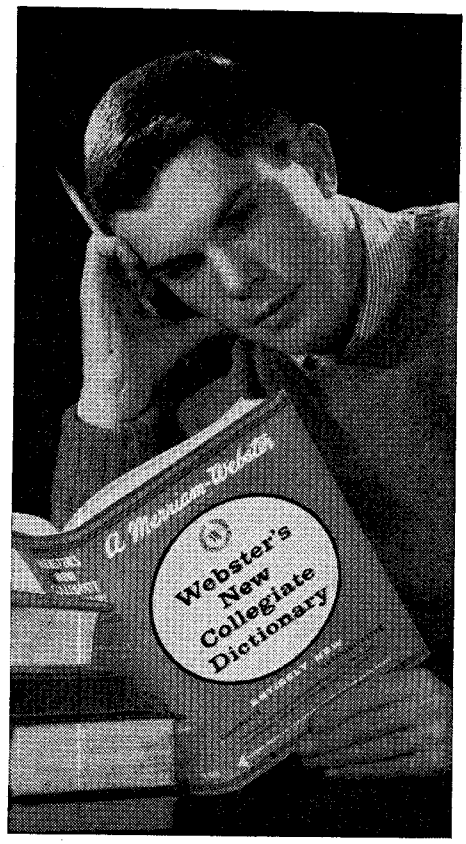

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been published in the Soviet Union, for it is a satirical poke at the authorities that would hardly please a far more lenient regime.

Set in the time of the mare's-nest Doctors' Plot, it concerns a police official who takes his own advancement much to heart, his vain, chilly wife, her would-be lover, and the policeman's son by a previous marriage. This boy, an idealist of the most irritating type, hatches out a society for the restoration of pure Communist methods and naturally lands in jail, where his father prudently leaves him. The entire affair is presented with a curious mixture of precise detail and dreamlike absurdity, all the characters, with the exception of the boy, alternately pretending that they are proper Soviet citizens and concocting schemes to dodge their responsibilities as such.

It would be a mistake, I think, to take this acidly funny and demurely unpleasant little book as evidence of Communist disaffection in Russia. The author is not attacking Communism in the classic sense, but merely the hysterical excesses of the last days of Stalin's regime. Some of his targets — frivolity and personal ambition at the expense of duty — are surely permissible by the standards of socialist realism. To present them without their contrasting virtues and with the implication that all government officials are afflicted by them, however, would be a tactless move in Russia, and the author was no doubt well advised to send his work abroad. But the book is no vote of confidence in the West.

PETER PERRY (Orion, $3.50) is really a stage and whisky buff's tour of Dublin, although the author, **MICHAEL CAMPBELL**, pretends it is a novel about an eccentric old lady. He has even provided a bit of plot to support this claim, some cheerful nonsense about Mrs. Perry's long-departed husband coming home to blackmail her, but for most of the book, the blackmailer is too busy pub crawling to attend to his villainy.

Dublin characters are Mr. Campbell's real subject. He offers quite a collection of them. Peter Perry, whose real name is Patricia, once had a go at the stage and still clings to the edges of the theatrical world. Her parties, observed by a wide-eyed visiting nephew, are Bohemian Donnybrooks, with liquor on credit and a guest list ranging from dogs, who were invited, to policemen, who were not.

Aside from the mad chatter and unpredictable diversions of Peter's friends, very little happens in the book. This is no serious deficiency. Mr. Campbell is deliberately blowing a series of soap bubbles, and as fast as one glittering folly explodes, he puffs out another.

PUBLISHERS' CONSPIRACY

ALBERT VAN NOSTRAND, associate professor of literature at Brown University, has written a book about how trade publishers, pocketbook publishers, and movie makers have ruined the novel. It is called **THE DENATURED NOVEL** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50), it is billed as an "exposé," and it demonstrates a commendable yearning on the part of the author to see more masterpieces in print.

Nobody is likely to object to the idea of more masterpieces. I agree with Mr. Van Nostrand that it would be a fine thing. I part company with him on his assumption that there is an active conspiracy among publishers to prevent the appearance of such novels, when all the great novels ever written wouldn't keep a good-sized publishing house busy for five seasons. (The house could then live forever on its backlog, but that isn't publishing.) I cannot share his belief that the adjectives on the jacket compromise the quality of the book inside. *Lord Jim* remains itself regardless of any blurb about passion in the tropics; Mr. Van Nostrand's own book is described on the jacket as pungent and witty but remains stolidly otherwise. As to the movies, the author clearly knows no more about them than I do, and that aspect of the argument may as well be dropped.

Mr. Van Nostrand had a Guggenheim grant to assist him in his project, which on internal evidence involved reading all the back issues of *Publishers' Weekly*, all available best seller lists, the public pronouncements of such publishers as have been rash enough to make any, and a couple of standard reports on sales figures in the pocketbook field. Dreary and time-consuming work, but surely it didn't take three years. How did Mr. Van Nostrand spend all that time? He certainly didn't spend it on traveling about to interview authors or agents, or on ma-

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neuvering his way onto movie sets, or on working for a pittance in false whiskers amid the lower echelons of some unwary publishing house. If he had, he wouldn't flatter publishers by assuming that the poor creatures have any real control over what authors write.

All the publisher controls is what he elects to publish, and if he wants to remain a publisher, which many of them inexplicably do, what he publishes must make money. The house that puts out only literary gems which nobody wants to buy will go down gloriously, colors nailed to the mast and batteries firing, but it will sink without a trace. The house, a cowardly, immoral outfit according to Mr. Van Nostrand, that backs the literary gems with blood-and-thunder Westerns, or home bunion remedies, will survive to publish more literary gems.

Mr. Van Nostrand has dug up a lot of information about how books are marketed, and disapproves of the system, as does practically everybody connected with it. He has no ideas for improving it. He understands the economic position of publishers — the necessity of paying off artistic losses from the profits of popular successes — perfectly well, and my quarrel with his book is that he blames the system exclusively on publishers. The public, the poor innocent public, bears no responsibility at all; readers have no natural taste for trash. Wicked publishers and wily advertising men and the writers of paperback blurbs have somehow hypnotized thousands of people into preferring Mickey Spillane to Faulkner, as they formerly bewitched readers into buying Conan Doyle rather than Conrad, Rider Haggard rather than Meredith, and Monk Lewis rather than Austen. Aphra Behn, I believe, had no respectable competition. There may even be a historical case for the seniority of trash.

If Mr. Van Nostrand really knows how the trick is done, he is wasting his time writing morally reproving books. Every publisher in the business would pay him a fat, lifelong pension for the secret of how to make the public buy a book it doesn't want to read. And at least half of these publishers would employ the device to sell the work of some literary genius on whom the house had previously lost its shirt, pants, coat, and umbrella.

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Man invents a rocket that can hit the moon. He splits the atom... breaks the sound barrier . . . invents mechanisms more efficient than skilled human hands and trained human minds.

He pumps oil from wells drilled into the ocean floor... turns deserts into lush fields and vineyards... cruises under the Polar Ice Cap in cold Arctic seas in atomic-powered submarines. In his challenging drive to uncover the secrets of the vast universe, he proposes now to bore a hole through the crust of the earth to see what's inside.

By his own genius, man has opened a veritable Pandora's box of long-held secrets of his physical world. And some people... impressed by this progress... seem to think that science will ultimately discover the answer even to the mystery of life itself.

This, we believe, is a futile, presumptuous and unworthy hope. For here the secret is held not in the physical matter of the universe... not in things that can be measured, weighed and physically analyzed... but in the divine and invisible hands of the Supreme Being Who created all that is and Who, by obvious design, permits us to see some things only through "dark glasses."

The slide rules and test tubes of science offer no hope of answering life's most important questions: Is there a God? What is God like? Whence have we come... why are we here?... what is our final destiny? If we are the chosen of God... the only creature gifted with the promise of eternal life... why are our lives so often plagued by evil and misfortune?

These questions, some people say, are impossible to answer. Nobody, they contend, knows what God is like. Having no material proof, all we can do is to have faith—to hope, pray and live righteously. Catholics, however, are convinced that God has clearly and plainly told us what He is like, why we are here, how we must live, what is our ultimate destiny. Science cannot tell us these things, but *religion* does.

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Trouble-maker

He is the silent one. He never speaks up on issues. He never sounds off in the letter column of his local newspaper. He never writes his Congressman. He is quiet as a clam. And in his wish to offend nobody, he offends Democracy. How could Democracy succeed...if all of us, like this one, withheld our opinions, our ideas, our criticisms? Voting on election day is only part of a citizen's duty. Active, day-by-day participation in government, in society, in business associations, is a responsibility for each and every one of us. The *silent* trouble-maker fails to understand this. In his worship of "law and order," he never dares to question an oppressive law, never distinguishes "order" from stagnation. He is the apostle of social decay, not democracy.

P.S. *Democracy begins at home.* NATIONWIDE, in a unique experiment in economic democracy, seeks the counsel of its many policyholder-citizens by bringing them together with top management each Spring for a round-table discussion on personal, financial and insurance affairs. For more information on NATIONWIDE's Advisory Committee of Policyholders, ask your neighborhood NATIONWIDE agent.

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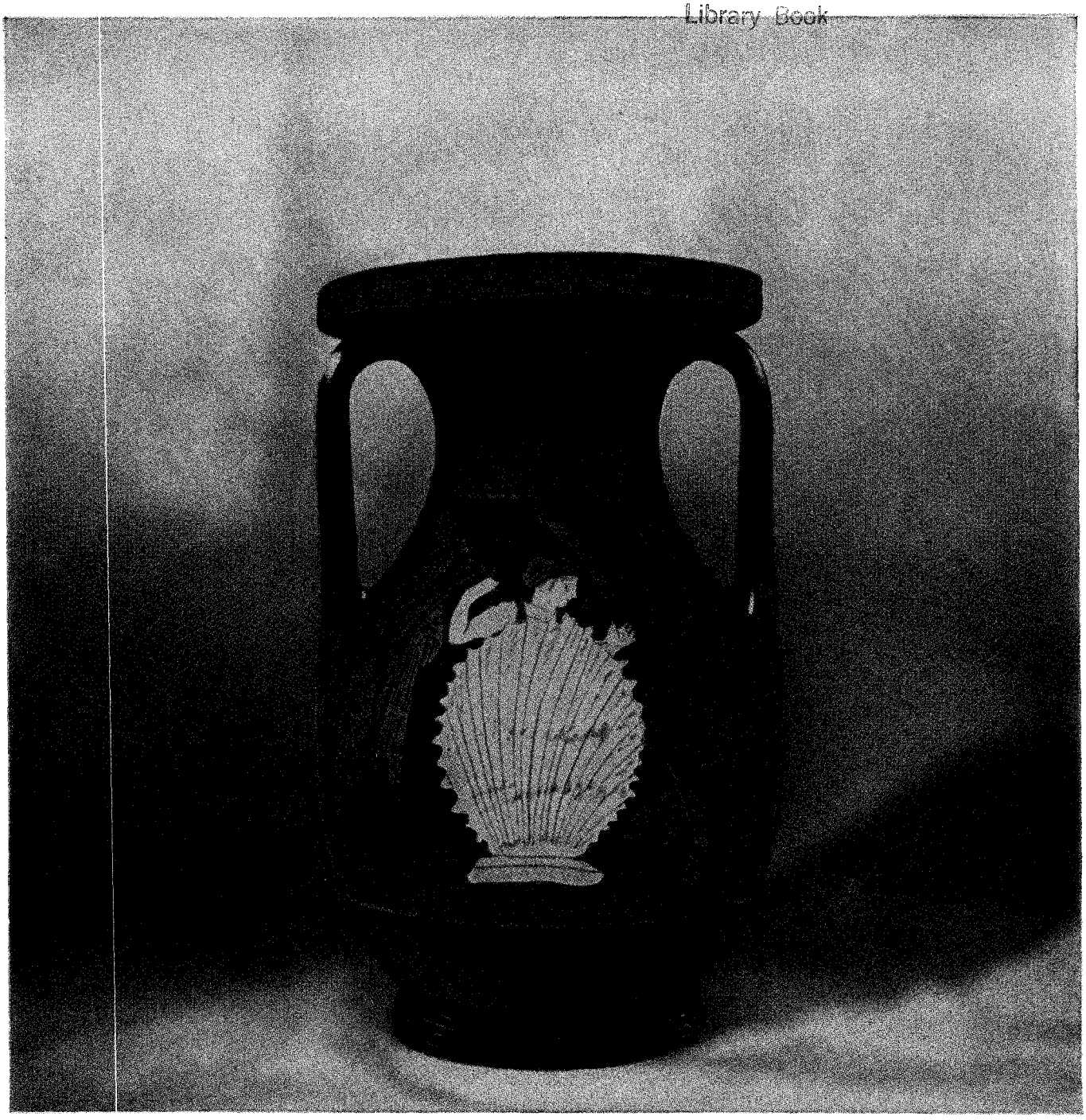

Reconstructed from illustrations in "Excavations at Olynthus" Part V by David M. Robinson, Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, 1933

A blend of nature and legend inspired an unknown artist

About thirty years ago a delighted archaeologist uncovered this masterpiece on the site of the town of Olynthus on the peninsula of Chalcidice at the north end of the Aegean Sea. It had lain there for more than two thousand years awaiting the sunlight of discovery and acclaim. The Hellenic craftsman who fashioned it looked to nature and pre-history for a decorative motif and, in the legend of Aphrodite's birth from a seashell, he found his inspiration.

Scientists, too, turn to nature for inspiration, for it is their task to equate the offerings of nature with the things man can use. At Shell, hundreds of scientists—inspired by one of nature's most versatile natural resources, petroleum—create, develop and perfect ideas that result in substances useful to man. This imaginative research yields petroleum and chemical products that perform better, last longer and cost less. Millions know these products by the sign of the familiar shell.

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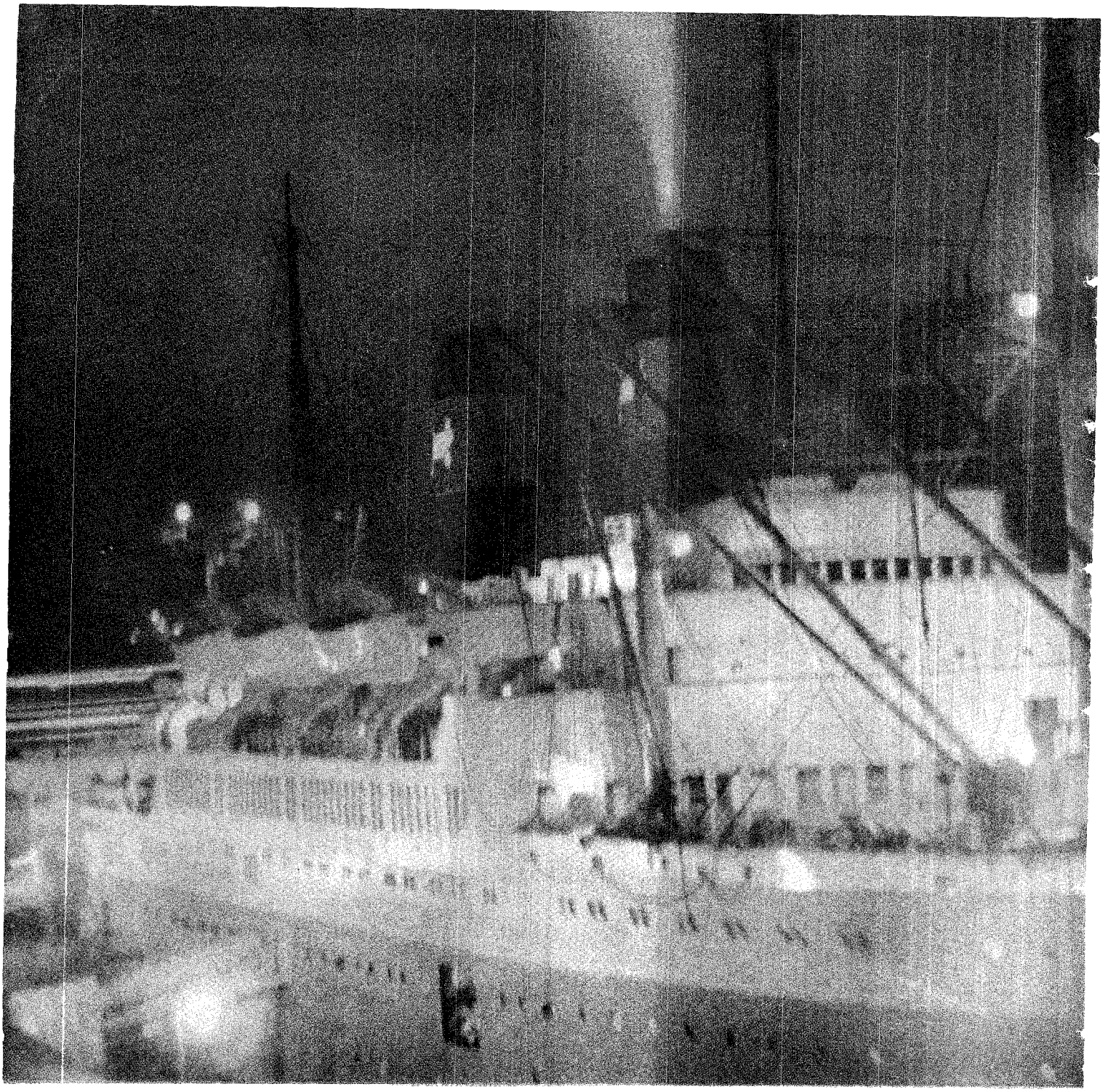

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